GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
MAY 8 1904

March

Ten Cents

Everybody's Magazine

"The Word of J. Pierpont Morgan as an Asset"

"A Peep Behind the Purdah," Edmund Russell

The Tsar—A Study in Personality

Judge Taft and the Filipinos

Ten Strong Stories by John Oxenham, Seumas MacManus, Lillian Bell, Hartley Davis, and others

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Ridgway-Thayer Company
Union Square, New York

The Mutual Life

Insurance Co. of New York

THE FIRST AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Now holds for policy holders

over

$400,000,000

an amount in excess of the assets of any other Insurance company by many millions of dollars.

Oldest in America
largest in the World

Richard A. McCurdy
President

Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York
New York City (Everybody's No. 15)

Gentlemen:—Please send me, to be considered at my leisure, a printed statement showing exactly how the Mutual Life will give me greatest security for my savings, and at the same time provide a guaranteed income for life under your latest form of investment insurance. My occupation is ..... ; my age .....

Name .....

Address .....

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

Has Earned More for policy holders
Has Paid More to policy holders
Holds More for policy holders than any other company in the World

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

VOL. X. MARCH, 1904. No. 3.

THE TSAR

A STUDY IN PERSONALITY

By ARNOLD WHITE

Mr. Arnold White, author, student of social questions, and traveller, is one of the few writers who have achieved the distinction of personal interviews with the Tsar. Mr. White has spent many years of his life in Russia, and his knowledge of modern Russian issues has gained for him the friendship of men high in the Russian bureaucracy, and the *entrée* to the most conservative of European courts. In this article Mr. White gives the first adequate interpretation ever published of the personality of Nicholas II., a personality so complex that it demands the penetrating analysis of a mind specially trained to such work. Mr. White keenly gauges the influence of heredity in the formation of this curiously contradictory character.—*Editor.*

THERE is no more mysterious figure in Europe than the Tsar. His detractors declare him to be a melancholy, uxorious man, surrounded by a wall of detail, dominated by women, and impotent for good or evil.

His admirers describe him as a man with a great mission for the advancement of the humanitarian idea which is struggling with militarism in every country on the continent of Europe.

The Tsar's detractors say that the key to the character of the Head of the House of Romanoff is to be found in the manner in which he is drifting into war with Japan.

His friends aver that the key to the Tsar's character is to be found in the project for the great Siberian Railway, which has linked the Pacific with the Baltic by iron rails and modern engines. They declare that the key to the Tsar's character is to be found in the project for The Hague Tribunal. When the Peace Conference first assembled it was regarded by sceptics as little more than the complacency of the Great Powers with a monarch whose army would throw the balance to the side on which it fought. At first the most extravagant claims were put forward. Prophecies were made that the Peace Congress was a preliminary to permanent disarmament; war was to be impossible; and general principles were to be laid down which there was no authority to enforce. When these extravagant claims were disappointed The Hague Conference was derided; but the young Tsar's intentions, which were set forth in the President's opening speech, were that the Conference should direct its attention chiefly to arbitration and mediation between Powers at variance. That hope is already beginning to be fulfilled.

TSAR NICHOLAS II.

Of the two theories as to the Tsar's character, which is the more correct? The evidence is contradictory, and, for the analysis of a great personality is necessarily incom-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Copyright, 1904, by The Ridgway-Thayer Company. All rights reserved.

THE TSAR AND HIS COUSIN THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A STUDY IN RESEMBLANCE.

plete without a full knowledge of the influences of heredity upon character, and the effect of environment upon habit.

As to heredity, the lineage of the Romanoffs is a gruesome story. The Tsar has inherited from his ancestors an accumulated burden of horror and sorrow that is more conducive to settled melancholy than to healthy judgment, to fatalism and despair than to sobriety and nobility of life. Nevertheless, the Emperor Nicholas, who is approaching a time of life when he can no longer be spoken of as a young man, is as right-meaning, benevolent, and clement a ruler as though he did not bear upon his shoulders accumulated memories of bloodshed, malignity, and strife. Consider for a moment the history of his ancestors. Alexander III., his father, died in the arms of a miracle-monger, Father John, of Cronstadt. The superstition of Alexander III. was a pure survival of mediæval times. He would cross himself, and even fall on his knees and pray, if a cloud obscured the sun when he was looking through a window. Credulity of this kind was encouraged under the powerful influence of his philosopher tutor, M. Constantine Pobedonosteff.

The grandfather of the Tsar was assassinated while driving in the public streets. His great-grandfather, overwhelmed with Crimean disasters, is generally believed in Russia to have committed suicide. There is a mystery about the illness and death of the Emperor Nicholas I. which has never been explained.

The Emperor Paul was murdered in 1801, while Catherine II., his mother, although a great sovereign and a woman of remarkable abilities, would have been accounted a degenerate and a criminal if she had not been an empress. The qualities transmitted to her posterity were not those that make either for orderly family life or successful statesmanship. The husband of Catherine, Peter III., was made away with and was supposed to have been murdered.

Ivan VI. was immured in a dungeon for eighteen years, and murdered, while Peter II., the Tsar of 1727 and the successor of Catherine I., whose first husband was killed on the day of her marriage with Peter the Great, was deposed.

This is the family history of the Tsar. It is impossible that a record of so much bloodshed, violence, and disaster can be without influence upon his character. If this be so, the melancholy of the Tsar is accounted for.

THE TSAR AS A YOUNG MAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE TSAR, THE TSARINA, AND THE GRAND-DUCHESSES OLGA, TATYANA, MARIE, AND ANASTASIA.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE TSARINA AS COLONEL OF HER REGIMENT OF IMPERIAL UHLANS.

Then as to the environment of the Tsar. While hereditary influences cannot have failed to tinge the mind of the Tsar with gloom and sinister forebodings, the circumstances under which he acceded to the throne of his fathers were not calculated to dispel the gloom he had acquired with his birthright. On May 31, 1896, on the Khodinsky Plain outside Moscow, during the coronation festivities a horrible disaster occurred. A number of booths had been erected on the plain in which presents of food and drink were to be given in the Tsar's name to the people. An immense crowd, amounting to 400,000 persons, collected during the night in front of the booths, and the crush was so great that nearly three thousand people were suffocated or trampled to death. Since then the peasantry throughout Russia superstitiously regard the Tsar as an unlucky man and hold as an article of faith that the absence of a son is due to this Khodinsky disaster. The peasantry acquit the Tsar of responsibility for the terrible occurrence, but they hold that his uncle, the Grand-Duke Serge, Governor-General of Moscow, was the man responsible. Indeed, the nickname of the Grand-Duke Serge in peasant circles is "Prince Khodinsky." The mention of the fact that the Russian peasantry refer to an uncle of the Tsar in these terms is sufficient to exclude from Russia the magazine in which this article appears. Comment upon the Russian Royal Family is anathema. From Archangel to Odessa, from Vladivostok to Eidtkhunen, there is nothing in regard to which the Press Censors Department is more rigorously severe than the publication of any allusion to the Russian Royal Family.

In personal conversation with the Tsar one is struck immediately with the shrinking shyness and softly apprehensive, almost feminine sweetness of the Russian Emperor. The contrast between the melancholy and reflective Tsar and the exuberantly vital Kaiser, bubbling and boiling with unexpended life power, can be appreciated only by those who have conversed with both. It must not be supposed that the Tsar Nicholas II. is destitute of strength because his habitual outlook on life is rather one of Oriental resignation than of the hopefulness that might be expected from the head of a great Christian nation. The Tsar is remarkable for a dignity which is the more noticeable because he is small in size, and his voice is gentle and womanly. The dignity is like the dignity of Queen Victoria, which impressed everyone who entered the presence. The dignity of the Tsar was curiously exhibited on the occasion of his last meeting with the Kaiser. The two monarchs had separated after meeting with their respective fleets in the Baltic. The Kaiser semaphored an effusive message to the Tsar from the upper bridge of his magnificent yacht, the Hohenzollern. It was couched in the following terms: "The Admiral of the Atlantic salutes the Admiral

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE TSAR AND TSARINA RETURNING FROM A REVIEW OF THE ST. PETERSBURG GARRISON.

of the Pacific." The Tsar was placed in a difficult position. If he accepted the implication, the British Foreign Office might have something to say. If, on the other hand, the signal remained unanswered, discourtesy to the Kaiser was the result. I am informed that the Tsar's reply was his own idea. He simply signalled, "Farewell." The rebuff to the German Emperor went round the fleets of the world, and the "Admiral of the Atlantic" will not forget the quiet reproof administered to him one gray afternoon in the shallow waters of the Baltic Sea.

The event in the Tsar's life which has chiefly influenced his habit and outlook on life was his journey to the Far East in 1891. After visiting India, he returned overland *via* Siberia along the route of the railway that has now been constructed. The long and monotonous journey through Siberia is understood to have stirred the pulse of the Tsarevitch, and to have moulded his character and policy to an extent undreamed of by Western critics. The present writer has been informed, by one who accompanied the present Tsar on his journey to the Far East, that the spectacle of Russian power in the Far East, the possibilities of its development, and the extraordinary agricultural and industrial future that awaits the development of the rich and virgin soil of Siberia, produced an overwhelming effect upon the mind of the Tsarevitch.

THE GRAND-DUCHESSES OLGA, TATYANA, AND MARIE.

In the course of that long journey he visited India, China, Japan, and traversed the whole of Asia by land.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

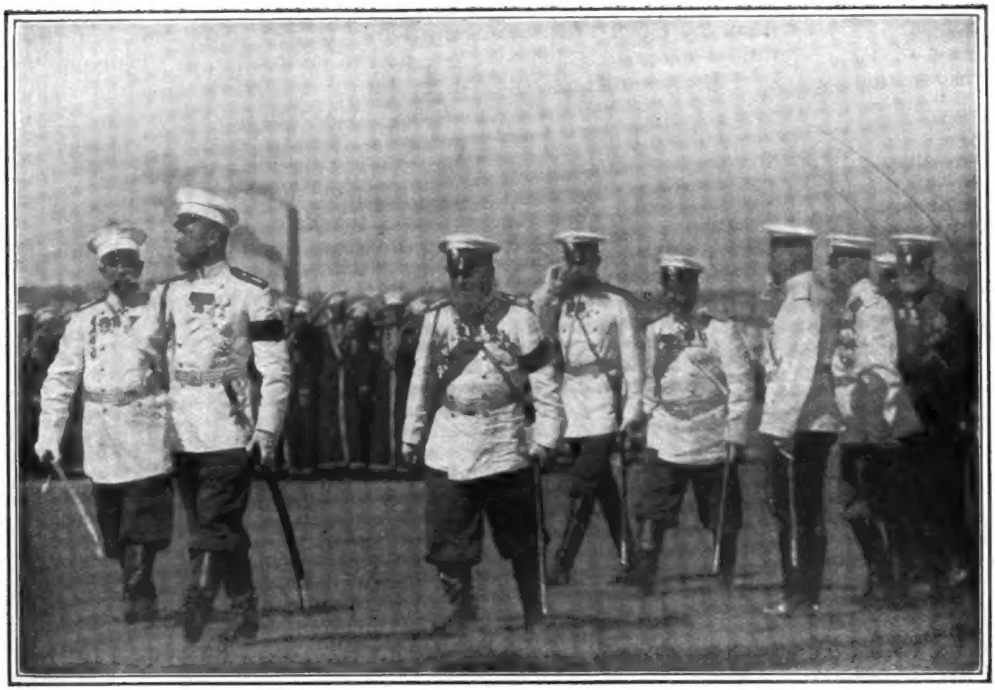
THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES LANDING AT KRONSTADT.

HIS MAJESTY THE TSAR IN HIS IMPERIAL ROBES.

About this time the horror of war, which is one of his most dominant characteristics, became firmly implanted in his mind. It is well known in Russian society that the Tsar's horror of war, which does not increase his popularity with the army he will now lead in person, was derived from the closest association with his mother, the sister of Queen Alexandra. The present writer has had the opportunity of hearing the views of the Dowager Empress of Russia on the subject of war. There can be no indiscretion in saying that Her Majesty's loathing and detestation of the method of settling international differences by resort to physical force is impossible to exaggerate. It is not that the Dowager Empress is insensible to the necessity of defending national rights by effective preparations by land and sea, but that the new spirit of humanity, which has already led to a distinct diminution in the military ambitions of France, has found a powerful friend in the Dowager Empress of Russia.

On one occasion the Empress Alexander visited a Russian battleship which was lying at Copenhagen, where the late Tsar and his consort were sojourning with the Danish Royal Family at Fredensborg. The Tsar

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE TSAR REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

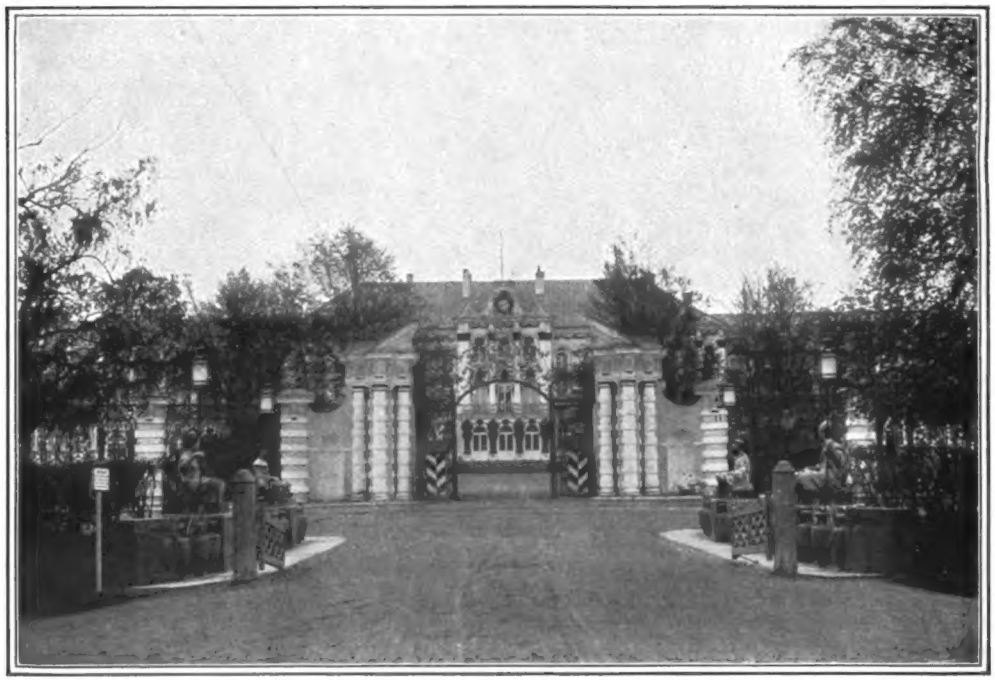
and Tsarina had visited the ship, the Dvenadzat Apostoloff (The Twelve Apostles) in the morning, and Her Majesty for the first time had had explained to her the scope, efficiency, and possibilities of modern guns and torpedoes. The effect of this visit to the Dvenadzat Apostoloff was to impress the present Tsar's mother with a sense of profound horror at the prospects of any international conflict in which modern navies and modern weapons would be employed. The conjecture may be hazarded, without fear of inaccuracy, that the Imperial visit to the Dvenadzat Apostoloff was in one sense an historical occasion. The visit took place at a time when the mind of the mother of the Tsar Nicholas was specially sensitive to physical suffering. The news had recently been received by the Imperial parents of the attempted assassination of the Tsarevitch, the present Emperor, by a Japanese fanatic at Otsu, on May 11, 1891. Furthermore, the Empress had that day been moved to tears by the description of some little Jewish children who had received ill-treatment from the police in the town of Homel, notorious for the recent outbreak of intolerance against the Jews.

HER MAJESTY THE TSARINA IN HER IMPERIAL ROBES.

The writer lays stress upon the hatred of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

war entertained by Her Majesty the Dowager Empress, in order that the effect upon the Tsar of so powerful a maternal influence may be understood. His attempted assassination by a Japanese fanatic produced a great effect on the minds of the Russian people, although the effect was one quite different from that which might have been expected. It is not too much to say that the present Tsar is not popular with the Russian people. The Russians like a jovial, burly ruler, who can drink hard, who loves fighting, and whose personal courage is undoubted.



ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL GRAND PALACE TSARKOE-SELO.

Ever since the episode at Otsu, when the Tsar's life was endangered by the would-be murderer, there has been a doubt as to the personal courage of the Tsar. This doubt is owing to an indiscreet letter which was written by the Crown Prince of Greece to his father, and which by some accident or indiscretion was read by others. From Athens the report was widely circulated throughout Europe. The letter described the episode of the attempted assassination, and the Crown Prince of Greece, after dwelling on the scene wherein the Japanese madman struck at his cousin, the Tsarevitch, used words which have become historical in Russia—"Then Nickie ran." "Nickie" is the pet name by which the Tsar is known to his relations, especially to his cousins, with whom he loves to cycle. For a long time the half-disaffected and contemptuous clans, which form society in Russia, repeated with shrugs of the shoulders—"Then Nickie ran, then Nickie ran." The episode is not forgotten and the hands of the Emperor as a peace-maker are seriously hindered by the suggestion of pusillanimity in a moment of danger. The suggestion is probably unjust, but continual living in an electrical atmosphere, with assassination always in the air, and the memory that the majority of his ancestors have perished by violent death, has no doubt strained the nerve of the Russian Emperor.

Timidity in a despot is incongruous, but timidity may be more apparent than real, and may be the result of characteristics derived from an ancestry remarkable for physical courage. The allegation that the Tsar is prudent, if not timid, is supported by the fact that he does not excel in manly sports, with the single exception of cycling. He is proficient as a wheelman, and has even been known to "scorch." With the exception of cycling, he is not addicted to open-air sports.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Occasionally he takes up a gun, and has even been known to join in shooting-parties, but His Majesty is not fond of shooting, and he is not a good shot. His tastes do not lie in the direction of skill in the destruction either of game or of men. Domesticity is his ideal as a means of relaxation during the scanty minutes of his leisure. Emphatically he is not a sportsman.

When the Tsar was in England in 1896, he visited the Earl of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle. No trouble was spared to prepare a good "shoot" for His Majesty. The birds were numerous; in fact, there was no better shooting to be obtained in England than that Lord Lonsdale had prepared for his Imperial guest. But the Tsar did not shine in his performance with the gun on the Lonsdale moors and coverts, nor with the driven game. In the language of a sturdy and outspoken old keeper who was in close attendance on His Majesty, the Tsar "did not know enough to hold a gun straight nor to hit a bird."

But if the Emperor dislikes sport and most forms of outdoor exercise, he is devoted to his family and more especially to his wife. The love-story of the young couple is too well known to repeat here. Their engagement and marriage were clouded by the recent death of the Emperor Alexander, and the course of true love has not run altogether smoothly since the wedding. The powerful influence of the Dowager Empress has created two parties in the Russian Court. It is an ecclesiastical necessity imposed on the ladies of the Russian Royal Family that they shall all of them be named after a Russian saint. The Dowager Empress's name was Dagmar, and as there is no saint of that name she was accordingly given the title of Marie. The name of the present Empress was Alix, and as there is no Saint Alix she too received the name of Marie. When there are two Maries in a family, each with great influence, none the less if that family be Imperial, two parties are certain to be formed and will range themselves according to their interests and predilections. There is a mother-in-law tragedy at the Russian Court.

There was a storm at Court, early in the Tsar's married life, on the subject of the ladies smoking. In the time of the Emperor Alexander cigarettes were permitted. When the present Empress acceded to power she forbade her ladies-in-waiting to solace themselves with an occasional cigarette. This smoking question raised a conflagration at Gatchina, Peterhof, Anitchkoff Palace, and Livadia, the glare of which has scarcely yet disappeared from the sky. Between the Dowager Empress and her daughter-in-law there is not much love lost; and the failure of the sweet and lovable daughter of the Princess Alice to produce a male heir to the throne has been a strong reason for causing much feeling on both sides.

That parents whose quiver is full of daughters intensely long for a son is proverbial, but in the present case, where the succession to the throne is dependent upon the birth of a son, unless the Romanoff traditions are set aside, the matter becomes one of great social and national concern. Under the present condition of things, the Grand Duke Michael will succeed the Tsar Nicholas; but it is competent to the Tsar to set aside the succession and appoint a daughter. The Russian Court is hopelessly divided upon this question of the nomination of an heir; and it is doubtful whether, if the Tsar were to take this course, the Russian people would acquiesce in his decision. The subject is fraught with future trouble to Russia.

The Tsar divides his time when in Russia between Gatchina, which is his home during the greater part of the spring and autumn; Peterhof, which is the summer residence opposite Cronstadt; the Anitchkoff Palace; and Livadia, in the Crimea. Since the Emperor Alexander's death, the Tsar never lives in the Winter Palace. The rooms where the Emperor Alexander died are still kept in the same state as on the day of his assassination, with one exception. The camp bed remains, but his clothes, left as they were, thick with blood, were removed a little time ago. The view from the windows of the ballroom of the Winter Palace is a beautiful one. One sees the waves of the Neva dancing in the light, and all the white sails silhouetted against the sun. When at Moscow, the Emperor lives in a small palace, Petrofski, outside the town, where His Majesty's taste for simplicity and dislike of ceremonial and form have free play. When the Emperor is at Peterhof, which is generally the case in the months of July and August, Ministers have an easier time than when he is at Gatchina, fourty-four versts from St. Petersburg.

The Emperor receives one Minister every day, when he is either at Gatchina or Peterhof. The Foreign Minister's day is Tues-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

day. But Count Lamsdorff sees the Emperor more often when necessity arises. Twice a week His Majesty has a general reception, which consists, for the most part, of prominent officers of the army and navy, and citizens who for any reason are honored by an Imperial audience. The greatest care is taken at these general receptions to prevent any attempt on the Emperor's life. The system of espionage at Court is the most elaborate that can be devised. Nevertheless, there are, from time to time, alarming indications that the precautions taken are inadequate. In the month of May last an explosive was found in the clock in the chimney-piece of the breakfast-room in Gatchina in which the little daughters of the Tsar were accustomed to take their breakfast with their English governess. For some reason it was noticed that the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to nine for several consecutive minutes, although the mechanism of the timepiece was operating as usual. On examination it was found that a high explosive had been inserted in the clock.

The atmosphere of suspicion and gloom, produced by the constant sense of impalpable danger, overshadows the spirits of everyone at the Russian Court. This is the reason why the annual visit to Copenhagen or Fredensborg is so eagerly anticipated, and so thoroughly enjoyed by the Russian Royal Family. At Fredenborg, although the Emperor is guarded by a considerable force of detectives, they are not in evidence; and during his stay he is accompanied only by one or two aides-de-camp who are generally personal friends. The extraordinary feature about Nihilism in Russia is the extent to which the upper classes sympathize with the efforts of the intellectual proletariat to bring the present system to an end. The Tsar never knows who are his friends and who his enemies. An abiding sense of distrust is the result, and hence the passionate affection that His Majesty feels for his wife, whose faithful counsel and patient sympathy are the bright spots in one of the saddest lives in Europe.

The amusements of the Tsar are few. He is fond of photography; sometimes indulges in a mood for the making of melancholy verse; and as was said in a previous place, he is an adept with the cycle. When at Gatchina he is in the habit of cycling by himself for a portion of every day, but at Peterhof the work brought down from St. Petersburg, and the constant interviews with Ministers and officials, consume the whole of his time, and a light in His Majesty's writing-room may be seen far into the night as he labors with the mountains of papers that are dispatched to him by cunning Ministers, who are resolved to surround the young Tsar with a parapet of detail, in order to prevent his mastery of the larger questions affecting Russian policy.

The Tsar is a kindly, saddened, overworked, and unhappy man. His desire to do his duty compels him to engage in an unceasing struggle with details which are never overtaken. In this struggle he is helped by one of the best and noblest of women whose virtues are derived through her mother from Queen Victoria. When the Tsar was a boy he had an English nurse, who taught him to speak English without accent, and planted in his mind a love of English methods of life and habits which he has never lost. When the Tsar is in private costume, he has recourse to an English tailor. English family life is his delight, and the English constitutional system he regards with a favorable eye. In character he is more like his grandfather than his father, but notwithstanding his undoubted abilities and fine disposition, he is too completely in the hands of his Ministers and his mother to exercise real control over Russian policy.

The Tsar Nicholas II. is physically weak; his nerves are shattered; his will feeble. He is amiable where iron-handedness is essential. He is dependent when a strong individuality is required. He is constantly in subjection first to one influence and then to another. He is more than usually amenable to women's control, and the fair sex has on more than one occasion exercised powerful, if not calamitous, influence upon his life.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE RAKE-MAKER'S RACE

by

Seumas MacManus

Illustrated by

B Cory Kilvert

I

IN the Rebellion Year, when the boys shouldered their pikes, and went bravely out to die in a good cause, there was not a braver, nor a bolder, than the boy from Glenravel who headed them, Conn Magee —Captain Conn, as he was quickly ranked. A dashing fine fellow was Conn—a strapping and an able one—as lithe as a mountain ash, and tall and straight as a poplar. He was a very lion-cub in strength, but had a heart as good and as tender as that of a child. In all the Nine Glens of Antrim there was not a girl that didn't worship Conn for his comeliness and his goodness: and the worship of his boy comrades was little behind. Conn had a heart that always beat for his country, was ever sore for his country's wrongs, and ever and always eager to strike for her rights. He carried the United Irishmen movement like wildfire over the hills and through the glens of Antrim. And, while the organizing went on, he seldom slept in his bed at nights, and more seldom did his own roof cover him.

Truly a proud man was he on the day that his band first flashed their pikes to the sun—the moon had shone upon them often —and with high hearts marched upon Antrim town. But, like many a brave fellow before, and since, Captain Conn failed—failed, with barely less glory than success would have won him; and then, like many another brave fellow also, he had to go upon his Keeping among the poor people of the Glens—to whom the hundred pounds reward upon his head meant a fortune—stay in hiding for months and months, lurking from byre to craw and from ditch to dike, seldom daring to let God's sun shine on him; coming out like the owl only at night, and under the friendly cover of its black cloak crawling cautiously over the hills to seek the friendliness of a fresh glen, when the scent had grown too hot in the one he was quitting.

But he was cornered by the soldiers at last, and taken at bay, after selling his liberty dearly. Manacled and fettered, and guarded by a full regiment of redcoats, poor Captain Conn was borne off in triumph to Carrickfergus Jail, and there put behind well-secured bars and bolts. His capture had cost too much for the advantage to be lightly thrown away. The Government rejoiced that so dangerous an enemy to the Constitution, and to the Realm, as he, and one whose life at liberty would ever have such a disturbing influence upon the fiery spirits of the young men of Antrim, was safe in their power at last. And they were resolved that their statesmen's sleep should little longer be disturbed with apprehensions of Captain Conn Magee.

A trial for life (it might then be more appropriately termed a trial for death) cost the authorities little trouble, and less time, in those days; so, within thirty-six hours after his capture, poor Conn was arraigned on the charge of high treason, tried, and condemned, within twenty-four hours, "to be hanged by the neck on the public gallows until he was dead, and his head afterward exposed on a spike, over the gate of Carrickfergus, as the head of a traitor." At which sentence Conn, standing erect, and with folded arms, in the high-stacked dock, and meeting the judge's look with a steadiness that caused that official's eye to shift and then fall, smiled a sardonic smile; though, next moment, there was a heavy weight at his heart, for thinking that the poor world should come to such a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CAPTAIN CONN.

degenerate pass as to brand traitor on a man who dared to love and to serve and to raise up his own fallen country!

As Conn, by his ever-sterling qualities, and more particularly by certain noble and generous acts of his in the heat of the late struggle, had unwittingly made himself friends, even in the camp of the enemy, there was a great effort put forth, by friend and enemy conjointly, to save his life, and many influential quarters were moved to action, with the result that, though the authorities immediately on the ground granted a respite of five days, to permit of the higher powers being approached, the latter absolutely and curtly refused to hear any appeal on behalf of such a dangerous rebel, and of one who had caused them so much trouble and money, and so many lives, as Captain Conn Magee. On no account would they consent to spare his life —they would not even alter his death sentence into one of perpetual imprisonment—for they hated deeply this noble and enthusiastic young fellow, and were determined on exacting the last drop of his life's blood in requital for the sedition he had stirred. They said: "We shall not be satisfied until the head of Conn Magee droops on its spike above Carrick gate, as a warning and a terror to all traitors."

Of all, the one person on whom this sad intelligence bore hardest was little black-haired Mary O'Hara of the Braid, who loved the gallant Conn with a fervor with which man was seldom loved, who had encouraged and strengthened him in his determination to free his country, and who had promised with her hand and heart to complete his happiness on the day of Freedom's Dawn. In his narrow prison, too, had it not been for thoughts of little Mary's broken heart, the noble-spirited Conn could have looked upon his coming fate with scornful indifference.

These last bad tidings would have finally prostrated poor Mary, but that one thin little hope-gleam reached her. The messenger who had broken the news to her said: "They are bitter men surely when they will insist upon the blood of the poor boy, though by raising their little finger any one of them could give him his life, which is more than any other man in Ireland could do—barrin' Lord O'Neill of Shane's Castle, and he, ye know, possesses the ancient right of his family demanding a life in the year from the Government of the country. But, of course, bitter as the Government are against Conn Magee, and his sort, Lord O'Neill—whose father's life was lost in Antrim battle—is ten times bitterer, and entirely outside the idea of appealing to."

"Then," said Mary, suddenly becoming possessed of life and energy again, "I know a way to appeal to him."

"Ah," said the messenger, sadly, "no way is any use."

But Mary didn't even answer. She had plucked her shawl off the peg and was gone. She reached Ballymena late at night, and the little cabin of Paddy Scullin the rake-maker—poor Paddy Scullin who had courted her in vain, and besought her to marry him, and, broken-hearted by his failure, had lapsed into sad and silent worship of her. Paddy

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was astounded to find Mary O'Hara, wild-eyed, burst into the cottage.

"Paddy," she said, "I want you to do me the greatest favor man can do me in this world."

"Mary of my heart," jumping to his feet, "say what it is."

She said: "Young Lord O'Neill owes you his life?"

"It is so," Paddy said, modestly, for he had saved him from the waters of the Bann five years before; and, proud fellow that poor Paddy was, he had refused all reward at O'Neill's hands.

"Then," Mary said, "I want you to ask a life off him in return—the life of Conn Magee." And she informed Paddy of the right which the O'Neill family had of demanding from the Government a life in the year.

"If he can grant the life," Paddy quickly said, "I will have it. Be comforted Mary *a stóir*."

"Lord O'Neill is in Dublin," Mary said. "You have only six days. There is not a minute to be lost if the boy is to escape."

"Six days!" said Paddy, airily—for he knew his own powers—"why, I'd go round the world and back again in the time."

"God bless you, Paddy," said Mary. "And, if it is any spur to you, I may tell you that if you get a pardon for poor Conn Magee, you may have Mary O'Hara for the asking—if you think her worth it."

Paddy's eyes filled. He just bent his head in reply.

His entire preparation for the journey was to draw on his coat, which he did with haste. As he bounded off he said: "Good-by, Mary, good-by. If Paddy Scullin isn't fit to come back with a free pardon, it's like you'll never see his face more."

And then he was gone.

MARY O'HARA.

II

In those days our people were hardy and good walkers; thirty, forty miles at a stretch they looked lightly upon. Paddy Scullin—who was probably unrivalled as a pedestrian—throughout the harvest months walked twenty-six long miles to the market in Cookstown, carrying a load of rakes, stood the market, and returned home, lightly, the same night again; and, moreover, thought it no great achievement. No journey, however long or fatiguing to other men, was ever known to tire Paddy. It was not that he was a big muscular fellow; for, on the contrary, Paddy was small, angular, and poor of body; rather awkward in gait also—the very last man that an unwitting stranger would have chosen to undergo extraordinary fatigue. But a stranger would have been mightily disappointed; for, though his frame looked small and poor, it was very sinewy; and though his gait was awkward, he managed to sling along to his journey's end, however far that might be, faster and with less fatigue than more likely men. The hundred and seven good miles from his home to Dublin was an easy trot to him, and he sped along jauntily. As he went, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IF HE CAN GRANT THE LIFE," PADDY QUICKLY SAID, "I WILL HAVE IT."

word spread far and fast along the way that Paddy went to make a last great effort for a pardon for Conn Magee, who was to be hanged in Carrickfergus at eight o'clock on Monday morning next, and the people ran from the houses and the neighbors from the fields to wish him God-speed, and give him a rousing cheer to lift him on his way. Wherever he deigned to stop for food or drink, the best of both that the neighborhood could provide was hastily to the fore, and pressed upon him. Great crowds filled the house where he waited, debating, encouraging, advising; while Paddy, who was a man of few words, gave apparent attention to all, but said little in return.

In two days he easily reached Dublin; but on arriving there discovered, to his dismay, that Lord O'Neill was in London, but daily expected back. Paddy despatched a messenger home to warn them that he was compelled to wait a few days; but he asked the messenger to bid Mary O'Hara, and all the friends of Conn Magee, as well as all the friends of Ireland, to keep up their hearts, for that, if man or mortal could obtain the pardon, and fetch it there in time, he would do it.

And Paddy's determination grew more grim as the probabilities against him grew greater.

Lord O'Neill did not return on the next day, nor yet on the day after that. There was a fog in the Channel that delayed all ships. Saturday morning came, and still no Lord O'Neill, nor yet Saturday noon; and Saturday evening brought no tidings of him.

Then things were black.

Late on Saturday night the ship that bore the expected lord at length came in. Paddy, who had to be here, there, and everywhere, missed him at his incoming, hastened to his house, when he got the intelligence, and there found that he had gone off with some friends to spend the night. After an agonizing chase through Dublin City, he discovered, a few hours after midnight, that Lord O'Neill had come to his club. After fighting, and giving a well-deserved drubbing to the supercilious flunkey who frowned on him, and would contumeliously have turned him out as a vagabond, Paddy forced his way into the club-rooms, and through them, till he found his man, luxuriously enjoying himself among fellows of his ilk, in a room of revelry.

Poor Paddy, certainly, had not the dress or aspect of a club-going man; but the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

scornful look he gave the lords, who roared at him, quickly quelled the noise in their throats, and made some of them ashamed. The astounded Lord O'Neill took him by the hand and shook it heartily, and hastily led him aside. Without waiting for question or word Paddy poured his business upon him, and requested the pardon of Conn Magee.

Lord O'Neill's face fell, and then grew stern, as he listened. He said: "Paddy Scullion, I say now, as I said five years ago, ask me any request, within the bounds of reason, and it will be granted as soon as it is asked; but the life of the rebel Magee I cannot—would not—give."

"Lord O'Neill," said Paddy, boldly looking him in the eye, "five years ago I saved your life to you, and now I have journeyed on my two feet to Dublin, and waited in agony here for you, to beseech you the life of the poor boy, whose crime was that he loved his country. Do you grant my request, or do you refuse it? Yes or no?"

"No, Scullin!" said Lord O'Neill.

"Then," said Paddy, "may the Lord above, who granted you your life again, when you were on the point of losing it, deal tenderer with you, when you come to your judgment, than you are willing to deal with His children. Lord O'Neill," said he—and in the onlookers' eyes Paddy Scullin now looked the lord and O'Neill a shivering serf—"I leave you to the company of your conscience. Good-by!"

Lord O'Neill sprang after him, and got him by the shoulder, as he went, delaying his progress.

Both of them went out together.

Lord O'Neill ordered a carriage to be fetched, with all speed, into which he put Paddy Scullin, and entered himself, after telling the coachman to drive as he had never driven before, to the Viceregal Lodge.

The Lord-Lieutenant was hard to awake, was in no good humor at being awakened, and flew into a rage when he discovered what he had been roused for. Lord O'Neill firmly insisted on his privilege, and, after a deal of passionate debating, a full and free pardon for Conn Magee was signed and sealed.

The Lord-Lieutenant contented himself with the spiteful remark, as he looked at his watch, that "There is neither horse nor man in Ireland who can have it to Carrickfergus in time now, anyhow."

"I thank your Excellency," said Lord O'Neill, sneering in reply; "but if my blood-horse fails to do it, I'll promise you now to bestow him on the first tinker that crosses his path, after."

Said Paddy Scullin: "If it is to be got there in time—and I trust to the good God that it will—the blood-horse that will do it is myself."

And Paddy could be moved by no remonstrance; for in his heart he knew, far better than O'Neill could guess, his own superiority to the blood-horse, and he insisted on the pardon being handed over to him instantly. He bowed his thanks to Lord O'Neill, and then burst away.

PADDY FORCED HIS WAY INTO THE CLUB-ROOM.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LARGER AND LARGER GREW

III

As Paddy fled through the streets of Dublin the streaks of the Sunday dawn were filling the sky. When he got rid of the city, without ceasing from his race, he drew off his old coat, and cast it from him. Next he cast away his vest, and, a little farther on, his hat. He girded his loins with his suspenders, and then flew fast and light. And as he went the eyes of Paddy were turned up to Heaven, appealing to God for strength and speed to carry him in time over the hundred and ten long miles that lay between him and Carrickfergus town.

From the time that he had passed that way, going to Dublin, the people all along the line of route, and for far and far on every side of it, had talked of little else than Paddy Scullin's mission, and had been, since then, eagerly watching the way to observe his return. And when Saturday passed without his coming, the despair had crept into their hearts. But still they waited, hoping for a miracle. And when, on the afternoon of Sunday, the flying form of Paddy was seen coming down the way, the people, who at intervals were lined along it, burst into roar after roar, which rolled away before Paddy, announcing his approach to those more distant, and summoning upon the hill-tops other crowds to cheer to the skies, and throw up hats, and wave handkerchiefs and shawls. The crowds on the road divided at his approach, closed in behind him, and, shouting their encouragement, galloped after, until he tired them down, or further crowds had fallen in, and undertook the guard.

Paddy was a very stoic, though; no cheer to the skies, no waving of hats and shawls, and no tide of enthusiasm, seemed to affect him. His face was grim and set; his eyes fixed on the horizon, far ahead his body stretched, and thus, more like a figure out of an ancient heroic epic than a man of real flesh and blood, he flew onward; the big official packet, which he bore in his right hand, the sign to all of the success of his mission.

As they saw him coming the people ran to the road with food and drink. He consented to grasp in his hand, as he passed, a bit of food here, and to pause and gulp a drink there; but it was on rare occasions that he could afford to do so. At noon he cast his shoes and socks and went lighter and fresher thereafter.

The farther north he went the bigger were the crowds that lined the way, and the more intense the excitement became. Tried and proved runners were strapped and girded, and ready, as he came up, to relieve him of his packet, and go forward with it; but Paddy disdained and curtly declined all help; for he could not, or he would not, trust it out of his hands—the great document.

In the northern counties, all through the night of Sunday, no one went to bed. The people were in and out and about, and up the hills and to and fro upon the road, restlessly—despondently. They had lighted fires on the hill-tops to cheer him on his way, in case a messenger should come. And at one hour or another in the night, as they lived farther and farther north, the cheer that had rolled before Paddy from Dublin struck at length upon their ears, and roused them

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GATHERING BEHIND.

almost to frenzy, as, feeling its full import, they took it up and sent it forward with swollen volume. Then they waited for him, and closed in behind and carried him on his way until they also were tired down and outdistanced.

When the morning light began to grow in the sky, Paddy Scullin was running faster than he had done on quitting Dublin. But the way was far and long before the poor fellow yet, and the time, alas! had grown almost hopelessly short—altogether hopeless it might have seemed to any other man, but Paddy Scullin not so. "I'll make it, with God's help," he said while still he was twelve miles from Carrick, and had but two hours to spare. As Paddy passed this remark to those that ran with him out of Belfast, he trod on a sharp stone, gave a false leap, staggered, and was thrown heavily to the ground. He lay stunned on top of his packet. But his grip upon it was as a death-grip—and those who would snatch it from him failed in their endeavors.

IV

At a few minutes before eight a dread procession emerged from the gates of Carrick Jail, and, between deep lines of armed redcoats, solemnly treaded its way up Gallows Hill, followed by an immense concourse of wailing people. The only man who seemed of stout heart and bright eye there that morning was Captain Conn Magee, whose step was bold and whose head was erect, and who never before looked braver or more handsome. On and on, step by step, the procession treaded its slow and painful way. When at length the gallows was reached, up its awful stairs Conn Magee stepped—as firmly, as coolly, as if he trod over the threshold of his own little cabin in Glenravel, which now he was never more to see. On the scaffold he turned and told the dolefulfaced people that he had been rejoiced to come out with his pike when Mother Ireland called, and now he was proud to give his life for her. No cheer, but a great murmur went from the gathering, and they turned again to a distant hill eyes that had wearily watched that hill since day-dawn. Captain Conn, having spoken, strode to his place underneath a dangling noose. As the big church clock tolled out eight, the noose was dropped upon his neck. The crowd hereupon raised a terrible clamor, and the Sheriff, who was a humane man, drawing out his watch, said: "I have no hope of a pardon coming for Conn Magee; but, to satisfy all, I will, at risk to myself, allow fifteen minutes."

The immense gathering breathed a sigh of relief, and then their straining eyes sought the hill again, observing it at the point where the white road disappeared over the crest. But there was no little sign to raise again their fallen hopes. From the women a wailing undercurrent rose and fell.

The only person there that seemed unmoved was Captain Conn.

Five minutes passed; ten passed; fifteen passed; and still no sign upon the hill. The Sheriff, yielding once more to the clamor, granted another ten minutes, and finally five; but, alas! in vain. "No pardon comes," he said. "Ye were foolish to think that a pardon could come."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ON AND ON, STEP BY STEP, THE PROCESSION TREADED ITS SLOW AND PAINFUL WAY.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

On the stroke of half-past eight the black cap was drawn over the face of Conn Magee, and the multitude, with a mighty wail, burying their faces in their hands, fell upon their knees, as the Sheriff gave the final signal. But instantly a roar of another sort arose, drowning the wail and checking the Sheriff and the executioner.

All men sprang to their feet again, and once more turned their eyes afar.

The figures of the watchers on the hill-tops were seen wildly waving their arms, and soon the figure of a runner burst over the crest; behind it a great crowd closed, and then the great sound of a distant but mighty cheer rolled down to the multitude around the gallows! For one moment they were dazed—next moment there arose from the thousand throats such a roar as probably never before, and certainly never since, rent the skies over Carrick Town!

The executioner was stayed in his work, while the Sheriff, watch in hand, waited eventualities. Farther down and down the distant hill came the speeding form; larger and larger grew the gathering behind, and louder and louder came the cheering. By far the greater portion of the multitude around the gallows burst away and swept forward to meet the messenger, and came sweeping back with Paddy Scullin, still calm and grim, packet in hand, leading them, while all the air was filled with thunderous cheers, which went up and were reverberated from the hills around.

Through the lines of soldiers Paddy burst—for nothing could stay him—and handed to the Sheriff his packet. The Sheriff tore it open, glanced over it, and then ordered Conn Magee to be released and to walk forth a free man.

. . . . . .

Some way or other no person could tell Paddy Scullin had disappeared when, having found their senses again after a frenzied outburst of joy had expended itself, the crowd sought and called for him.

It was not till the second day after that he was discovered in his own little cabin, at Ballymena, very busily making rakes for the Cookstown market, which would be two days later. He said to the messenger who came to him from Mary O'Hara: "Tell—Mary O'Hara—that Paddy Scullin—refuses to marry her—because—he—loves—her too well—and say—that he said—may God bless—herself—and—the brave man the Lord has preserved to her."

The messenger did not see Paddy's face, for, as he gave this reply, he was bent very low over a rake-head that he was industriously dressing.

"TELL MARY O'HARA THAT PADDY SCULLIN REFUSES TO MARRY HER."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bulls and Bears

By D. T. Mallett.

A "BULL" in Wall Street is a hopeful, genial, good-hearted philanthropist who paints the future with a rosy hue, and advises his friends to buy stocks.

That this philanthropist owns stocks for which he desires a rising market is simply an incident.

A "Bear" is a despondent, dyspeptic calamity howler who smells financial disaster afar off, and whose ears are filled with evil rumors. He warns his friends to sell their stocks before the bottom drops out of everything—incidentally he calculates to buy stocks at less than their intrinsic value.

Every business man, whether in or out of Wall Street, must be either a "Bull" or a "Bear." The buyer must talk depreciation to purchase advantageously, and the seller must be sanguine to make a profit.

The professional operator in Wall Street who makes it his life's business to speculate in stocks may, with equal ease, be a "Bull" or a "Bear," as the occasion demands. The occasional investor or speculator is usually a "Bull," and buys before he sells. To sell before he buys is a financial problem he seldom considers.

There is more money made by the public in a "bull" market than is made in a "bear" market; but the losses which the public sustains in a "bear" market usually exceed the previous profits made in a "bull" market.

The principal use of a "Bear" is to depress values so that there will be a chance for a "Bull" to make money—the old law of gravitation what goes up must come down.

It does not, however, follow that what goes down will go up, and more likely it "went up" when it went down.

All the world loves a lover, and the "Bull" has more friends than the "Bear." Hope springs eternal in the lover's breast, and the "Bull" runs his hope factory overtime.

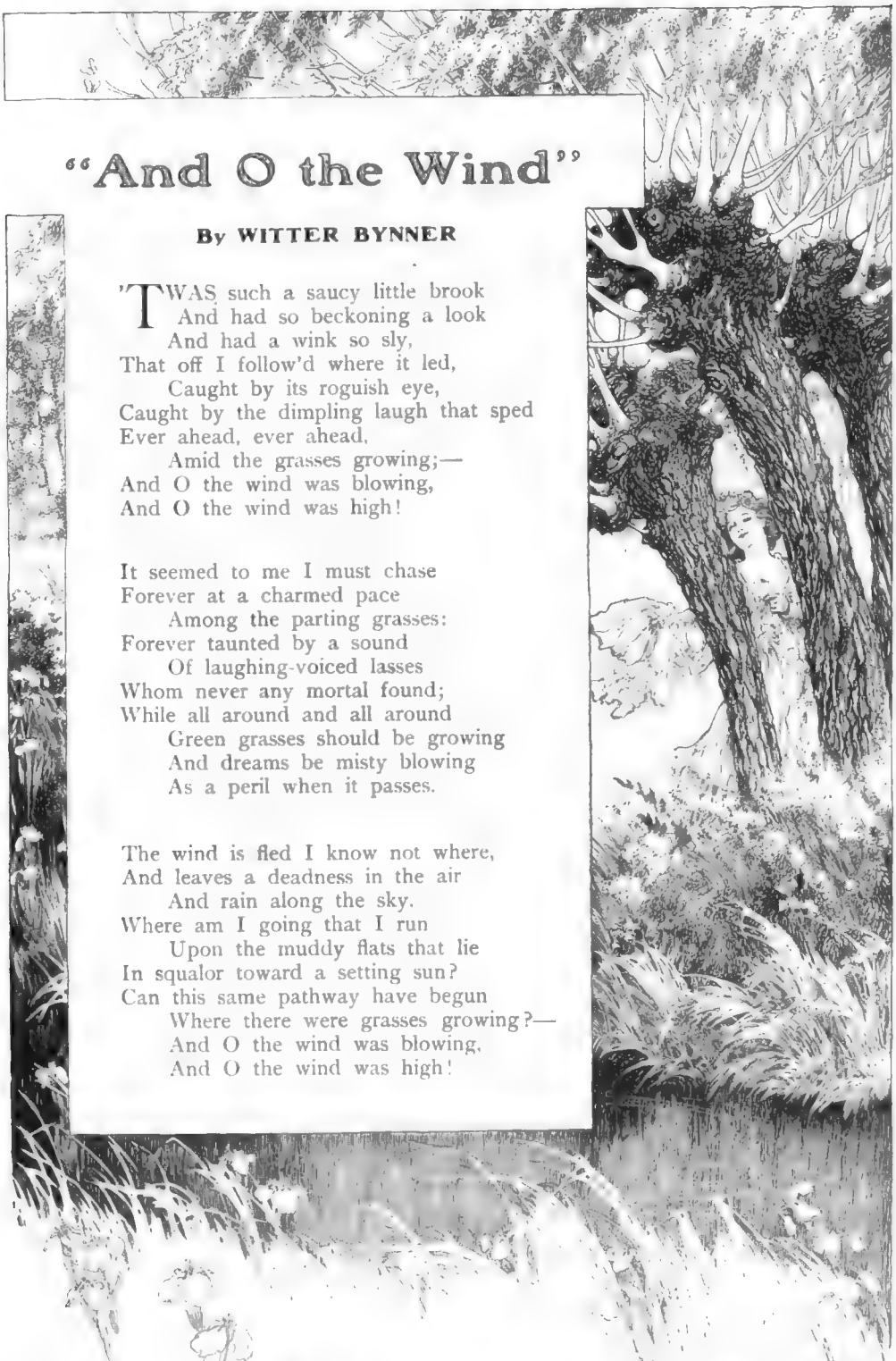
If a prominent "Bull" can guess right three times in succession, he acquires such an admiring circle of friends that they will get up early in the morning to buy the stocks he recommends. If he is a wise "Bull," he leaves his stocks in their hands and tours the world in his automobile. After the "Bears" have had their turn, he returns and buys them back again. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and shares the good things with the public—at a profit.

"Bulls" are the constructive advance agents of prosperity. Who ever heard of a "Bear" building a railroad or developing an industry? "Bulls" make business organizations, co-operation out of competition, and billion-dollar industries. All really great financiers are "Bulls" in temperament, but when the public gets too eager, the dyspeptic "Bear" comes along and reminds them of the over-production of securities, the heavy bonded indebtedness, the inflation of values, and the signs of commercial depression. The "Bear" is a scare-thrower, a bubble-pricker, a financial grave-digger.

Ask a "Bear" what he thinks of the financial outlook, and he will say: "This country will sweat blood before many months, and before the year is over it is likely that hundreds of thousands of men who are now employed will be idle. We are only catching glimpses of the steep part of the down grade. Before we get to the real bottom the country will know what industrial agony is. It is a crime to deceive the country any longer with false hopes of returning industrial prosperity."

Request a "Bull" to give his opinion of the future, and he will say: "I have reason to know that the stock-market has heavily discounted business conditions. There is hardly a stock listed on the exchange but what is far below its intrinsic value. Stocks are now in strong hands, and will be held for higher prices. There may be reactions, but the general tendency will be upward."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"And O the Wind"

By WITTER BYNNER

'TWAS such a saucy little brook
And had so beckoning a look
And had a wink so sly,
That off I follow'd where it led,
Caught by its roguish eye,
Caught by the dimpling laugh that sped
Ever ahead, ever ahead,
Amid the grasses growing;—
And O the wind was blowing,
And O the wind was high!

It seemed to me I must chase
Forever at a charmed pace
Among the parting grasses:
Forever taunted by a sound
Of laughing-voiced lasses
Whom never any mortal found;
While all around and all around
Green grasses should be growing
And dreams be misty blowing
As a peril when it passes.

The wind is fled I know not where,
And leaves a deadness in the air
And rain along the sky.
Where am I going that I run
Upon the muddy flats that lie
In squalor toward a setting sun?
Can this same pathway have begun
Where there were grasses growing?—
And O the wind was blowing,
And O the wind was high!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Telegraphers' Contest

By PAUL SEVERING

WHEN "Billy" Gibson sat down to the key that night in Philadelphia, to compete for the Carnegie medal given to the winner of the all-around championship in the American Telegraphers' Tournament, there were many in the big audience who said he could not win because other men had preceded him at the key who were too fast to be beaten. But there was an army of telegraphers who sat listening at sounders all over the country who thought differently; a group of men and women, many of whom had been compelled to sit reluctantly at the other end of Billy's New York wire, who knew that his Morse could burn that wire, not only deep, but far and wide. There was one man in the exhibition hall, moreover, who voiced this sentiment.

MRS. K. N. STETSON.

"You wait for Billy Gibson," he had said again and again as the others sat in succession at the key. "Now that's speedy Morse, that there of McClintic's. It's awful fast. But how far would it carry? You wait for Billy. Gosh, he's kept me hustling many's the night, and his stuff'd carry round the earth."

And so Billy sat down after the big audience had seemingly exhausted its encomiums on his opponents. There had been G. W. Conkling, of New York, who sat at the key, slim, tall, light-haired, and immovable as stone, hurling down Morse that rang clear as a bell; D. Roy Newcomb, of Boston, who had less individuality at the key perhaps, but got away very fast indeed, and whose letters all but tripped over one another in their hurry; F. M. McClintic, the Texan, holder of the Carnegie medal, who had come all the way from Dallas to defend it, and who apparently threw his whole soul into his Morse and plugged it out so fast that one in the audience called him "greased lightning"; W. C. Murray, of Atlanta, whose copper-plate work was the admiration of the experts; Harvey Williams, of Philadelphia, slight of form, black-mustached, who worked like a race-horse, but whose key, unfortunately, got jammed in the stretch; E. E. Bruckner, of Chicago, whose emotion took the form of a smile that broadened as the work went on, and reached a climax at the end, when he got up and danced away from the key; and W. M. Gibson, "Billy Gibson," the New Yorker, the emotionless, the solid of flesh, the ruddy of face, who took his coat off and put his hat on and began his work, without first ticking off a flippant phrase as some of the others had done for the benefit of the audience. And the audience, a strange gathering, listened to a strange mechanical language, which, however, held as many different inflections for those present as the human voice might hold for you and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

me. Many there had known the contestants by sound and were now beholding them for the first time in the flesh. The man who had lauded Gibson had never seen him before, yet he called him "Billy" and waited impatiently for the contest to end so that he might go up and shake him by the hand.

"He's off!" The starter had given the word.

All over the hall had been placed sounders which clicked in unison with the stroke of the key. The sound permeated everything and it was as though a gigantic telegraph instrument had suddenly begun to resound with the turmoil of the world. The pace was terrific, a long, steady roll, faster than any that had gone before and as clear as the clearest. Young telegraphers who had never heard Gibson looked at one another amazedly. Those who had "taken his stuff" began to smile and asked the others how they would like to "take that all night."

W. M. GIBSON.

"But he couldn't do it all night," declared one young man.

"Couldn't he, though?" replied the man who was waiting to shake hands. "Well, he's given it to me like that for hours at a stretch. That's the difference between Billy and the others. It's just his natural gait. That's the reason it is so clear. The others were sprinting."

Each contestant was required to send twenty-five commercial messages and 500 words of press matter. Men stood about, watches in hand, calling time.

"He did the first six messages in three minutes," said one.

"There goes eight in four and a half," added another after a pause. "And that stuff would carry to Chicago."

"There's only one thing that was ever known to phase Billy Gibson," remarked a new-comer. "That's the figure two. Used to be a joke at our end of the line, that he could not sound a two. He used to tell us that if he sent a figure we could not understand, it would be a two."

"There's not a bit of waste motion about him," said still another.

It was true. Unlike some of the others he did not move about in his chair, cross and recross his legs, shuffle back and forward, etc. He sat motionless except for his fingers and the muscles playing under his striped shirt-sleeve. And the periodicity of the movement was akin to that of a fly-wheel whose thousands of revolutions a minute are betrayed only by the very slightest shimmering motion.

"Well, if he keeps that up, he's the winner," said the young man who had previously doubted his endurance.

"He hasn't broken once, so far. The others all broke several times," remarked someone in the crowd.

"There goes sixteen messages in nine minutes. Say, isn't that just the prettiest stuff!"

"Twenty in eleven minutes, I make it now," called another watch-holder, and no one dissented.

We waited excitedly, and suddenly the clicking stopped. Gibson got up and rubbed his right hand, while the audience applauded the first heat.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Thirteen minutes forty-nine seconds," called out the man with the watch. "Now for the press matter."

Everyone in the hall had a printed copy of the press matter, 500 words of President Roosevelt's speech at the unveiling of the Sherman monument in Washington. Gibson did not waste time in getting to work. A turn or two about the stage to limber up and he was off. This indeed was a race against time. In sending the messages he had to turn over every message-blank as he finished it, to address and number each, and to take up a new subject twenty-five times. But here with one straight course before him he had nothing to do but go ahead. It was to the messages what the home-stretch is to the rest of a race-track, and at the word he got away at terrific speed. Yet it was the Morse Code, not a mere succession of slurred dots and dashes, but good Morse, that every telegrapher in the room could read, as many of them did, aloud. Beyond the lightning-like oscillation of his fingers he never moved but once; that was when, about two-thirds through the matter, without slackening his speed in the least, he reached over and adjusted the screw of the key with his left hand. Probably he was shortening the path of the key, for after that he fairly tore through to the end. Yet every dash was a true dash, every dot a decisive point, every space clear and clean.

The men and women in the hall, reading the matter as he clicked it off, knew when the last word was about to be sounded; and every one of them helped drown that last word with their mighty approval. When Gibson arose from the key, his friends and opponents on the stage crowded around him and cheered lustily for one of the best exhibitions of fast Morse ever heard, while up through the centre aisle ran the man who had "told us so," calling out excitedly:

"Well, didn't I say it? He did it in 9.52. I'm going up to shake hands."

Later in the evening, Mr. Gibson completed his title to the all-around championship by receiving twenty-five messages and 500 words of press matter and writing them upon a typewriter more neatly than any of his competitors. In this contest a very fast telegrapher, Mr. Fred Catlin, of New York, sent the messages and press matter to all of the contestants simultaneously. They all finished together as the last click sounded, and judgment was based upon the correctness and general appearance of the copy. All points considered, Mr. Gibson's work was accorded the highest mark, so that he rose from his chair the all-around champion telegrapher of America. In addition to the Carnegie medal the title carried with it a cash prize of $300.

William M. Gibson is an old-time prize-winner, and has contested in most, if not all, telegraphers' tournaments of recent years. His every-day work is as speedy and as enduring as his competitive sprints. During the daytime he is one of the expert stock telegraph operators of the New York Consolidated Exchange, and for the greater part of every night he is employed in the offices of one of the big New York telegraph companies.

Another interesting event of this tournament was the sending contest between the two fastest women telegraphers, Mrs. K. N. Stetson, of the Postal Telegraph Company of New York, and Mrs. B. V. Gillespie, of the Western Union Telegraph of Philadelphia. Mrs. Gillespie's speed was very great, and in spite of evident nervousness, she finished twenty commercial messages in fifteen minutes and five seconds, but Mrs. Stetson managed to cut down this time over a minute, finishing in fourteen minutes and one second.

Mrs. Stetson's feat was the more remarkable because she had once suffered from that curious malady known as telegraphers' paralysis, which is akin to writers' cramp, and in consequence was compelled to work with an especially constructed key.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

American Cities in Pencil

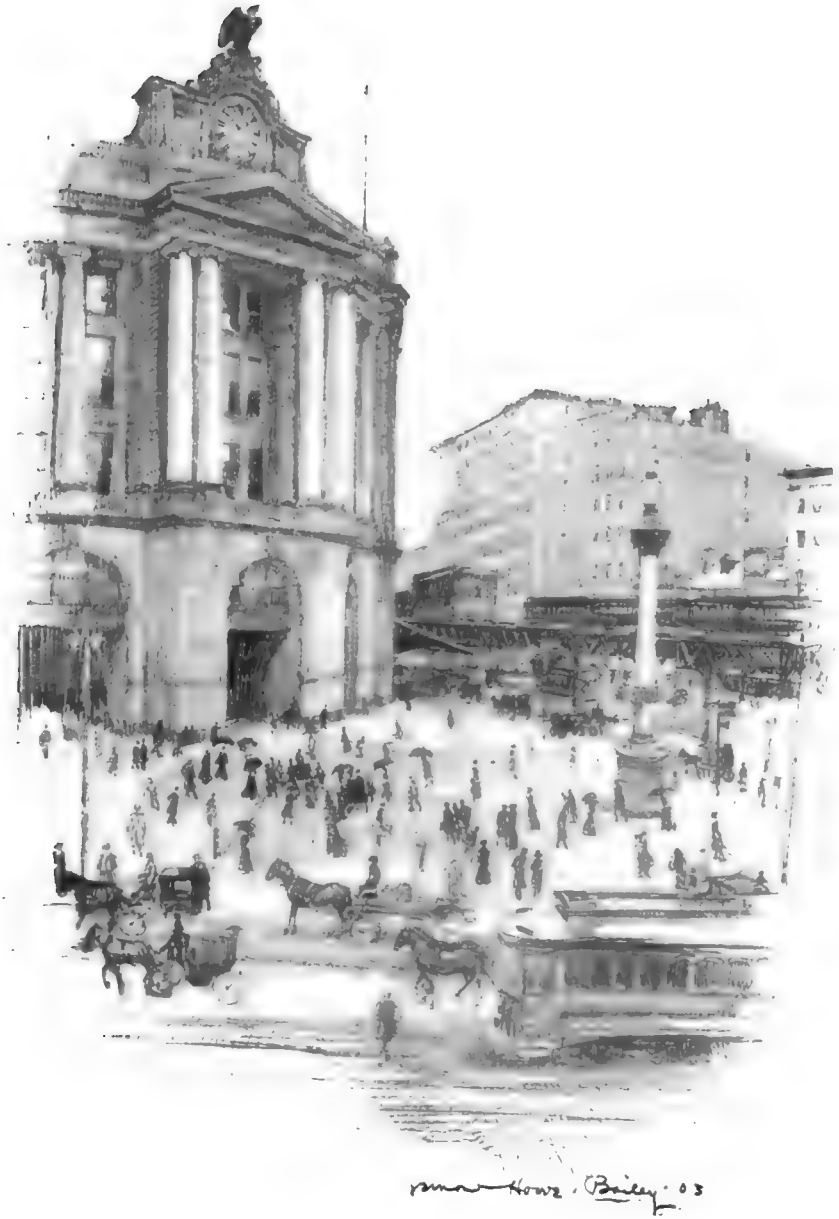
Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

II. Boston

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

Renowned for its stately homes and justly considered one of the world's finest boulevards, Commonwealth Avenue runs from the Public Gardens at Arlington Street, through the fashionable Back Bay district, where formerly flowed the waters of the Back Bay, to the Fens and Suburbs. Boston's widest street, it is laid out with a parkway in the middle with foliage, walks, statues, etc., making much for its beauty. At the Fenway entrance to the avenue is Miss Whitney's statue of Leif Ericson, the Norseman who discovered America, and of whose ascent of the Charles River relics have been found at Cambridge. The Vendome, seen on the right, is one of Boston's finest and most exclusive hotels.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE SOUTH TERMINAL STATION AND DEWEY SQUARE.

The South Terminal Station, of which the main portal is shown, is the largest terminal railway station in the world, and is used by several divisions of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Boston & Albany Railroads. It is of granite, six stories in height, and covers thirteen acres. The train-shed is 600 feet square and contains twenty-eight surface-tracks on the upper floor. On the Subway are double loop-tracks for accommodation and excursion traffic. The station is situated at Atlantic Avenue and Summer Street, facing Dewey Square. The Essex Hotel is seen beyond in the middle of the drawing, as is also the elevated railroad.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OLD STATE HOUSE AND AMES BUILDING.

In Washington Street, at the head of State Street, in the earliest days of the colony, was situated the Market House, succeeded, in 1657, by the old wooden State House. The present building was erected about 1723. Here John Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, and numerous patriots made the first opposition to royal authority. From the balcony General Washington watched the entrance of the American Army after the termination of the siege of Boston. On July 18, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read from the same balcony. From 1830 to 1839 the building was used as the Boston City Hall, and in 1831 was restored as far as possible, and given in charge of "The Bostonian Society."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE STATE HOUSE.

The part of the building facing Beacon Street was designed by Bulfinch and completed in 1798. Paul Revere was master of ceremonies, and Samuel Adams delivered the oration at the laying of the corner-stone in 1795. The ground on which it stands was John Hancock's cow pasture. Beacon Hill, so called from the beacon which formerly surmounted it, is now commemorated by a granite column. The proposition in recent years to tear down the State House brought so many remonstrances from citizens received, the cupola and dome restored, and the interior arrangements restored as completely as possible.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRINITY CHURCH.

Trinity Church, the most beautiful sacred edifice in Boston, was designed by the late H. H. Richardson and is considered his masterpiece, and is also regarded as one of the architectural gems of this continent. Its shape is that of a Latin cross and the massive tower rests at the intersection of the nave and transepts. On the west front is the Galilee porch which was recently added. The mural decorations of the interior are the work of John La Farge. Trinity Church faces and dominates Copley Square.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PROVINCE STREET, SHOWING "MARLIAVE'S."

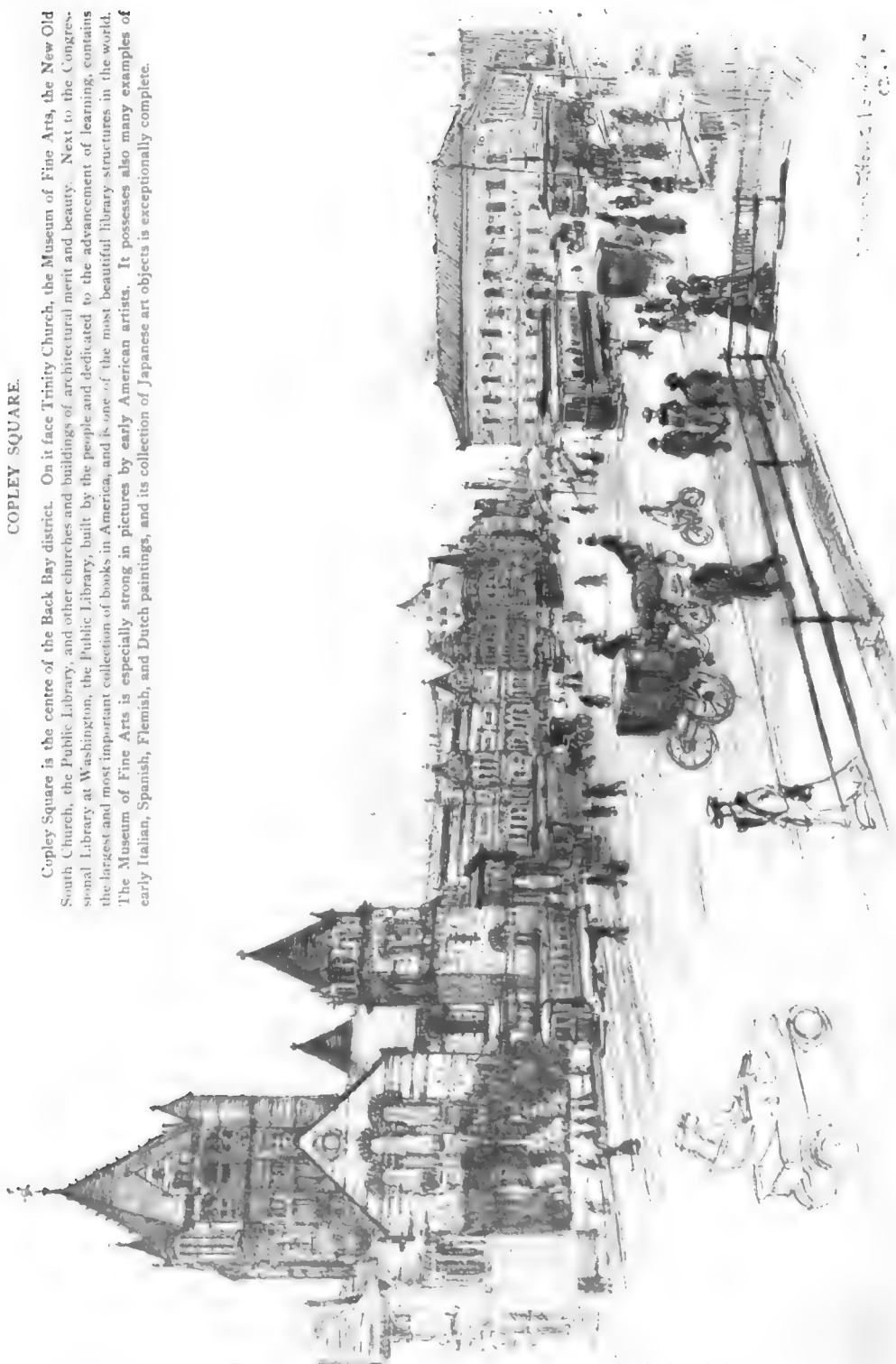
Running in from School Street, opposite the City Hall, is Province Street, leading to Bromfield Street and to Province Court, where, until 1864, stood the Province House, residence of many of the royal governors, which in later days became a famous hostelry. The Boston Tavern now occupies part of the site. The steps leading to Bosworth Place are a typical bit of "Old Boston." "Marliave's," one of Boston's best-known Bohemian restaurants, is located here, and here, until a few years ago, was the widely celebrated "Billy Park's" place, long popular with those fond of good cheer. The Parker House addition now occupies the site.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NEWSPAPER ROW.

Newspaper Row is that portion of Washington Street between State Street and Milk Street, and within the length of these two short blocks nearly all Boston papers have their offices. *The Globe* building is on the left hand in the foreground. *The Journal* is beyond at the corner of Water Street. *The Evening Transcript*, Boston's most conservative paper, is across Milk Street beyond the old South Meeting House. *The Herald* building is seen on the right hand, *The Post* adjoining it beyond. *The Advertiser* and *The Record* are opposite the old South Meeting House and the other dailies and weeklies are in near-by streets. The old South Meeting House stands on ground which was a part of Governor John Winthrop's garden.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



COPLEY SQUARE.

Copley Square is the centre of the Back Bay district. On it face Trinity Church, the Museum of Fine Arts, the New Old South Church, the Public Library, and other churches and buildings of architectural merit and beauty. Next to the Congressional Library at Washington, the Public Library, built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning, contains the largest and most important collection of books in America, and is one of the most beautiful library structures in the world. The Museum of Fine Arts is especially strong in pictures by early American artists. It possesses also many examples of early Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch paintings, and its collection of Japanese art objects is exceptionally complete.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Wagner Matinée

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

I RECEIVED one morning a letter written in pale ink, on glassy, blue-lined notepaper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska village. This communication, worn and rubbed, looking as though it had been carried for some days in a coat-pocket that was none too clean, was from my Uncle Howard. It informed me that his wife had been left a small legacy by a bachelor relative who had recently died, and that it had become necessary for her to come to Boston to attend to the settling of the estate. He requested me to meet her at the station, and render her whatever services might prove necessary. On examining the date indicated as that of her arrival, I found it no later than to-morrow. He had characteristically delayed writing until, had I been away from home for a day, I must have missed the good woman altogether.

The name of my Aunt Georgiana called up not alone her own figure, at once pathetic and grotesque, but opened before my feet a gulf of recollections so wide and deep that, as the letter dropped from my hand, I felt suddenly a stranger to all the present conditions of my existence, wholly ill at ease and out of place amid the surroundings of my study. I became, in short, the gangling farmer-boy my aunt had known, scourged with chilblains and bashfulness, my hands cracked and raw from the corn-husking. I felt the knuckles of my thumb tentatively, as though they were raw again. I sat again before her parlor organ, thumbing the scales with my stiff, red hands, while she beside me made canvas mittens for the huskers.

The next morning, after preparing my landlady somewhat, I set out for the station. When the train arrived I had some difficulty in finding my aunt. She was the last of the passengers to alight, and when I got her into the carriage she looked not unlike one of those charred, smoked bodies that firemen lift from the *débris* of a burned building. She had come all the way in a day coach; her linen duster had become black with soot and her black bonnet gray with dust during the journey. When we arrived at my boarding-house the landlady put her to bed at once, and I did not see her again until the next morning.

Whatever shock Mrs. Springer experienced at my aunt's appearance she considerately concealed. Myself, I saw my aunt's misshapen figure with that feeling of awe and respect with which we behold explorers who have left their ears and fingers north of Franz Josef Land, or their health somewhere along the Upper Congo. My Aunt Georgiana had been a music-teacher at the Boston Conservatory, somewhere back in the latter sixties. One summer, which she had spent in the little village in the Green Mountains where her ancestors had dwelt for generations, she had kindled the callow fancy of the most idle and shiftless of all the village lads, and had conceived for this Howard Carpenter one of those absurd and extravagant passions which a handsome country boy of twenty-one sometimes inspires in a plain, angular, spectacled woman of thirty. When she returned to her duties in Boston, Howard followed her; and the upshot of this inexplicable infatuation was that she eloped with him, eluding the reproaches of her family and the criticism of her friends by going with him to the Nebraska frontier. Carpenter, who of course had no money, took a homestead in Red Willow County, fifty miles from the railroad. There they measured off their eighty acres by driving across the prairie in a wagon, to the wheel of which they had tied a red cotton handkerchief, and counting its revolutions. They built a dugout in the red hillside, one of those cave dwellings whose inmates usually reverted to the conditions of primitive savagery. Their water they got from the lagoons where the buffalo drank, and their slender stock of provisions was always at the mercy of bands of roving Indians. For thirty years my aunt had not been farther than fifty miles from the homestead.

But Mrs. Springer knew nothing of all this, and must have been considerably shocked at what was left of my kinswoman. Beneath

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the soiled linen duster, which on her arrival was the most conspicuous feature of her costume, she wore a black stuff dress whose ornamentation showed that she had surrendered herself unquestioningly into the hands of a country dressmaker. My poor aunt's figure, however, would have presented astonishing difficulties to any dressmaker. Her skin was yellow as a Mongolian's from constant exposure to a pitiless wind, and to the alkaline water, which transforms the most transparent cuticle into a sort of flexible leather. She wore ill-fitting false teeth. The most striking thing about her physiognomy, however, was an incessant twitching of the mouth and eyebrows, a form of nervous disorder resulting from isolation and monotony, and from frequent physical suffering.

In my boyhood this affliction had possessed a sort of horrible fascination for me, of which I was secretly very much ashamed, for in those days I owed to this woman most of the good that ever came my way, and had a reverential affection for her. During the three winters when I was riding herd for my uncle, my aunt, after cooking three meals for half a dozen farm-hands, and putting the six children to bed, would often stand until midnight at her ironing-board, hearing me at the kitchen table beside her recite Latin declensions and conjugations, and gently shaking me when my drowsy head sank down over a page of irregular verbs. It was to her, at her ironing or mending, that I read my first Shakespeare; and her old text-book of mythology was the first that ever came into my empty hands. She taught me my scales and exercises, too, on the little parlor organ which her husband had bought her after fifteen years, during which she had not so much as seen any instrument except an accordion, that belonged to one of the Norwegian farm-hands. She would sit beside me by the hour, darning and counting, while I struggled with the "Harmonious Blacksmith"; but she seldom talked to me about music, and I understood why. She was a pious woman; she had the consolation of religion; and to her at least her martyrdom was not wholly sordid. Once when I had been doggedly beating out some passages from an old score of "Euryanthe" I had found among her music-books, she came up to me and, putting her hands over my eyes, gently drew my head back upon her shoulder, saying tremulously, "Don't love it so well, Clark, or it may be taken from you. Oh! dear boy, pray that whatever your sacrifice be it is not that."

When my aunt appeared on the morning after her arrival, she was still in a semi-somnambulent state. She seemed not to realize that she was in the city where she had spent her youth, the place longed for hungrily for half a lifetime. She had been so wretchedly train-sick throughout the journey that she had no recollection of anything but her discomfort, and, to all intents and purposes, there were but a few hours of nightmare between the farm in Red Willow County and my study on Newbury Street. I had planned a little pleasure for her that afternoon, to repay her for some of the glorious moments she had given me when we used to milk together in the straw-thatched cow-shed, and she, because I was more than usually tired, or because her husband had spoken sharply to me, would tell me of the splendid performance of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" she had seen in Paris in her youth. At two o'clock the Boston Symphony Orchestra was to give a Wagner programme, and I intended to take my aunt, though as I conversed with her I grew doubtful about her enjoyment of it. Indeed, for her own sake, I could only wish her taste for such things quite dead, and the long struggle mercifully ended at last. I suggested our visiting the Conservatory and the Common before lunch, but she seemed altogether too timid to wish to venture out. She questioned me absently about various changes in the city, but she was chiefly concerned that she had forgotten to leave instructions about feeding half-skimmed milk to a certain weakling calf, "Old Maggie's calf, you know, Clark," she explained, evidently having forgotten how long I had been away. She was further troubled because she had neglected to tell her daughter about the freshly opened kit of mackerel in the cellar, that would spoil if it were not used directly.

I asked her whether she had ever heard any of the Wagnerian operas, and found that she had not, though she was perfectly familiar with their respective situations and had once possessed the piano score of "The Flying Dutchman." I began to think it would have been best to get her back to Red Willow County without waking her, and regretted having suggested the concert.

From the time we entered the concert-hall, however, she was a trifle less passive and inert, and seemed to begin to perceive her surroundings. I had felt some trepidation lest

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

she might become aware of the absurdities of her attire, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century. But again I found how superficially I had judged her. She sat looking about her with eyes as impersonal, almost as stony, as those with which the granite Rameses in a museum watches the froth and fret that ebbs and flows about his pedestal, separated from it by the lonely stretch of centuries. I have seen this same aloofness in old miners who drift into the Brown Hotel at Denver, their pockets full of bullion, their linen soiled, their haggard faces unshorn, and who stand in the thronged corridors as solitary as though they were still in a frozen camp on the Yukon, or in the yellow blaze of the Arizona desert, conscious that certain experiences have isolated them from their fellows by a gulf no haberdasher could conceal.

The audience was made up chiefly of women. One lost the contour of faces and figures, indeed any effect of line whatever, and there was only the color contrast of bodices past counting, the shimmer and shading of fabrics soft and firm, silky and sheer, resisting and yielding: red, mauve, pink, blue, lilac, purple, écru, rose, yellow, cream, and white, all the colors that an impressionist finds in a sunlit landscape, with here and there the dead black shadow of a frock-coat. My Aunt Georgiana regarded them as though they had been so many daubs of tube paint on a palette.

When the musicians came out and took their places, she gave a little stir of anticipation, and looked with quickening interest down over the rail at that invariable grouping; perhaps the first wholly familiar thing that had greeted her eye since she had left old Maggie and her weakling calf. I could feel how all those details sank into her soul, for I had not forgotten how they had sunk into mine when I came fresh from ploughing forever and forever between green aisles of corn, where, as in a treadmill, one might walk from daybreak to dusk without perceiving a shadow of change in one's environment. I reminded myself of the impression made on me by the clean profiles of the musicians, the gloss of their linen, the dull black of their coats, the beloved shapes of the instruments, the patches of yellow light thrown by the green-shaded stand-lamps on the smooth, varnished bellies of the 'cellos and the bass viols in the rear, the restless, wind-tossed forest of fiddle necks and bows: I recalled how, in the first orchestra I had ever heard, those long bow strokes seemed to draw the soul out of me, as a conjuror's stick reels out paper ribbon from a hat.

The first number was the Tannhäuser overture. When the violins drew out the first strain of the Pilgrims' chorus, my Aunt Georgiana clutched my coat-sleeve. Then it was that I first realized that for her this singing of basses and stinging frenzy of lighter strings broke a silence of thirty years, the inconceivable silence of the plains. With the battle between the two motifs, with the bitter frenzy of the Venusberg theme and its ripping of strings, came to me an overwhelming sense of the waste and wear we are so powerless to combat. I saw again the tall, naked house on the prairie, black and grim as a wooden fortress; the black pond where I had learned to swim, the rain-gullied clay about the naked house; the four dwarf ash-seedlings on which the dishcloths were always hung to dry before the kitchen door. The world there is the flat world of the ancients; to the east, a cornfield that stretched to daybreak; to the west, a corral that stretched to sunset; between, the sordid conquests of peace, more merciless than those of war.

The overture closed. My aunt released my coat-sleeve, but she said nothing. She sat staring at the orchestra through a dulness of thirty years, through the films made, little by little, by each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in every one of them. What, I wondered, did she get from it? She had been a good pianist in her day, I knew, and her musical education had been broader than that of most music-teachers of a quarter of a century ago. She had often told me of Mozart's operas and Meyerbeer's, and I could remember hearing her sing, years ago, certain melodies of Verdi's. When I had fallen ill with a fever she used to sit by my cot in the evening, while the cool night wind blew in through the faded mosquito-netting tacked over the window, and I lay watching a bright star that burned red above the cornfield, and sing "Home to our mountains, oh, let us return!" in a way fit to break the heart of a Vermont boy near dead of homesickness already.

I watched her closely through the prelude to Tristan and Isolde, trying vainly to conjecture what that warfare of motifs, that seething turmoil of strings and winds, might

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mean to her. Had this music any message for her? Did or did not a new planet swim into her ken? Wagner had been a sealed book to Americans before the sixties. Had she anything left with which to comprehend this glory that had flashed around the world since she had gone from it? I was in a fever of curiosity, but Aunt Georgiana sat silent upon her peak in Darien. She preserved this utter immobility throughout the numbers from the "Flying Dutchman," though her fingers worked mechanically upon her black dress, as though of themselves they were recalling the piano score they had once played. Poor old hands! They were stretched and pulled and twisted into mere tentacles to hold, and lift, and knead with; the palms unduly swollen, the fingers bent and knotted, on one of them a thin worn band that had once been a wedding-ring. As I pressed and gently quieted one of those groping hands, I remembered, with quivering eyelids, their services for me in other days.

Soon after the tenor began the Prize Song, I heard a quick-drawn breath, and turned to my aunt. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were glistening on her cheeks, and I think in a moment more they were in my eyes as well. It never really dies, then, the soul? It withers to the outward eye only, like that strange moss which can lie on a dusty shelf half a century and yet, if placed in water, grows green again. My aunt wept gently throughout the development and elaboration of the melody.

During the intermission before the second half of the concert, I questioned my aunt and found that the Prize Song was not new to her. Some years before there had drifted to the farm in Red Willow County a young German, a tramp cow-puncher, who had sung in the chorus at Baireuth, when he was a boy, along with the other peasant boys and girls. Of a Sunday morning he used to sit on his blue gingham-sheeted bed in the hands' bedroom, which opened off the kitchen, cleaning the leather of his boots and saddle, and singing the Prize Song, while my aunt went about her work in the kitchen. She had hovered about him until she had prevailed upon him to join the country church, though his sole fitness for this step, so far as I could gather, lay in his boyish face and his possession of this divine melody. Shortly afterward he had gone to town on the Fourth of July, been drunk for several days, lost his money at a faro-table, ridden a saddled Texas steer on a bet, and disappeared with a fractured collar-bone.

"Well, we have come to better things than the old Trovatore at any rate, Aunt Georgie?" I queried, with well-meant jocularity.

Her lip quivered and she hastily put her handkerchief up to her mouth. From behind it she murmured, "And you've been hearing this ever since you left me, Clark?" Her question was the gentlest and saddest of reproaches.

"But do you get it, Aunt Georgiana, the astonishing structure of it all?" I persisted.

"Who could?" she said, absently; "why should one?"

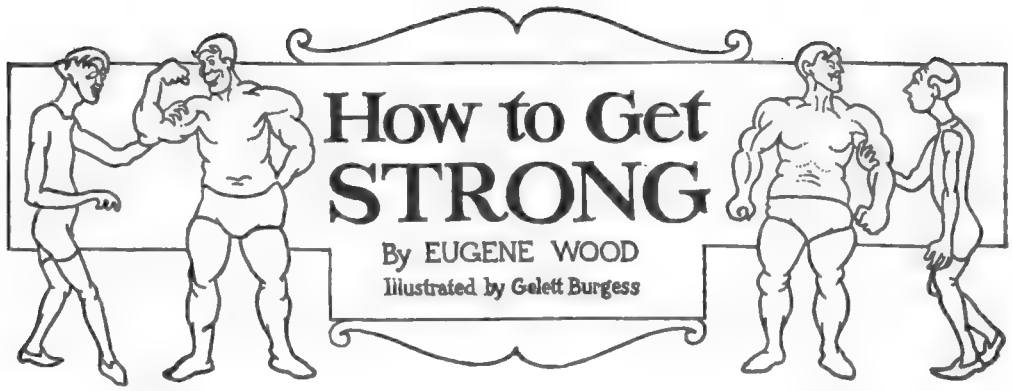
The second half of the programme consisted of four numbers from the Ring. This was followed by the forest music from Siegfried, and the programme closed with Siegfried's funeral march. My aunt wept quietly, but almost continuously. I was perplexed as to what measure of musical comprehension was left to her, to her who had heard nothing for so many years but the singing of gospel hymns in Methodist services at the square frame school-house on Section Thirteen. I was unable to gauge how much of it had been dissolved in soapsuds, or worked into bread, or milked into the bottom of a pail.

The deluge of sound poured on and on; I never know what she found in the shining current of it; I never knew how far it bore her, or past what happy islands, or under what skies. From the trembling of her face I could well believe that the Siegfried march, at least, carried her out where the myriad graves are, out into the gray, burying-grounds of the sea; or into some world of death vaster yet, where, from the beginning of the world, hope has lain down with hope, and dream with dream and, renouncing, slept.

The concert was over; the people filed out of the hall chattering and laughing, glad to relax and find the living level again, but my kinswoman made no effort to rise. I spoke gently to her. She burst into tears and sobbed pleadingly, "I don't want to go, Clark, I don't want to go!"

I understood. For her, just outside the door of the concert-hall, lay the black pond with the cattle-tracked bluffs, the tall, unpainted house, naked as a tower, with weather-curled boards; the crook-backed ash-seedlings where the dishcloths hung to dry, the gaunt, moulting turkeys picking up refuse about the kitchen door.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



How to Get STRONG

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by Gelett Burgess

APPARENTLY no other subject on earth is so vitally interesting to the great American public as that entitled "How to Get Strong." A Sunday newspaper would no more pretend to go to press without an article on the subject, illustrated by half-tones of pretty girls cutting up didoes, labeled "Imparts Grace and Poise," than it would dare to go to press without the story (with portraits) of the beautiful and accomplished young heiress who relinquishes millions rather than give up the motorman she loves.

Not less indicative than the Sunday newspaper of the popular tastes and ambitions are the advertising pages of the magazines, where "How to Get Strong" has a prominence that only intense and well-nigh universal longing on the part of the subscribers could possibly justify. There is the page taken by the young man with a biceps muscle like a Hubbard squash, at which he gazes with a proud and loving eye. There is the young man with his arms folded and his fists tucked away in his armpits. He means to convey to you his immense muscular development, but he makes you think he has stayed in the water too long, and that just as soon as the photographer says "All over!" he will scoot for the steam-room and get warm. There are all sorts of chunky young fellows, in varying attitudes, but all alike in that they are simply and severely clad in the tautest possible of G-string costume, so that it is nip-and-tuck between them and the union underwear people as to which shall most instruct in that branch of education heretofore considered to be the exclusive property of the life-class in the art-school. If you bulge where you ought to be hollow and are hollow where you ought to bulge; if your arm is like a pair of dividers, hinged at the elbow; if your lower limb is like a pole with a knot where the knee should be, and you would be a Farnese Hercules, apply to any of these chunky young men and they can fix you out. You for the neck like the sturdy oak-tree's Jove-defying base; you for the biceps like a Hubbard squash; you for lungs that can blow the church-organ should the bellows burst, if you will correspond with them; and thousands upon thousands must, or these advertisements would not linger long with us.

The windows of the sporting-goods stores are darkened at the noon hour with office-boys that but a few short years ago were wrangling in front of toy-shops as to which "choosed" the tin soldiers. Now they hanker for the foils and masks, not because they ever hope to take the rapier and defend their lives, but because to hold the left arm out and see-saw up and down upon the knee-joints, watching a chance to call out "Toosh!" is an exercise that "Imparts Grace and Poise." They ogle wistfully the big, fat mitts, not because they ever expect to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mix it up with some beetle-browed ruffian who chirps at the fair young girl they are escorting to the church fair, but because to sidestep about dodging the padded fist "Imparts Grace and Poise." The child is father of the man. Tell me what the office-boy wants and I will tell you what the nation wants.

There are two ways to Get Strong, the Active and the Passive. To sum it up with one brief concrete illustration, the Active treatment would comprise such vigorous exercise of all the muscles of the body in the fresh, rejuvenating air and under the bright and healing sun as one might obtain in the railroad section gang. By this method you are able to relish and digest anything short of shoe-pegs.

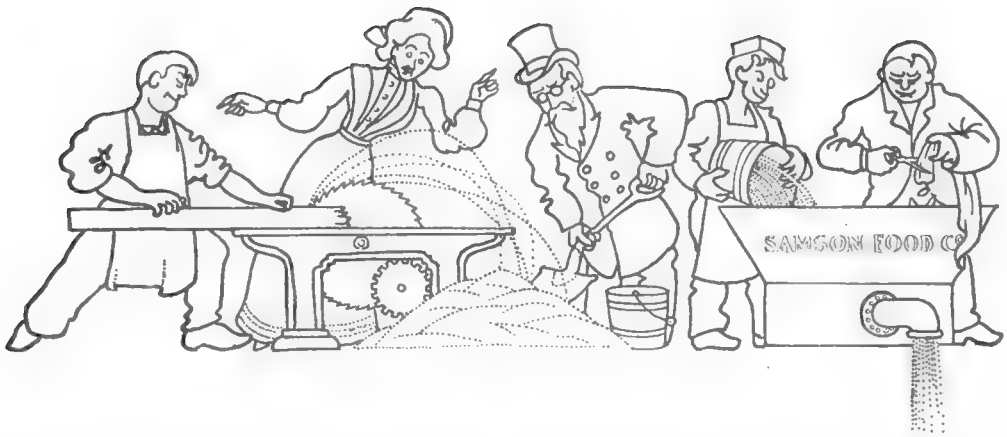
The Passive method goes at it the other way about. Instead of exercising that one may eat, one eats that one may exercise. A diet is prescribed which is almost pure nutriment to begin with, and has been so completely predigested that all one has to do is to swallow it down and the food is turned directly into power. By this method, if the bill boards are to be believed, aged gentlemen become so frisky that they jump over eight-foot fences just to work off their superfluous energy.

Perhaps a better classification of the two schools would be to call the one, of which shovelling gravel in the sun is an ideal instance, "the modern Italian method," while to get strong by eating, say garlic, might be called "the old Italian method," a mighty name to conjure by. A certain wise magazine editor, instructed by the negro's 'coon-trap which "ketched 'em a-gwine an' a-comin'," combines both schools. While he entnusiastically favors bending over stiff-legged till you touch the floor with your finger-tips, he just as enthusiastically favors foods composed of flaked corn-cobs whose potency is such that a hungry piano-mover, sitting down to a teaspoonful of it, slightly moistened with a little milk, will rise from the meal aglow and shiny with replete content.

I may say that the great editor's strongest approbation is for a diet exclusively of fruits and nuts, varied from time to time by a stomachic holiday, whereon one feasts entirely upon the pale thin air. Back to Nature! is his cry.

"Back to Nature" is good talk. We dare not growl about automobiles and wireless telegraphs and the new-fangled ways of doing things for fear of being thought old fogies. But deep inside of him every man resents and hates everything that's different from what he was brought up to. If this old Adam of opposition to the new had no outlet, we should all swell up and die. But a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



vent has been provided. We may sneer at "our boasted civilization"; we may denounce the "sordid spirit of commercialism," and lament the "age of hurry" in which we live, breaking off to catch a car, because there won't be another one along for a minute and a half. Back to Nature, then! Back from this boasted civilization and sordid commercialism and age of hurry.

The question: "About how far back?" bothers us to answer. We feel ashamed to say: "To what it was when I was a boy," and it is hard to pick out a really good century when there are so many kept in stock. But the Get-Strong-Quick man cuts the Gordian knot at a blow. Nobody can say he palters. For he goes back to the very beginning, to the age when our primordial ancestor stood at the parting of the ways, puckering his under lip between thumb and finger (if he had a thumb). "Which'll I be?" said he to himself. "Man or Monkey? Monkey or Man?" So he tossed up a cent—DON'T BOTHER ME! How should I know where he got the cent?—"Heads, I'll be Man; tails, I'll be Monkey," and it came up heads. Fateful moment! Somewhere along about then is where the Get-Strong-Quick man goes back to in the matter of diet, when our illustrious progenitors dangled head downward from a tree-limb, with a cocoanut in one hand and a banana in the other, and conversed in cheerful crrrrrrk-kick-kick-kicks.

I do not think there is one sentient human being within the sound of my typewriter but will admit, when cornered, that to support life by means of pure and fragrant fruits and nuts is daintier, more refined, and—in a word—more lady-like than it is to raven, like a wild beast, upon a hunk of meat, bloodily carved from the carcass of a cow who has been inveigled into a narrow box and there handed a hot one on her forehead with a sledge-hammer. When it is proved to us that not only will the pure and fragrant diet last us out from breakfast time till luncheon, but that it is the only way to enjoy perfect health and strength, is it any wonder we all subscribe to the magazines that authorize our faith?

Whether all followers of these doctrines live exclusively upon raw fruits and nuts, or even on gooseberry soup and breaded peanut chops, I may be permitted to doubt. I have seen some of these uncooked-fruits-and-nuts people. I don't say I saw the right ones. Like enough, I saw only those who, for the good of the cause, should never have been allowed to wander forth into society. They one and all professed loudly to be in the rudest physical health. But I don't know; I don't know. It seemed to me they lacked the proper scenic accessories. A floral pillow with REST on it in immortelles, say about here, and a sheaf of wheat tied with a purple satin-faced ribbon

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

over there, and one or two Gates Ajar scattered around would have seemed more natural and suited their complexions better. As to their mental vigor, after I had heard them talk awhile, I gave right in to their most cardinal doctrine: A man is what he eats. If he eats beef he becomes of the beef, beefy; if he eats nuts, he becomes—but let us proceed.

There is just one little, tiny, infinitesimal error in this assumption that our primordial ancestors lived entirely upon uncooked fruits and nuts, a trifling miscalculation which vitiates the conclusion that what met our wants when we dangled head downward from a tree-limb will meet our wants now that we have been turned t'other end up. The error is this: They didn't. No animal lives exclusively on vegetable or animal food. What's a chicken, carnivorous or graminivorous? Graminivorous, of course. It lives upon corn and oats and wheat, the seeds of plants, grass-blades, the lettuce that you expected to eat, and all such. Yes, well. You keep them on that diet and see how many eggs you get. And then you give them beef-scraps with their grain and notice the difference. Now, that's something I know about.

We are all aware—and it doesn't interest us in the least—that the way to make money is to do something useful or amusing, and to so expend the wages we get therefrom that we shall, little by little, lay up a store of wealth. What does interest us, though, is to find a good, safe investment that shall pay, say, fifty per cent. a week, because, don't you see? see—it will work while we are sleeping. Same way about getting strong. Enthusiasts may work with apparatus screwed into the woodwork (much against the landlord's wishes), bang away at the punching-bag until the cranks that live on the floor below rattle the rope in the dumb-waiter shaft and inquire if the house is being pulled down, because if it is, they want to move out; give themselves nasty cracks on the back of the head with their Indian clubs, or solemnly squat and rise again ten times, but it is too poky for most of us to get excited about. It looks much like work; kind o' favors it about the mouth and chin, as you might say. The Passive method is far more fascinating. Eat the right kind of food, and it will enrich you with strength while you sleep or read a novel in the hammock. And another thing, if you live on the right kind of food, don't you see how it raises you to a far higher plane than the common, ignorant things that eat food because they like it, and not because it is good for them?

I don't know of anything more delightful than to show the other fellow that it's just a mercy he's alive at all, considering what he eats. For, you understand, it is simply out of the question that anything but what I allow myself can be other than rank poison. For instance:

You are beginning your dinner with raw oysters, I see. . . . Well, you're willing to run pretty heavy chances on getting typhoid, or else you don't read the newspapers very thoroughly. Cooking the oysters might kill the germs, but then you might as well swallow so many bits of leather for all the good you'd get from the oysters. Soup, eh? Don't you know that if there is a sure and certain way to enfeeble and debilitate a membranous tissue like the lining of your stomach, it is to bathe it in a hot liquid? Cold liquids are even worse, since they chill the stomach and retard the processes of digestion until the food begins to decompose. And what is soup? The juices of vegetables, absolutely worthless as food, infused with what can be dissolved out of lean meat in hot water. I need scarcely say that this decoction is almost entirely the same waste material, which your kidneys are now working hard to separate from your own blood. If they fail, you are a dead man of blood-poisoning, and every time you drink soup, you are putting enormously increased work upon them.

Fish.—Um. Well, if there is one thing definitely known about leprosy, it is that it is unpleasantly frequent among fish-eating peo-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ples. I don't want to say anything to influence you, but how would you feel if, one of these days, your hand were to drop off at the wrist? If I were you, I think I'd go a little light on fish. The lean meat on the small bird and in the roast at the very best is only a stimulant, not a food. The fat meat is the real nourishment. A good big gollop of clear fat, however, is not very appetizing to most people. Besides, they can't digest it. That's the sad feature of it. Oh, well, they say eating meat causes cancer.

I saw you nibbling at a radish among the relishes awhile ago. I have a very dear friend that was found unconscious as a result of eating a few radishes. He came mighty near losing his life altogether. And now you are beginning on the sa'ad. Lettuce, as you know, contains an appreciable amount of opium. I need not tell you how terrible is the habit of using narcotics which is sweeping over our land. Rum was bad enough, but delirium tremens is a harmless garter-snake compared with the physical and moral ravages wrought by opium and morphine. You have the will power and the moral courage to resist; it will never get a hold on you. Other people may be wrecked in body and soul by this insidious drug, but not you. Yes, they all say that. That's the pitiful part of it. Even when they scream and beg of you for any sake to get them a little, as soon as they have thrust the hollow needle under the skin, they will tell you they can leave it off any time they want to. A small beginning, perhaps, the trifling amount of opium in your salad, but I ask of you: Can you afford to run even the slightest risk of being delivered into the clutches of such a demon? Consider what you are doing.

I see you are about to mix vinegar in your salad dressing. That reminds me of a very

sad case. A brilliant boy developed a strange liking for vinegar, and soon after began to have epileptic fits. He had a fine mind and possesses the shadow of it yet, but a splendid career has been wrecked, as you might say, by vinegar. I hope that salad oil is sweet and pure. Such virulent poisons lurk in rancid oil. They say that cottonseed oil is almost universally substituted for olive oil nowadays. I wonder what the process is. I don't say that they use acids and all such stuff to clarify the oil, but I shouldn't be the least surprised if they did. I should be very careful with it until I did know exactly how it was made.

Salt.—I suppose you know what salt is made of. Half of it is chlorine gas, of which a full breath would kill you dead as a hammer, and half of sodium, a metal so inflammable that a piece of it thrown into water bursts into a pink flame. Put a teaspoonful of common salt into half a glass of water and drink it down. Its effect upon the digestive system will show you whether

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

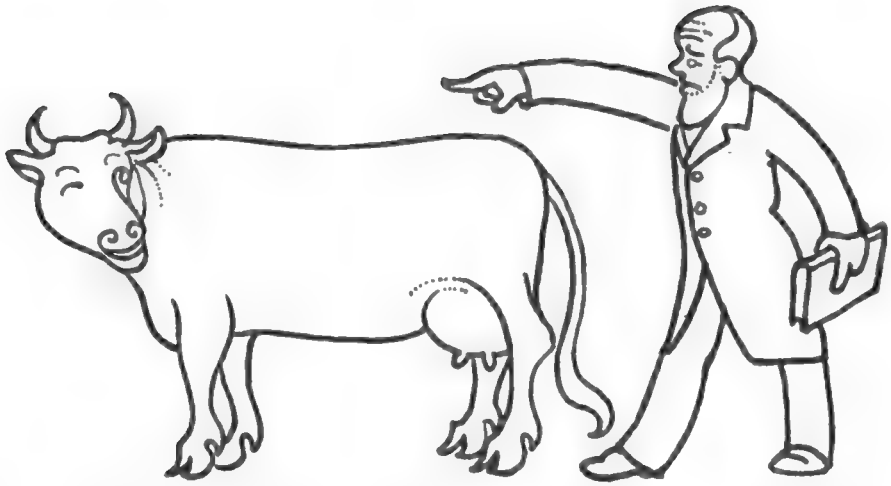
or not it is an irritant poison. Quite a large school of food reformers absolutely refuse to use salt in any form. As for the other condiments—pepper, red, white or black, mustard and the pungent sauces—would you put the tiniest portion of them into your eye? No. But you pour them into your stomach. You burden your stomach with all sorts of things you would never dream of putting into your eye—cheese and bread and butter and cough medicine and ice-cream. Is that logical?

Uncooked vegetables, be they washed never so carefully, necessarily come to the table with some small particles of the soil in which they were grown still sticking to them. That soil is composed of animal and vegetable matter in process of decay. When you swallow down raw vegetables you don't know what you are eating, or rather you do know, but you dare not give it a name! As for cooked vegetables, aside from the entirely valueless flavors they impart, they are made up only of indigestible structural tissue and starch. Starchy foods, such as vegetables, potatoes, and bread, are known to be the curse of dietetics. In this age of hurry we have not the time to chew each mouthful of food from an hour to an hour and a quarter before swallowing it in order that the starch may be thoroughly permeated and digested by the ptyalin in the saliva, but we gulp it down after fifty or sixty chews to it and what is the result? Ruined stomachs, and teeth always under the dentist's care. What kills off savage races brought into contact with modern civilization? The enormously increased amount of starchy food added to their dietary.

Starch and sugar, which form so large a part of our modern cookery, at the best are mere fuel foods. They add heat and excitement, but they do not produce bone and muscle. On the contrary, unless there is plenty of vigorous exercise they load the eater with unwholesome fat. All our sweets are made of cane-sugar, which introduced directly into the blood has been demonstrated to be a rank poison. The familiar headache and lassitude which are the sequels of a pan of fudge are symptoms of cane-sugar poisoning. The only sweet fit to eat is honey, where the cane-sugar of flower-nectar has been predigested and transformed by the bees. Honey, however, disagrees with most people. Butter is also a fat-forming food. It is a mystery to me how folks can eat it when they know it is made of the scum that rises on putrefying milk. Instead of smearing this yellow grease on their bread, they had much better gnaw on a sweet and succulent bacon rind.

If what we shall eat is a grave problem, what we shall drink is no less beset with dangers. Wine is out of the question immediately. For even if it is pure, it is alcoholic, and the approved public school text-books on physiology teach us that the least drop of alcohol is a deadly poison. Coffee and tea and chocolate are all nerve-irritants with profound psychopathic reflexes, and the enervating effect of effervescent waters is well known. You have heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta; the carbonic-acid gas that slew those wretched prisoners is the very same that bubbles in the tempting glass. The best of table-waters hold in solution earthy and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



calcareous salts which are deposited in solid form in joints and tissues, clogging the human mechanism and causing it to operate with ever-increasing sluggishness until, at last, the victim stumbles into the grave of premature old age. I omit with purpose the discussion of those terrible disorders which slay our people by thousands yearly, disorders almost wholly water-borne, but I cannot refrain from warning you, dear madam, that if that pretty throat of yours becomes disfigured with a hideous pendulous goitre, you will have to thank for it the water you will persist in drinking.

Milk has its advocates as a combined beverage and food. That it has some merit I will not deny. Quite a number of babies have been reared upon it almost wholly, but if it is not a well-authenticated fact, it is an oft-repeated assertion (which very nearly amounts to the same thing) that in the adult stomach milk clots into a rubbery mass and stays there absolutely defying digestion until death brings relief to the wretched sufferer.

Let me see. . . . Anything on the table I haven't abused? Oh, yes, the silver corrodes in the atmosphere, collecting poisonous salts, the china has arsenic in the glaze, and the glass is made with lead. A veritable Borgian banquet where death lurks in every tempting viand! Remain only the linen and the table itself. Hm-m. Well, I should say that if these were comminuted very finely, malted, dried and peptonized, and outfitted with a first-class line of pictures and billboard advertising, they might make a very successful health-food. The orthodox flavor would be there without a doubt. The Get-Strong-Quick people would jump for it.

But we, the unthinking multitude that consult our carnal appetites instead of our god-like intellect, will go on poisoning ourselves with whatever we like to eat, content only to read about How to Get Strong. We are killing ourselves by inches; we know that. We die a death so lingering, that we never notice it till the undertaker rings the door-bell. But that isn't so bad either.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

J. Pierpont Morgan's Word as an Asset

By E. J. EDWARDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: E. J. Edwards is the well-known correspondent whose letters on finance and politics in New York appear regularly in the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, over the signature "Holland."

EARLY in the winter of 1901 the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. mailed to certain men of great wealth in this country and in Europe a circular containing a proposition. The wording of this circular was of curious, even significant brevity. It stated in the fewest possible words that a syndicate was being organized to finance the United States Steel Corporation. The terms on which subscriptions would be received followed. That was all.

The response that this circular evoked was the most tremendous demonstration of the asset value of one man's word ever given. From all parts of the country letters containing offers of subscriptions, checks, and pledges of various kinds poured in on Morgan & Co. So great was the volume of mail that it became necessary to engage extra clerks to handle it. Through all the hours of the day the anteroom of the great banker was thronged with millionaires, begging as the highest favor the privilege of participating in the syndicate. Within a few days the subscription was closed. The amount asked was $200,000,000. Had it been $400,000,000 the offering would have been more than sufficient to meet the call. The list of subscribers contained the names of the wealthiest men and institutions in the United States.

Three years earlier, Lyman Gage, Secretary of the United States Treasury, offered for sale $200,000,000 of United States two-per-cent. bonds. The integrity and asset-value of these securities are indisputable. Behind them is the nation's credit. Yet Mr. Gage was several months in marketing the Government's offering, while Mr. Morgan's proposition was oversubscribed a few days after its announcement. The credit of the Wall Street banker outmatched that of the United States Treasury.

The proposition to finance the United States Steel Corporation was a gigantic experiment. It was an immense undertaking subject to many hazards, and capital is proverbially timid. It was not the undertaking here, but the man that brought out the millions. Behind the circular, as security for the capital applied for, was the word of J. Pierpont Morgan. The result showed the creative power of his credit.

It was a tremendous achievement. The world recognized it as such. The marts abroad buzzed with the fame of it and the name of Morgan. Surely he was the greatest banker alive—the greatest that had ever lived. The Kaiser wanted to meet this powerful man whose mere word invoked $400,000,000. He received him with greater consideration than etiquette prescribes should be accorded a brother potentate. The Emperor conversed with the American banker as an equal, man to man. At the American Ambassador's banquet in London the King of England requested that J. Pierpont Morgan should be seated at his right hand, and throughout the dinner talked with him in a most interested manner on a similar basis of equality. There could have been given no more convincing proof of the international importance and distinction of the citizen banker.

Great credit is not the creation of a moment. It is a thing of slow growth. Mr. Morgan was thirty years in perfecting the moral and financial power he had so impossingly exhibited in this great operation. Entering his father's firm after a severe training abroad in the various phases of banking, his grasp of financial problems and his forceful character quickly attracted attention. A great mathematical faculty is the basis of his financial talent, and he soon became expert in the intricate and difficult field of foreign exchange. It was his familiarity with this highly artificial method of facilitating the barter between nations that made possible young Morgan's first coup. When William H. Vanderbilt succeeded to the presidency of the New York Central Railroad, he found its stock concentrated in the hands of a few very

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rich men. He concluded it would be wise, in view of several great schemes of expansion he had in view, to distribute some of it, preferably abroad. To Mr. Morgan was committed the task of disposing of $25,000,000 of New York Central stock. At that time American securities were not especially favored in Europe, and the undertaking was about as difficult a problem as a young financier could have been set.

Soon afterward Mr. Morgan negotiated and financiered the sale of the West Shore Railroad to its competitor, the New York Central. This was indeed a great coup and added tremendously to his prestige. All this occurred right after the era of the great railroad wreckers. Up to that time financial genius had expressed its power rather by tearing down properties and then gobbling them up than by developing them. J. P. Morgan was a creator of values, not a destroyer. For the next twelve years he devoted himself to the reorganizing of bankrupt railroads. When the brilliant president of one of the great trust companies of New York admitted that he could not unravel the complicated tangle of securities and underlying obligations that lapped and overlapped one another in the "Richmond Terminal," Mr. Morgan undertook the task. In a few months the first of the great simplifications and unifications of the railroads of the South was perfected. Next, he undertook the untangling of the system of railroads engaged in carrying anthracite coal to tidewater. For years these corporations had been at each other's throats, and their conflicts had reduced several of them to bankruptcy—one of them had been through several receiverships. The disorder was terrific. It was not long before their affairs had been straightened out, their debts financiered and their earning powers so adjusted that they could care for their obligations. All these huge reorganizations were made possible by faith in the genius and honor of this young Morgan, who through them gradually become a financial power. He had demonstrated that he was a constructive reformer, a builder-up of values and of a resolution invincible against difficulties.

All the credit for this series of successful reorganizations is by no means J. P. Morgan's alone. Associated in his firm was a man who had almost a mystic genius for figures—the late Mr. Coster. This man seemed to possess the mental solvent by which all of the intricate and interwoven relations of railroad obligations, bonds and underlying bonds, collateral trust mortgages, and every other artificial form of securing a loan, resolved themselves into their original and perfectly distinct elements. A financial chemist he was, taking strange and unaccustomed quantities, and by means of his mental reactions reducing them to perfect simplicity; so having done his work, he could lay before his chief solutions clear and comprehensible which enabled the other great mind to create the new structure. The two men re-enforced and supplemented each other. The fact is that the tremendous series of reorganizations perfected by Morgan in the now traditional railroad reconstruction era, between 1884 and 1895, would have been impossible without the aid of Mr. Coster, yet, on the other hand, the latter's magic powers of mind found their opportunity in preparing the material for his partner's creations. The finest tribute to the peerless genius of Coster was given by Mr. Morgan himself who freely acknowledged his debt.

Thus, through a series of great and useful achievements, was developed the immense prestige of J. P. Morgan. He stood the great American financier who represented conservatism, honor, energy, obligation, and resolution. He was the restorer of looted properties, the great rescuer of lost securities. Each new transaction added to the weight of his word and the faith of the financial powers in his integrity and success. In no instance was there a lapse between his promise and its performance. He seemed ever to do better than his agreement.

There came a moment when this monumental prestige was put to a test strenuous enough to demonstrate for all time its value. It was during the last years of President Cleveland's Second Administration, while the silver craze was at its height. Secretary Carlisle had twice called on the bankers of New York to furnish the gold needed to replenish the Federal Treasury, which was being drained of the precious metal through the operation of "the endless chain." Gold flowed out as rapidly as it came in and was swiftly exported to Europe because of the wide-spread fear that the United States would soon lapse to a silver basis. In this emergency Secretary Carlisle sought the aid of J. P. Morgan; and, in a brief interview between the Secretary of the Treasury on the one hand and Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont upon the other, an agreement was reached

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and a contract made, by which Messrs. Morgan and Belmont agreed to organize a syndicate which would furnish the Government with gold in ounces equivalent to about sixty-two million dollars, and in payment were to receive government bonds. In addition, Mr. Morgan pledged his word that for six months he would prevent the exportation of gold. In consideration of this promise, Mr. Carlisle agreed that the bonds should be sold to the syndicate at a price considerably below that which securities of that character would naturally command in the market. Nobody but Mr. Morgan, Mr. Belmont, and a few others familiar with international banking knew the magnitude of the obligation thus assumed. He had undertaken to stand like a personal embargo, preventing the departure from New York of any vessel that carried American gold, and to do so for six months. Nothing but his promise, *his word*, not any other security, was exacted for the fulfilment of that pledge.

The task was made possible by a supreme mastery of the resources of exchange, and during the six months there were many occasions when Mr. Morgan, fearlessly and at risk of loss, so utilized this mastery and his credit in Europe as to furnish exchange at a price which prevented the exportation of gold. He might at any time have said that he had undertaken more than he could deliver and have pleaded a power greater than any one man possessed—that of the combined banking forces of Europe—as an excuse for failure to fulfil his pledge. He might have urged that he saw all the contemplated profits of the transaction disappearing by reason of the heavy loss incurred in foreign exchange, as they did disappear; but he stood faithfully to his word; and, with the exception of one or two instances of little importance, he did actually prevent for six months the exportation of gold and perfectly protected the sixty-two million dollars with which the Treasury had been replenished.

Minor incidents, less widely known, proving how keen this sense of personal honor is, might be quoted without end. It is sufficient to tell of one: A certain underwriting syndicate involving a good many millions was organized on the eve of Mr. Morgan's departure for Europe, but not completed when he sailed. Upon his return he asked to see the subscription list and the balance sheets, the work of the syndicate having been completed and the books closed. As he glanced over the list, he noticed that one name which he presumed would be there was missing, and he said to his partner: "I do not see the name of —— here." The reply was: "We were able to organize the syndicate without them, and we therefore did so."

Instantly Mr. Morgan replied: "But I promised them that they should come in."

Then, making a rapid computation of what these bankers' profits would have been had they been admitted to the syndicate, Mr. Morgan drew his company's check for the amount which involved several hundred thousands, and sent it to them.

Following these events in this man's amazing career, and born of the same faith in him and in his word, came two other mighty creations. The first was a so-called "North Atlantic Shipping Trust"—a merger of certain of the great ocean steamship lines. The purpose behind this undertaking was to bring about economics of actual cost and management, which, when perfected, would make for large profits in operation. Mr. Morgan felt that the International Mercantile Marine Corporation would supplement the United States Steel Corporation and would ultimately enable the manufacturers of the United States to control a fair share of the markets of the world through their ability to offset by favorable freight charges such protective legislation as might be enacted against American products. He issued another circular just as succinct as that which set forth the United States Steel financing proposition a year earlier. It asked for subscriptions to the extent of $100,000,000; and the eagerness, sometimes amounting almost to frenzy, with which rich men stormed the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., beseeching him or his partners, personally, for opportunity to subscribe to that syndicate, made almost a sensational spectacle for Wall Street. Faith in Mr. Morgan's word and its power as an asset were as great then as at the time the United States Steel Syndicate was organized. Next, Mr. Morgan, in association with others, perfected the Northern Securities Corporation. It was as easily financed and its capital of $400,000,000 as readily assured.

These have been the last two creations of the mighty mind of J. P. Morgan. To many men it seems that one of them at least was conceived in error. The vicissitudes of this one through the brief months of its existence, together with the more recent misfortunes of that earlier child, the Steel Trust, have brought

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about a mighty decrease of faith in Mr. Morgan's creations. The bolt has fallen upon him as out of a clear sky. It is only two years since the almost instantaneous pledges of $200,000,000 so superbly demonstrated "the asset-like quality" in Mr. Morgan's word. To-day is the day of impairment.

First of all, the Steel Corporation. For a year the public has been demonstrating its power, by means of the operation of laws always within control of the public, to eliminate false values, or, as the phrase is, to "squeeze the water out" of the overcapitalized stocks. If the public estimate to-day is correct, the preferred stock of the Steel Corporation was overcapitalized nearly fifty per cent. and the common stock overcapitalized nearly ninety per cent. That would seem to justify a suspicion as to the value of Mr. Morgan's judgment. But not until the entire history of the organization of the Steel Trust can be written is it possible to decide as to his responsibility for this collapse. One thing is well known among the greater financiers of New York: that Mr. Morgan, agreeing fully in that respect with John D. Rockefeller, was wholly opposed to the proposition that the common stock of the Steel Corporation should pay four per cent., or any dividend at all, from the first. His view was that the common stock should represent intangible or prospective value which, after it had materialized and was producing fairly earned income, might then justify a due proportion of the profits in the way of dividends. But two of the great corporations, which it was necessary to bring into the Steel Corporation if it were to be organized at all, refused peremptorily to join the merger unless they were assured the common stock would receive four-per-cent. dividends from the start. It was then a question as to whether the proposition should be abandoned, or whether there should be yielding upon this point. Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Rockefeller as well, submitted against their better judgment.

In various litigations and in the extremely detailed statements of the Steel Corporation there is shown payment of immense sums to the underwriting syndicate and to Mr. Morgan and his partners as its managers. Whether these profits were too great or not is a question that each one will decide according to his own experience, but the eminent financiers of New York assert that they were not too great, in view of the risks; and they point to the unhappy experience of the Shipping Trust syndicate in proof of that. Capitalists had pledged themselves to the extent of $200,000,000 in cash to take the securities of the Steel Corporation, if that were necessary. That necessity did not arise, the subscribers to the syndicate being assessed only twelve and one-half per cent. of their subscriptions in cash. This was because the public had taken up the securities in the public market. But there was the risk involved; and it was because of that risk that these most favorable terms were afforded. Moreover, great undertakings entail great payments; and in the financing done by the Rothschilds and other great bankers of France or of England, the commissions exacted make Mr. Morgan's charges seem insignificant. The financing of Peru out of its difficulties by Wm. R. Grace and Michael P. Grace, was rewarded by larger compensations, and the risks were no greater than those assumed by the Steel Syndicate.

We come next to the Shipping Trust—the International Mercantile Marine. The men who subscribed to that syndicate have been called on to pay their subscriptions in cash. The risk they assumed matured. They have been compelled to take and lock in their vaults the securities of this corporation, valued at $100,000,000. The failure of the public to purchase this stock is now accepted as the first indication of a loss of faith in J. P. Morgan's word. Should it be so regarded? In this instance it is too early to condemn. The organization was undertaken at a moment of general collapse due to the absorption of the nation's surplus capital. Under normal circumstances the stock might have been as freely bought as was that of the Steel Company. Here, too, we must wait for results. The combination has been effected; its success remains to be demonstrated. If the securities locked in the underwriters' vaults appreciate in value and the properties earn dividends, there will have been a complete indorsement of Mr. Morgan's judgment.

It is certain revelations made in the course of the inquiry into the Shipbuilding Trust's affairs that have most seriously compromised the dignity and prestige of the house of Morgan. The testimony seems to affect not only the judgment but the moral integrity of the great financier. For the first time in his career a shadow has been cast on his reputation. Analysis of the mass of evidence submitted to the Receiver brings the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. in touch with the Ship-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

building Trust through its ownership of the Bethlehem steel plant and through a secret agreement or contract, by which it appears that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Schwab were privileged to market in advance of all other parties their shares of the vastly expanded stock of the new corporation. There was suggested by both transactions a brutal callousness of the public interest and a disregard of other considerations than those of personal profit—characteristics far removed from those on which the prestige of the Morgan firm has been founded.

To what extent is the inference accurate? The evidence shows that Mr. Schwab purchased the Bethlehem Corporation as a private speculation and that Mr. Morgan, acting as trustee of the United States Steel Corporation, compelled Mr. Schwab to dispose of it to him, intending ultimately to turn it over to the latter institution. The reason for the transaction was that the great financier feared Mr. Schwab had in mind withdrawal from the Steel concern and the creation of a rival with the Bethlehem as a nucleus. To prevent this he insisted that Mr. Schwab as an individual could not own the Bethlehem and at the same time be head of the United States Corporation. On this basis the transaction went through and the conditions were well known to all the parties involved.

When the Shipbuilding Trust offered to take the Bethlehem property, Mr. Morgan, realizing that it could be in no way a rival of the United States Steel Corporation, consented to dispose of the plant, and left the financiering to his partners. There is no doubt about the accuracy of this statement nor that Mr. Morgan had no part in the original promotion of the Shipbuilding Trust. But there is that matter of the secret agreement.

The history of that contract as given by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Steele of the Morgan firm shows that it was prepared and the name of J. P. Morgan & Co. inserted with the expectation that Morgan & Co. would sign it. It pledged that the Shipbuilding stock or obligations held by J. P. Morgan & Co. and by Mr. Schwab should be marketed first; in other words, it contemplated, if not a deception, at least an injustice with respect to the public. That contract, however, was taken to Mr. Morgan's office and when read by his partners was repudiated, the precise words being: "The house of J. P. Morgan & Co. does not do business in that way." Undoubtedly, had Mr. Morgan himself seen it, he would have insisted that the name of J. P. Morgan & Co. be stricken from the body of the contract. But it was presumed by his partners that it had been cancelled; nor was there ever any attempt to execute it.

However viewed or excused, it is the fact that the collapse of the United States Steel Corporation stock values, the failure to market the securities of the International Mercantile Marine, the evidence of the preposterous overcapitalization of the Shipbuilding Trust and the identification of the house of Morgan with certain phases of that transaction, has undoubtedly impaired public and private faith in J. P. Morgan's word. Public judgment is not concerned with the causes of failure. It judges by results. The identification of J. P. Morgan's name with an enterprise had spelled for the public the soundness and future prosperity of that enterprise. It spelled security and fair dealing. So it seems to be exhibited that the object of Mr. Morgan's latter dealings is profit, and that he has not the fine regard for the public's interest that the public had ascribed to him, hence the impairment of that extraordinary credit and financial prestige which for a few brief years were a wonder of the world.

The loss of this prestige is, in one sense, a national calamity. Mr. Morgan was one of the few Americans who had the ear of the foreign bankers and whose indorsement of a given enterprise brought to it the aid of European millions. In spite of the extraordinary progress of the United States and the immense growth of her internal resources, we need foreign capital at all times and the collapse of one of the bridges of communication for these millions is liable to have its serious consequences. Yet it must be said that the great men of affairs in New York, while they admit that Mr. Morgan's judgment may be mistaken, find their confidence in his fine sense of honor unimpaired. One of the great bankers of New York, who is also one of the foremost of the world's bankers, possessing almost limitless resources, who not long ago financed a great railroad corporation out of embarrassments, said recently, when speaking of Mr. Morgan: "He may have made mistakes of judgment—who is there of us of whom that cannot be said?—but his sense of personal honor and of the obligation that is in his word, even though it be unsecured, cannot be attacked; nor do any of us who know him permit attack of that kind to be made without defence of him."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE LADIES OF THE HAREM.

A Peep Behind the Purdah

By EDMUND RUSSELL

Illustrated from photographs belonging to the author

"*Pishi Ma's* dwelling stood on the borders of the village near the shrunken river. It consisted of a sleeping-chamber and a kitchen. . . . *Pishi Ma's* bedroom was the pink of cleanliness. Early each morning she left her bed to prostrate herself, saying, 'Great Lord *Jagannath*, do thou keep me from evil paths.' From a nail beside the picture of *Jagannath* hung, by a silver ring, a not very large bag, containing a chaplet of beads of *tulsi* wood for the recitation of prayers to *Hari*. On the four sides of the bag, in green and red colors, ran the words, 'My hope is in *Radha* and *Krishna*.' . . . In a corner of the room was a small bamboo perch, upon which were hung some woven webs—a silken garment to wear at afternoon worship, a silk cloth printed with the names of *Hari* and *Krishna*. . . . In *Pishi Ma's* house two lamps, placed in a black stone cup, were kept in soak—one a simple clod of earth, the other double-bottomed. In the afternoon, *Pishi Ma* would take the two lamps, cleanse and trim them, then proceed to bathe in the river. Later, when a star or two appeared in the sky, . . . *Pishi Ma*, placing the lighted clay lamp at the foot of the *tulsi* plant, performed her evening worship, and prayed to *Radha* to save her from all ill."—*From an Indian Tale.*

IN purity and peace *Pishi Ma's* dwelling resembles the starlit terrace of Puvis de Chavannes' *Ste. Géneviève* in the *Panthéon* of Paris; or the little white bed where crouches the Blessed Virgin, in Rossetti's first Annunciation. Each action of *Pishi Ma's* life is a prayer—band and fold, putting on, and taking off, bathing, eating, sleeping —according to Vedic formula.

The face of a nun will give you some idea of her face. Everything is settled. She is happy in fulfilling the law, not in breaking it. The few of her sisters I saw recalled the first sentence I ever wrote in a copy-book: "Duty performed is a rainbow to the soul."

We fret because we cannot spend the winter in New York, Rio Janeiro, and St. Petersburg at the same time; because we cannot live all the experiences of every life.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A PEARL OF THE PEARL FISHING COAST.

Pishi Ma knows only the circumambulation of the *tulsi* bush which grows in her back-yard, and which she regards as an emanation from God.

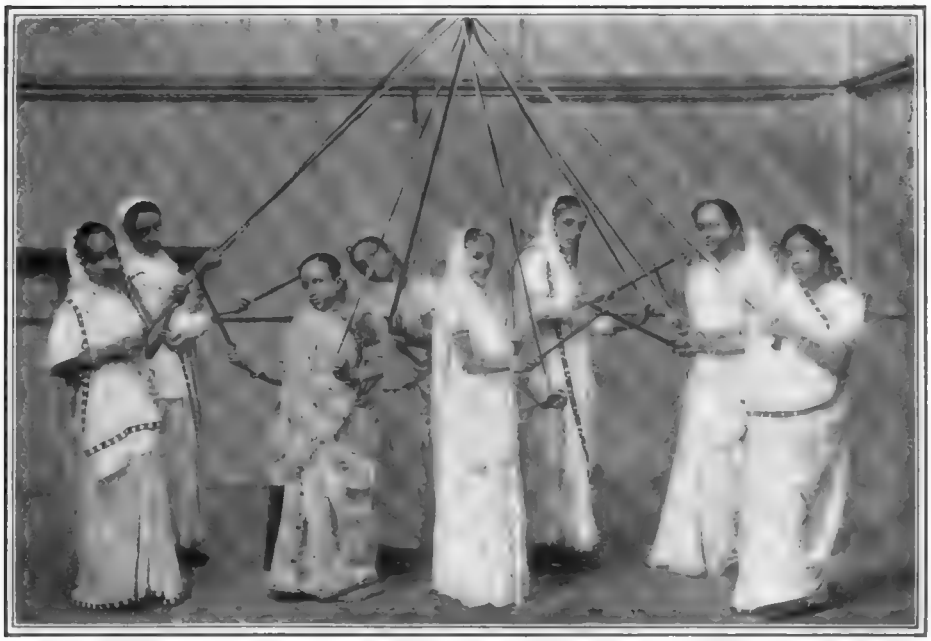
The essential mark of an honorable existence, to the Asiatic mind, is the veil or *purdah*. The women of all royal or *quasi*-aristocratic families live in seclusion, and they are as proud of being secluded as we are of living in the greatest style. It is the fashion. A woman who has to mix with the world is considered the most unfortunate of beings.

The person of a high-class Indian woman is sacred. She can never be touched even with the tips of the fingers. She is looked upon almost as a goddess. She can frequent the most crowded public place without being subject to insult. A man that would gaze at a female passing by, as our loungers do, would be thought a most unmannered and uneducated person. All this gives her an air of dignity, purity, self-possession that is beautiful to see—the "normal poise" we hear so much about and make such efforts to gain.

The Hindu woman's house we might think a poor affair, as, even if she be comfortably off, it may contain but the rude lacquered bedstead held by woven strips, called a "four-legs," a few mats, a few boxes, a few cooking-pans. She eats without table or table-cloth, chairs, dishes, knives, forks: an ideal simplicity of house-keeping. Every Indian house, hut, or palace has a yard in the centre or is built round a court—wealthy homes have several of these enclosures and very large gardens.

In the centre of this yard sits a little girl. Her hair is wet, for she has just bathed. She is putting a holy mark on her forehead with sweet sandal paste. She is dressed in a long *sari* of gauze with threads of gold, wound round and round her body, and wears a little red satin bodice. She had just gathered some flowers, and a copper plate beside her is heaped with rice, fruit, and sweets, for she is praying to God. Her mother joins her and they pray together. They worship kneeling, folding their hands and raising their eyes to heaven. They recite with fervid simplicity and enthusiasm, their whole bodies trembling with the sincerity of their devotions. The life of a Hindu girl, from birth to death, is a continual series of religious expressions. She is taught obedience, fidelity, simplicity, innocence, benevolence, kindness, economy, courage, contentment. As regards practical education, "She-of-the-large-eyes"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



HIGH-CASTE GIRLS AT PLAY.

is trained principally in household duties, cooking, the care of the sick, and needle-work—that is to say, embroidery, for her dress requires no sewing.

There has been no change in Indian women's dress for four thousand years. All wear the *sari*, a single piece of stuff a yard and a quarter wide, ten, twenty, thirty yards long. It is arranged on the body, and forms skirt, garment, veil. First pleated with the hand in accordion folds in front, wound round and round, and the richest end, if embroidered or woven with gold, finally brought over the head. It may be of simple cotton cloth; of silk, plain in design, woven with golden threads; solid with embroidery; strung with pearls; or of Kincob, the royal cloth of gold. Some cost thousands of *rupees*. No pin, hook, button, or string. The garment is formed on the architecture of the body, and takes its expression and nobility from its perfect harmony with the lines of the human form. And Indian women, whether of high or low class, have jewels everywhere; have sleeping-gems and day-gems, as we have day and night shirts.

THE VEIL OF THE POOR.

The working women invest all their savings in trinkets. I have counted twenty-six rings on a beggar woman.

Writing is much feared for the Hindu girl: for are there not so many stories of women who have gone astray because they knew how to write? If with taste for learning, however, she persists, and may know Sanscrit, *Urdu*, and English; and will, perhaps, compose poetry in her own vernacular. She learns drawing and painting. She plays on the Indian lute. The piano is an unfortunate introduction, as it is gradually destroying native music, whose notation, being entirely different from ours, can only be reproduced on stringed instruments.

In the prayers that the Hindu girl lifts with her mother, they both pray God will send her a good husband, for the great event of her life is her marriage.

When the husband at last appears there is feasting and music for a week. Little boys in their wonderful spiked helmets, and gold and pearl embroidered marriage-suits, rush through the house. The *zenana* matrons bustle about superin-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tending all the preparations; shy, veiled girls peep from the casements to watch for the coming of the bridegroom. He comes in the garb of an ascetic with a wreath of white flowers around his neck. He has passed the day in worship and prayer for the departed spirits of his ancestors; begging twin-blessings on himself and on the girl he is about to marry. In accordance with ancient tradition, he has now come to have his nose pulled by his mother-in-law, but she usually pats him on the cheek instead. The bride, too, has passed the day in fasting and prayer. Face to face the young couple sit, their clothes tied together, his hand placed on hers. The reverend priest, bronze statue in orange robes, lifts the garland and slips it over both heads. The family altar is ablaze; gods and goddesses come down; fire, water, ether, wind, and all the elements are called as witnesses. The aged Brahmin prays to Him who rules over this vast Universe, both material and spiritual, to come and bless these nuptials.

The bride now finds herself in her husband's home, but not alone as with us—she is part of the great composite family of perhaps over a hundred beings. Everyone watches her. Her life is at first full of ceremony and subordination, for there is much more thought of precedence and rule than with us.

When she and her bridegroom at last find themselves alone together, it is not the meeting of two lovers in ardent embraces and hot kisses. All is prayer. They must lie side by side for two nights in divine communion.

The Hindu wife has certainly some fearful texts to live up to. If she gives an angry answer to her husband, she will become in rebirth a village dog or a female jackal. If she eats sweetmeats without giving him some, she will become a hen-owl in a hollow tree.

Wise old Moses-*Manu* also left some excellent rules to regulate the putting away of wives.

"She who drinks spirituous liquor,
She of bad conduct,
She who is rebellious, diseased, mischievous, or wasteful
May at any time be superseded by another wife."

"A barren woman may be superseded in the eighth year.
She whose children all die in the tenth,
She who bears only daughters in the eleventh, but
She who is quarrelsome without delay."

TWO LITTLE

MARRIED COUPLES

It is said that there are no defiant Katherines, still, the ancient books give us this tale of one Petruchio: A certain Princess on being taken to her husband's home did not show sufficient wonder and surprise. The

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Raja asked: "Has your father, of whose greatness you so often tell, any building in his dominions at all like this?" "Like this!" she replied; "why, the sheds in which he keeps his cattle are finer!" Whereupon the *Raja*, instead of knocking her down and kicking her, like a good pattern husband, threw his dagger at her—it struck her in the hip and there remained. The excellent *pundit* who tells the story remarks: "The Prince may have been a little violent, but his haughty wife deserved correction, for neither in her father's palace, which is still standing, nor in the whole town of Tanjore, is there a hall to compare with his."

ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

A wife is called in Sanscrit *Sahadharmini*—"spiritual helpmate." *Manu* sings, a woman's name should be "soft, clear, comforting, ending in long vowels, and fall like a benediction."

It is the foulest slander to say that Hindu women as a class are devoid of virtue. There is probably no country in the world where such a sweeping statement could be made with less truth. They are naturally chaste; their religion, ideals, and family environment protect them.

If a Mohammedan, a girl's life is somewhat different. A little Moslem when she is four years four months old goes through the "Name-of-God," or *Bismillah* ceremony—which begins her real life. She is dressed in cloth-of-gold, with a veil and wreath of flowers; and friends are invited to salute the little queen. She sits on a gold cushion, which must be borrowed if she hasn't one, and all the rest sit on the floor. Then an old *mullah* recites very slowly a certain verse from the *Koran*, which is also written in saffron on a silver plate *Bibi* holds in her hand. She runs her fingers over the words, and stammers them after him. "Say it now, *Bibi*; be a good girl, then you shall see your presents." Soon they all cry, "*Shabash! Shabash! Wah! Wah!*" and the ceremony of the little girl's first lesson in reading, writing, and religion is over. She *salaams* mamma, then shows her presents to her *sahelis* (girl friends).

If the family be a rich one, a band plays and feasts are given. Next day *Bibi* is quite a different child, and begins to take life seriously. She must now learn to make her own garments, and to get through the religious rites of *Vayu*, *Ghasul*, and *Namaz* without mistake.

She soon has her first lesson in cooking. To celebrate this her mother permits her to invite her little *sahelis* to a doll's marriage—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THEY DARE TO LIFT THE PURDAH.

such funny dolls! wood, terra-cotta, plaster; all bits of cloth-of-gold and tiny jewels—and as she helps in the kitchen for the first time her domestic life begins. In all Oriental homes, even of millionaires, the ladies personally supervise the household and assist in the preparation of every meal. But *Bibi* must not make her hands hard and coarse, so she is also taught the mysteries of making her own perfumes and unguents from the garden flowers.

She goes to school till about eight years old; but after that it is considered indecorous for a *sharif* (high-class) girl to be seen on the road with a satchel in her hand, like a brazen European; so she retires behind the veil of *gosha*, respectability, and studies with visiting governesses. She will know the *Koran* in Arabic, also can read Hindustani fairly well, and perhaps is beginning Persian.

When she is twelve or fourteen she comes to know she is beautiful, though she does not marry at the early age of the Hindu girl. She counts the *saris* and *cholis*, and sighs for fringes of pearls and modern diamond ear-rings she sees the friends of her mother wear. In her rose-colored veil with gold spots she is the prettiest picture you ever saw. With gazelle eyes and Asiatic grace she is full of ardor and *naïveté* at the same time. She runs like a fawn at the approach of a stranger, but when unobserved her laughter rings through the house, and the instinctive coquetry of her smile shows that the *purdah* is a necessity.

Her mother watches her every word, want, or wish —very much as would a Parisian mother. She is now a young lady of taste and fashion, and all thoughts are concentrated on her marriage, which will take place when she is between fifteen and twenty. Her father and mother have always been so kind that she is willing to respect their choice and judgment in the matter of a bridegroom.

With the Mohammedan woman, next to her God her husband has all her respect. He is her lord on earth, and she obeys him without question or delay. I saw young Mohammedan homes and old ones, and there seemed to be as much loving companionship and tender regard as one sees anywhere, though, of course, on somewhat different lines. Once married, Bibi puts on great dignity. She is a person of consequence. Her opinion is sought after on all matters of family interest. She has the confidence of her husband and his kindred, and is the custodian of his treasures. She may now go about freely without fear of being criticised. She seeks the society of her female friends, and in her *zenana* carriage may even go to the "*purdah* parties" of the *mem-sahib* ladies, who look so hard and stiff, and patronize her so.

The one great worry of her life may be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

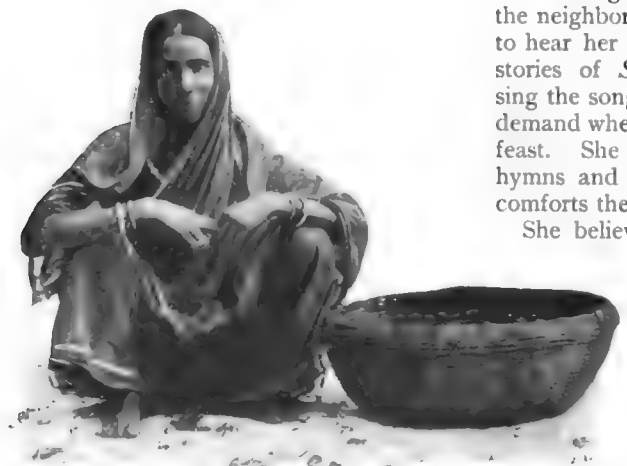
an aged bore of a mother-in-law. It is amusing to find that the mother-in-law is really one of the seven jokes of the world. She is found everywhere, even in most ancient Sanscrit and Arabic literature. The Mohammedan says: "The best of mothers-in-law is like a large boil;" while the subtle Hindu declares: "However good a mother-in-law may be, she is nevertheless a mother-in-law." With certain sects of *Vaishnavite* Brahmins the daughter-in-law, though living in the same house, is not allowed to speak to her husband's mother. This is the only way to solve the problem. When she has anything to commmunicate she does it by signs. When orders are given she replies only by an inclination of the head. It is said, however, that at times she makes up for her enforced silence by spirited and expressive gestures, and that her dumb repartees often cause her mother-in-law to boil with rage; and that we may expect much when the Hindu woman steps over the footlights. *Bibi* knows all this; but in time she will become a mother-in-law herself.

If a widow, she is inconsolable, dresses in pure white, and retires to family duties.

No institution of India has been so exaggerated as that of the widow. She really occupies a place analogous to our antique "old maid," now so fast disappearing in the girl-bachelor. The aged widow who has remained true to her principles is regarded as a holy being who has withstood a thousand temptations and persecutions, and commands the respect of a saint from all persons. She is the mother of all the children

A LITTLE TEA-PICKER OF ASSAM.

in the neighborhood, the helpmate of all the neighbors. At evening they flock round to hear her repeat the ancient legends, the stories of *Sita* and *Saivtri*, *Draupdia*, or sing the songs of *Mira Bai*. She is in great demand when cooking is needed for a sacred feast. She teaches the little ones their first hymns and prayers. She nurses the sick, comforts the dying.



She believes herself to be bound to her husband for everlasting time, through all births and deaths. The momentary separation here is but one shade of her marriage, an unknowable mystery of destiny—it breaks no tie.

Suttee has been abolished for nearly a hundred years. It was never universal or

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A ZENANA CARRIAGE.

compulsory. High-caste ladies considered it a holy privilege and duty to accompany the souls of their lords. The family usually attempted to dissuade, but if the widow persisted, the flame of a candle was held to her little finger, and when she winced they said: "If you cannot bear this, how can you let the fire kiss your whole body?" If she smiled and sang the hymn of death, she was looked upon as a holy martyr and allowed to make the sacrifice.

Now at her husband's death her bangles are broken upon her wrist in token that she must no longer make herself attractive to men's eyes.

A young Indian law student has recently come into prominence by his protest against Indian girls being offered higher University education on the grounds that it will make them unfit to carry on household duties properly. This has aroused a storm of protest from the few "advanced" Hindu ladies who have used their intuitive faculties in attaining "Bachelor of Arts" instead of "Old-Maid-of-Pots," and the unfortunate Mr. Nandy is deluged with sarcastic letters tied to boxes of culinary samples. Thus we read that Miss "Chukerbutty, M. A.," has forwarded him an excellent specimen of her *halwa*—a sticky native sweetmeat—to prove that the taking of a college degree had in no wise interfered with her knowledge of rancid butter.

THE WOMEN'S COURTYARD.

An Oriental home is divided into two parts—*mardana* and *zenana*—men's and women's quarters in Mohammedan terminology. Looking on the gardens, great verandas surround the house. These are always filled with servants, clients, attendants. In a cool hall with plashing fountain the master re-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ceives; and, if in political office or business, there are side rooms for his secretaries and partners. Little children run about; for they are always with their parents. From behind a heavy curtain comes laughter or song; and you know it screens the women's household and the inner courts and terraces where the ladies live.

A Rajput prince visiting London said to me: "It always seems as if there is someone dead in your houses. I suppose it is because there are so few of you that you keep so solemn."

It would certainly be terrible to our active club-woman to be shut up in her one-room or aerial flat, but the Indian ladies are never shut up. To judge their condition one must see the extent of their homes, and above all realize completely the institution of the composite family—a world in itself.

Mrs. Flora Anna Steele, who wrote "On the Face of the Waters" and passed twenty-five years in India, says: "In regard to the general position of women, I think it is rather better than our own." Mrs. L. K. Harnett, who has lived intimately with both Hindu and Mohammedan families, and whose knowledge of *Voga* and talks on Indian life are the truest and deepest ever given to us; Dr. Katherine Noble, to whom all doors were open; these who penetrated beyond the *purdah*, and write as women on women, confirm all this.

A JAIN LADY OF AHMEDABAD.

No one is a separate unit in India. The sons never leave the parental roof-tree. All marry—marriage with them is as birth and death, inevitable—and their children are added to the family. There are always widowed aunts, other grandparents—no relative is ever left to shift for himself in India—so that households of 150 are not uncommon. Add almost as many servants, and we have some idea of the occupation and cares of the mistress of such a home. The servants' quarters surround the yard or "compound," and the ladies of the household care for them as did the stately dames of old Virginia in the plantation-life before the war. The great *zenana* court-yards stretch back to fruit and vegetable gardens, and there are tanks or artificial ponds where ladies and children bathe in seclusion. Blossoming trees rise above hedges that jealously guard these sacred retreats, where a family may sport in private with freedom unknown to us, and suited to their shy, poetic, playful natures, that only unfold when with each other; caring as little to see the world outside as to be seen by it.

"A Hindu gentleman, next to taking care that his caste is kept undefiled, regards it as his highest duty and point of honor to protect his female relations—defends them from insult, dishonor, and danger as any knight of chivalry."

A wife-beating drunkard is unknown. There is no country in the world where family affection and reverence for parents is carried to such an extent. A man at sixty obeys his mother of eighty. If a wife has less position than with us, the honor be-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stowed upon the mother is without parallel. "A mother that grinds the corn is better than a father of the rank of eight thousand." On this Mrs. Besant says: "There are few things more beautiful in life than the way in which the Indian son loves, reverences, obeys his mother. You all know the obedience that the Indian son shows, how he treats her practically as a goddess, whose words may not be challenged, whose lightest wish must be utterly and completely obeyed."

An English work, "Our Indian Empire," gives this frank and unusual bit of appreciation, which answers the oft-repeated phrase that India "has still to learn the *secret of woman's influence*":

"Nor could there be a greater mistake than to suppose Indian women are without influence. If there is any one thing that would lead a thoughtful person to despair of the regeneration of India, it is that female influence is as strong there as in other countries. For it must not be forgotten that the word family in India means much more than in England. An Indian family does not merely consist of husband, wife, and children. The universal prevalence of early marriages leads to an indefinite enlargement of the family circle. It is said that a Hindu family sometimes consists of a hundred members, including great-grandfather and great-grandchildren. Anarchy is prevented and harmony maintained by vesting supreme authority in the hands of the oldest member, whether male or female. A father often has no voice in the management of his own children. A grandmother or great-grandmother may be omnipotent. Even in small families the women are powerful. They know how to hide their power over husbands and brothers under the guise of a simulated submission. Many an educated Indian is as bold as Luther in his public character, but sinks to the condition of a timid, priest-ridden, caste-ridden, wife-ridden imbecile in private life."

In some native states women secretly pull all the wires of Government with consummate craft and ability. Great Britain itself is scarcely so opposed to a *Salique régime* as some Indian principalities. Women not only reign, they are the real rulers and administrators. Even comparatively young widows have often great authority, at least if they have gained previous influence as mothers. In the same manner, ordinary families are often practically subject to feminine jurisdiction. A single old widow will sometimes keep order among a number of sons and daughters-in-law all living together under one roof.

"Nor must it be supposed," to quote again "Our Indian Empire," "that the women of India are generally unhappy; that they regard themselves as slaves; that they long for independence ; that they protest against seclusion; that they hanker after knowledge. They esteem it an honor to wait on their husbands. The necessity for privacy, and the undesirability of a woman's learning letters are ideas so intermingled with their earliest feelings—so interwoven with the whole texture of their moral being—that they have become cherished customs with the women themselves. They are *more* than customs; they are sacred religious obligations. So far from submitting to these restrictions from compulsion, no respectable woman would, as a rule, show herself freely in public, or allow herself to be taught reading and writing or any feminine accomplishment, even if permission were accorded her. She has no conception of any benefit to be derived from a knowledge of letters, except for the promotion of female intrigue; and she would prefer to be accused of murder rather than of learning to dance, sing, or play on any musical instrument."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Lieutenant Harding and the Sign-Painter

By HARTLEY DAVIS

Illustrated by Charles H. White

I

JOHN RAND entered the hall, to be formally opened as a Salvation Army barracks that evening, with a personally bored and professionally alert attitude that becomes so familiar to the best writers after ten years' experience on big New York newspapers. He was there to write one of those vividly picturesque and sympathetic "stories" which had given him fame among his kind. He glanced over the people in the audience, and his highly trained intelligence swiftly separated the real worshippers from the sensation-seekers who had the air of children at a circus, a restless, mental flutter born of a fear that they might miss something.

He turned to the Salvationists arranged in semicircles on the platform, the scarlet jerseys of the men looking all the more brilliant beside the sober blue frocks of the women. The burning enthusiasm made one forget that the faces above the flaming red were stupid and commonplace, while those in the shadow of the blue bonnets were illumined with a spiritual glow that made the plainest almost beautiful. Rand's mind wandered into mazes of speculation until it was recalled by the crisp and cheerful tones of the leader of the meeting.

"Now we will have a talk by Lieutenant Harding," he said. "That's Lieutenant Harding over there. She hasn't been a lieutenant very long and she hasn't become accustomed to her new title, but she will get used to it before long, praised be the Lord! Say 'hallelujah' for Lieutenant Harding."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed the Salvationists on the platform.

"Everybody say 'hallelujah!' Shout it out just as if you meant it. Doesn't that make you feel better? I know it makes Lieutenant Harding feel a great deal better. She isn't used to addressing such large gatherings, but I know that her heart is full of the grace of God, and that she is ready and anxious to fight for the Master. She was commissioned only last week. Now, lieutenant, tell them all about it."

She moved forward shyly, the color coming and going in her face. Her eyes were clear and steady, of a deep, internal blue, with a steadfast glow. The brown hair, combed smoothly back from a white, luminous forehead, was lost in the poke-bonnet. The line of the lower part of her face began strongly and ended in delicate, feminine curves at her chin. Her lips were soft and red. The loosely fitting Salvation uniform could not hide the round trimness of her figure. She had reached the centre of the stage and stood there trembling when an interruption came.

"Colonel," shouted one of the men, "here comes the Holy Drummer!"

"Fire a salute for the Holy Drummer," commanded the leader, bent upon making the most of every opportunity.

There was a rattling acclamation and the drummer pounded away with prodigious energy, ending with his famous roll. "That's the way we'll beat the devil when we catch him, praise the Lord!" he shouted, and the Salvationists cried 'hallelujah!' with glee.

Lieutenant Harding had been standing very still. In her confusion her eyes rested upon Rand. He nodded encouragingly, studying her face the while.

"Now, lieutenant," said the leader, briskly, "I know they are all dying to hear you."

"Dear friends," she began, "if you knew how the flesh wanted to run away and the spirit wanted to stay, you would bear with me." Her voice was low and sweet and there was a little catch in it.

"Say 'hallelujah' for Lieutenant Harding's spirit," directed the leader. And everybody said "hallelujah!" with fine enthusiasm. She smiled, and spoke with more confidence:

"You are very good to me. Oh! I wish I could tell you what a blessed thing salvation is, and how happy I am! If only you could know the weight that has been lifted from my heart! I was living in the darkness

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of sin, in the wickedness of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But now it is all gone, hallelujah!"

"Halle-*lu*-jah!" yelled a former prize-fighter whose close-cropped hair almost met his shaggy eyebrows.

"For eighteen years I lived in darkness and sin, caring for nothing but my own pleasures," the girl went on bravely. "Then came the day when my eyes were opened. The Lord Jesus sent His messenger and turned my face toward Him. I asked Him to wash away my sins. He heard my prayer and redeemed me, hallelujah!"

"Praise the Lord!" "Hallelujah!" "Thanks be to God!" cried the Salvationists in confused babble.

"It seems to me that I have lived years in the happiness of the past twelve months," she pursued. "I had been a church-goer from my infancy, but I never knew what it was to know the love of our Lord Jesus and the joy it brings until I entered the army. And He is waiting to save you as He saved me, hallelujah!"

The voice of the leader started a rattling, swinging melody and the audience took up the words. "Everybody sing!" he shouted. Everybody sang. "Clap it out," he commanded. They beat their hands together marking the rhythm.

Rand leaned over and asked an officer stationed at headquarters who Lieutenant Harding was.

"She is a very promising officer," was the reply. "She was in the training school only six months."

"Yes, but where did she come from?"

"Oh, she lived in some little place in Connecticut with her uncle. She comes of a very good family. We established an outpost there about a year ago, and she was one of our first converts."

Rand paid little attention to the "Hallelujah Finish," or to the consummate skill of the leader in arousing enthusiasm, in bringing the tension to the snapping point and then relaxing it. He was only dimly conscious of the boisterous piety of the men, the sweet earnestness of the nun-like women, while the roll of the Holy Drummer and the tumming and tinkling of the tambourines sounded in his ears. He was thinking of Lieutenant Harding. He sought her after the meeting. She was very nervous, but when he complimented her on her speech she thanked him and said she hoped she would receive greater strength. Then she held out her hand and said "God bless you," in the frank and earnest Salvation fashion.

As he rode to the office on the elevated train, he revolved his story in his mind. He thought of the sweetness and purity in the girl's face, and marvelled over the extraordinary influences that could take her from the peace and quiet of her New England home to the big city and the work of the Salvation Army. None knew better than he of the hardships, trials, and awful drudgery of its women, nor had anyone a higher respect for them. He purposed showing that in this girl was latent the adventurous and pious spirit of the Puritans from whom she sprang together with their bigotry and determination. Coupled with this was the chafing under the narrow, starved life of an inland Connecticut village. He could understand how the overflowing zeal and devotion of the Salvationists had appealed to her.

The story did not run smoothly when he began to write it, and the audible comments made him furious, for the simple reason that on this particular occasion they were unwarranted by truth. He had not had a drink that evening.

II

When Rand reached the office the next day the City Editor said things. He was an eloquent man in his way, was the City Editor. He begged leave to inquire how long Rand had been afflicted with journalistic astigmatism. He was curious to know if Rand would recognize a good story if it came up and shook hands with him, and things like that. Lieutenant Harding's name was not so much as mentioned in Rand's story, and even the "flimsy" man had recognized that she was the feature of the meeting. Rand didn't say much at the time, for the best reason in the world. Later in the day he explained to the Sunday Editor that he had a good Salvation Army story that would revolve about Lieutenant Harding.

He went to the barracks that evening, to get additional material, he told himself. Captain Watrous said that Lieutenant Harding was away visiting. He knew she was seeking the possible converts whose names had been taken at the meeting the evening before. At five o'clock he sought the living place of the two officers, a tiny flat on the first floor not far from the barracks, barely furnished, with the little adornments which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SHE MOVED FORWARD SHYLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

women of taste ever have about them, and scrupulously clean.

Lieutenant Harding told him how the Salvation Army, coming upon the monotonous quiet of her New England life, had first repulsed and then attracted her. When she decided to join it, all the people she knew thought she had lost her senses. Her uncle, violently angry, had almost driven her from the house. He loved her dearly. But Captain "Happy Hallie" had enrolled her as a recruit, and after four weeks of probation she had become a full-fledged soldier.

She put aside the pretty frocks she had made herself with so much care and had worn with so much pleasure for the simple uniform of the Salvation Army. She told Rand how strange it seemed when she tied the blue ribbons under her chin for the first time. She confessed that the poke-bonnet looked very becoming and how unhappy the grievous sin of pride and vanity made her. Then she went out on the street and sold the *War Cry*, the newspaper of the army, going from house to house, into the stores where she was well known, even into those dreadful places where they sold liquor—places which she had always regarded with so much horror.

As she became more familiar with the work she felt that she must devote her whole life to it, and she made application to be admitted to the barracks where soldiers are trained to become officers. After the captain and divisional officer had approved, she was directed to go to the school in New York. She touched lightly upon the study required to make cadets familiar with matters of doctrine and the hundreds of regulations. The Salvation Army is a mighty machine and every move made is carefully planned in advance. Cadet Harding spent only six months in the training school, a very short time. She told him how happy she was when she was installed as an officer. She seemed to float in a haze of blessedness.

That night Lieutenant Harding said to Captain Watrous: "Do you think we can draw that Mr. Rand into the army? He could do such magnificent work for the Master. He is so well educated, so brilliant, so big and forceful! And how fine he would look in the uniform! I should think a strong man like that would have much influence over sinners."

And out of her larger experience Captain Watrous replied: "It is hard to convert those newspaper reporters. They get hardened. They don't believe in anything."

"But I don't think he is hardened," insisted the lieutenant. Then they kneeled down to pray and in her petition the younger officer asked that Rand's steps be directed toward the true salvation.

III

"HAVE you handed in that Salvation story?" the Sunday Editor asked Rand on Thursday night.

"No, I haven't finished it," he replied, "but I'll grind it out before I go to bed." But he did not. He worked late over it and summoned all his skill. "I haven't absorbed her sufficiently," he told himself. "She will probably be at the holiness meeting to-morrow; I'll go there."

As Rand moved along the street, the roar of the elevated trains and the rattle of trucks sounded in his ears with the shuffling of many feet. He watched the crowds hurrying by and he knew they were thinking of money and incidentally of luncheon. All this noise and din were of money-appeals plaintive, whining, wheedling; commands harsh, fierce, compelling. All his life he had been carried along by this great current of materialism.

As he crossed the threshold of the building he seemed in another planet. The people about him did not care for self. There was no thought of personal gain in their mind. Enough food to sustain life, a place to sleep, the plainest garb was all they asked for themselves, but for the whole wide world they wanted the joy and happiness they had gained. They had conquered self; now they were trying to conquer the peoples of the earth.

As he listened to prayers of thanksgiving well from full hearts, he seemed to feel a Presence in the room. He who believed in nothing felt that, before these people, he had nothing upon which to rest his unbelief. Within reach of his hand was a man who could scarce write his own name, yet Rand felt that the other's knowledge was greater than his. He wondered why all men could not become Salvationists if it made them so happy. He wished that he could believe. Then he saw her. She smiled upon him and he was happy again.

But he could not write that story, nor did he ever write it, although he struggled with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IS HE VERY ILL, THIS FRIEND, TO WHOM YOU ARE TAKING ME?" SHE ASKED.

it for many days and nights, and even then he did not abandon the notion.

One evening when Rand went to the barracks he found Lieutenant Harding talking with Simon St. Hilaire, who was a sort of human epigram known to his intimates as St. Simon the Cynic.

"Ah, you know the sign-painter," observed St. Simon, in his easy, careless way.

"The sign-painter?" questioned the girl.

"So some of his friends call him. It is a phrase borrowed from the picturesque vocabulary of Chicago. Rand is the best descriptive writer in the game, really a remarkable word-painter. He writes some things so well that people really believe he says something."

When Lieutenant Harding went to the platform, St. Simon studied his friend curiously as he said, "Stunning pretty girl, isn't she? And painfully good. I met her in Connecticut before she joined the army when I was visiting my aunt. I heard she was here, and I thought I would come up and write a special article about her."

"I am doing that myself," said Rand.

"Do you think you can? You are too much interested in her."

IV

All the next day St. Simon's comment kept popping up in Rand's mind. When he reached his apartments that night he sat quite still for a long time, puffing his pipe.

"I believe I am in love," he said finally to his lares and penates as if inviting contradiction to a surprising conclusion. Then he laughed. That he should fall in love was sufficiently novel; that he should be in love with a Salvation Army lassie was absurd. But the laugh swiftly died away, and there came into his face an expression it had not known for many years. When St. Simon dropped in, about two o'clock in the morning, Rand was still in his chair, smoking.

"What's the row?" inquired the cynic, genially. "In love again?"

"Yes, I am in love," said Rand, soberly, "but not again. I am in love for the first time in my life."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

St. Simon shot a startled glance at his companion. It was the last answer in the world he expected. But he spoke with his usual lightness: "My boy, cherish it. I have been in the same state at least fifty times in my life. There is no pastime so truly interesting as falling in love, unless it be the concomitants of falling out of it. At its worst it is not half as bad as the epigrams that are made about it."

"The mischief is already done," said Rand. "I love her and I am going to marry her."

They did not discuss the matter after that and St. Simon soon left his friend to his own thoughts. As he sat there Rand reviewed, as men are wont to do under those circumstances, that which he had done.

He had made a respectable scholastic and athletic showing in college. He came to

"THE MAN WHO NEEDS YOUR OFFICES IS MYSELF," HE SAID, QUIETLY.

"I am in love as you were in love once in your life," said Rand, quietly.

"Who is she?" he asked. He wished to know if it really was serious.

"Lieutenant Harding."

"The lieutenant? Little Jane Harding?" Surprise, amazement were in St. Simon's voice, but neither laughter nor raillery. No one, unless it were Caleb Daw, knew Rand as well as St. Simon.

"Old fellow," said the cynic, gently, "if you truly love that slip of a girl you are in the hardest kind of luck. Don't you know there is no hope for you? She is as devoted to religion as any nun that ever took the black veil, and as far from your reach. Don't."

New York, to enter upon newspaper work, with high aspirations, noble ideals, and a passionate thirst for life. After ten years he was one of the best newspaper writers in the metropolis—he was even known as the "Sign-Painter." In his own heart he felt himself a failure. He had lived furiously. No man had seen more in the same length of time, for newspaper work gives a keen, highly trained and thinking intelligence abounding in opportunities. No man had lost his faith sooner, more completely. He had long before realized that he was burning himself out, and he had not troubled about it.

The realization that he was in love with Lieutenant Harding—it made him furious always to think of her as Lieutenant Hard-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing—changed everything. There came to his mind the picture of her standing up in a meeting and asking prayers for a dear friend who was groping about in the darkness of sin. He could still hear that sweet, clear voice and he thought how her pure mind would shrink from him if she could understand how dark was the sin in which he had lived these ten years.

"Are you an infidel?" Lieutenant Harding asked him one night.

"I am afraid I was," he replied, gravely.

When Jane Harding reached home she turned to the chapter in the red book on "The F.O. and Infidels." She lingered over the section with the side-head: "Push at their heart."

When next she saw him she began her attack with eager zeal. He was nervous, irritable, combative—a natural reaction following unaccustomed abstemiousness—and he turned upon her savagely, sweeping her arguments before him, bringing to bear all the logic and sophistry of a trained intellect. He silenced her, he drove her to tears, but in the midst of his tirade he felt that he could not shake her faith, and faith is the beginning and end of all religions. When she left him he was stricken with remorse. He reviled himself for his cowardly, brutal assault on the slender girl whose work was everything to her. That night he was at the barracks, deeply repentant, almost ready to say he believed. Lieutenant Harding went home almost happy.

"Make me a good, godly, loyal, blood-and-fire Christian and bring Mr. Rand to Thee," she prayed as she kneeled beside her bed.

He felt that she was praying for him and the consciousness of it made a soft glow in his heart. Emotions were seething within him. He sought Central Park and the tower that overlooks the reservoir, a familiar night haunt. He knew that he was approaching a climax that he both longed for and feared. For hours he stood there thinking, thinking.

"To-morrow I shall know," he said aloud as he made his way slowly down the steps. He paused a moment and looked at the frosted trees. They were like powdered skeletons, uplifting their bony branches to the sky.

"To-morrow I shall know," he said again.

V

It was early in the afternoon when Rand arrived at the house where Lieutenant Harding and Captain Watrous lived, and they were somewhat surprised.

"I want you to come with me," he said to the younger woman. "There is a man who needs your services."

Lieutenant Harding drew on her thick coat, took her Bible and the red-covered book, and went with him. The sun shone bright and warm that February day. As they walked along Rand threw off his air of solemnity, became almost joyous. She was shocked and troubled by the change.

"Is he very ill—this friend to whom you are taking me?" she asked.

"I cannot tell you," he replied, "you shall soon know."

"Has there been an accident?" she inquired, as they turned into Central Park.

He shook his head, and as he saw she was becoming nervous he made her walk more rapidly. "Is not the air delicious?" he said. She looked at him wonderingly. Half a dozen times he spoke to her.and received no answer. Once or twice, when she paused, he told her they must hurry. He led her to the Ramble. It is a beautiful and secluded walk and many persons have killed themselves there.

"Let us sit down," he said. "You are getting tired.

"But the one to whom you are taking me," she objected.

"The man who needs your offices is myself," he said, quietly. "I have brought you here that I may talk with you without interruption and where you are free from the influences of—of where you live."

She looked at him, apprehensive, and pressed the books close to her bosom.

"Jane," he went on, "I love you so much that I cannot be happy without you. I want you to marry me. I never asked that of a woman before. I was drawn to you from the first time I met you."

"I would have drawn you to God," she said, softly.

"You persuaded yourself that you wanted only to convert me," he pursued. "You have kept that ever in your mind, refusing to listen to the pleadings of your own heart. You have labored devotedly to make me believe as you do, and do you know why?"

"I thought you so noble, so strong, so good that I wanted you to be righteous."

"Little Jane, you love me. Oh, yes, it is quite true. I am wiser than you in these things. Not so much as I love you, but still you love me."

She was white and trembling, but she an-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

swered bravely: "The officers of the Army do not think of those things. My life work is in the Army. I entered upon it because I loved it better than anything else in the world."

"That was a year and a half ago, my Jane. You did not know me then. You have fought against your love for me, but it has proved the stronger. You are mine because of that love and none shall take you from me."

"You have no right to say such things," came through her tears. "It is not fair of you to drive me so. It was dishonest for you to make me love you; it is brutal to tempt me. You make me confess that which I would not confess to myself."

"Dear little girl, don't cry," he said, leaning toward her and smiling gaily. "We shall be very happy because we love each other so. Come, look into my eyes and smile. Oh, I could shout for joy!"

"If you were a Christian," she murmured. "If you were only in the Army."

"I have tried to see those things as you do," he said, gently. "If anyone could make me a Christian you could. It may come later, after we are married. To-morrow you will tell me when the wedding shall be. It must be soon, for I cannot wait long for my wife."

"I cannot, I cannot," she exclaimed. "It is a sin to love you; it would be a greater sin to marry you. It is wicked to think of it for a moment." Her tears ceased and she became more quiet. She looked into his eyes without fear, as she added: "My oath makes it impossible. It is sacred. I cannot leave the Army."

He looked at her steadily. He was wise in human nature, and he could follow, although uncertainly, what was passing through her mind.

"You are a fanatic," he said, sadly. "What is this terrible oath?"

She had been holding the Bible and the red-covered volume of regulations close to her, as if she felt that they were a protection. She rapidly turned over the leaves of the latter, as one who seeks a familiar passage. He read the promise exacted from cadets when they enter the training school that they will abstain from courtship during the period they are in school and for a year after they receive their commissions. After they become officers they may not enter into an engagement to marry without the consent of the Divisional Officer, and this will not be given if the marriage will take an officer out of the Army.

"I read that carefully before I entered the training school," she told him, "and I have read it many times since. I was willing to take that pledge and I must keep it. Do you know what marriage in the Army means?"

Again she swiftly and certainly turned over the leaves and pointed to the "Articles of Marriage," and he read:

"We solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and human interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby, but because we feel that the union will enable us better to please and serve God, and more earnestly and successfully to fight and work for the Salvation Army."

At the end of this first section Rand threw down the book, saying: "The Salvation Army has no right to say whom you shall and whom you shall not marry. You belong to me and not to the Army, and your fanaticism shall not take you from me."

"I belong to God," she said, solemnly, "and He has directed that I shall work in the Salvation Army."

He knew then there was in this slip of a girl that which he, with all his strength, could not overcome.

When Lieutenant Harding returned to the barracks she told the story to Captain Watrous, for it is written in the red-covered book that captains are responsible for the whole time of the junior officers under them, who must account for every minute.

"You did your duty," said the captain to Jane Harding. "Does it not make you much happier?"

"Yes, I am much happier," said the little lieutenant, brokenly.

All the night through she wept and prayed.

VI

THE revellers came out of an all-night restaurant with a dim intention of going home; it was after six o'clock in the morning, and, as one of them plaintively remarked, "There's nothing else to do."

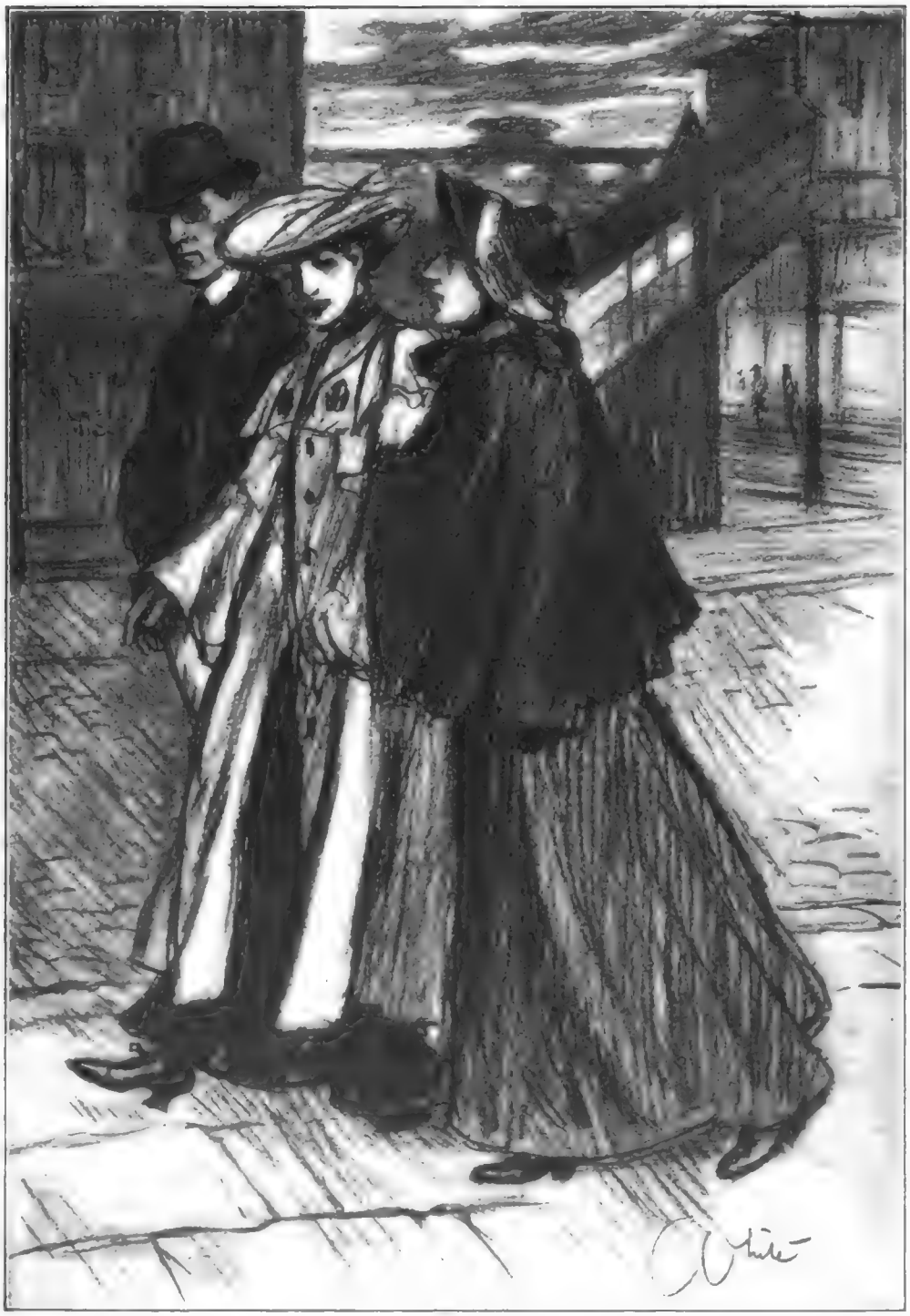
"What a tank you are!" said Bibb to Rand. "Since you returned to us you drink more than ever."

"I drank nothing while I was away," replied Rand.

"But you are not cheerful," objected Bibb, "you are only gay."

Presently Rand saw another party gibing at

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THEY WALKED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY, JOHN RAND AND LIEUTENANT HARDING, WITH THE COMMON WOMAN BETWEEN THEM.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

two women who were passing; one was a slender girl in the blue Salvation Army uniform and the other was tall, handsome after a fashion, in a bedraggled silk gown. The girl in blue grasped the arm of the other with both hands, but her small strength was not equal to the task, and they zigzagged along the street.

Without a word to his companions, Rand followed his first glance toward the couple. He staggered, and it was with tremendous effort that he pulled himself together.

"Let me help you," he said, taking the arm of the drunken woman, who turned toward him and leered. The Salvation Army girl said: "Thank you."

They walked through the streets of the city, John Rand and Lieutenant Harding, with the common woman between them. To the east the sky glowed green and luminous; about them it was cold and gray. They plodded along silently save for the maunderings of the drab. Rand clinched his teeth when he realized that Jane Harding was taking the woman to her own home. When they reached the steps, Rand stopped and shook his head.

"Please," whispered Jane Harding. It was half command, half entreaty.

The woman refused to enter. Lieutenant Harding looked at Rand beseechingly, and he took the common woman in his strong arms and carried her into the little flat. He placed the creature on the pure, sweet whiteness of her bed. Quickly he turned and walked out. Jane Harding followed him. As he crossed the threshold she touched his arm.

"I want to——" she began, but he interrupted her.

"No, no," he interposed with a shudder, as if he had reached the limit of his endurance. "Good-by," he added, hurriedly.

She put forth both her hands and grasped his. Slowly he lifted his eyes. The love, the sympathy, the holy sorrow that shone in her pure gaze made him lower his face again.

"Good-by," she whispered. "God bless you!"

He kissed her hands reverently and ran down the steps. He glanced back; she was still at the door, but when he turned she closed it hurriedly, as if she were afraid. He stood still.

The sun of the morning was flooding the city, calling it into life and action. People were rushing by; on the opposite corner a white-aproned bartender appeared in front of a saloon. Rand looked steadfastly at the doorway so tightly closed, and then toward the drinking-place, invitingly open. He laughed aloud, savage, mirthless, and started across the street.

At the threshold of the saloon he paused, and mockery died from his lips. He looked again at the doorway where she had stood, and his gaze travelled slowly to his own hands, the hands that hers had clasped. He raised them slowly to his lips, and with his head sunk between his shoulders he walked haltingly down the street.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Case of John Bell

By LAMAR BEAUMONT

Illustrated by H. S. Potter

IT was mid-forenoon when a messenger boy came to my office with a sealed envelope bearing on the left-hand upper corner the sheriff's imprint, a not unusual source of messages to lawyers. Opening the envelope I read the following:

MR. J. T. SHERMAN.

Dear Sir: From what the sheriff says of you I think you are my choice as counsel in my present emergency. However, I can better decide, as can you also, after an interview, which, as I am quite unavoidably confined to my room just at present, I appoint herein at two o'clock this afternoon. Please return word by the boy if I may expect you.

By the way, you may have noticed by the morning papers that I had the honor last evening of an official escort from the train to my present quarters.

Yours for justice,
JOHN BELL.

Yes, I had read of his arrest and distinctly remembered the newspaper account of the crime which he was charged with having committed some two months before:

The first customer to enter the Empire Bank at the opening of the doors one morning was a robber. He was said to have walked directly to the desk in the outer office as if to count a deposit, and then suddenly to have flung over the screen upon the floor of the inner office a bomb which exploded and filled the place with a horrible, suffocating gas. While the officials were thus rendered incapable of resistance, he, with a wet sponge tied across his mouth, had walked into the office and emptied into a valise the contents of counters, desks, tills, and everything in the place that offered accessible money. Then he had rushed to the street and vanished. It was a rainy morning with but few people astir, and only two or three had noticed the commotion in the bank and observed the robber at some distance, as he hurried out a side street, the shortest cut into the country.

I recalled, furthermore, that it was reported how, a couple of miles out, he had met a lad driving into town in a one-horse farm rig and had seized the boy and carried him quite a distance into the woods and bound him to a tree; that then, donning some sort of disguise, he had mounted the wagon and driven back into the city, looking like a farmer coming to market, meeting his unsuspecting pursuers on the street and telling them, in answer to their questions, that the object of their chase was but a mile or so ahead of them; that then he had driven to the railway and taken a train eastward while the pursuit was rushing in hot haste to the west along the country roads. A few hours later the boy had been found and the robber's cunning ruse revealed. So much I recalled.

Now it appeared that the robber, or some unfortunate fellow mistaken for him, had been arrested and would be tried for the crime.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EACH OF THE DETECTIVES DECLARED THAT HE COULD NOT IDENTIFY MY CLIENT.

But the important question to me at the moment was whether I wanted to undertake the case. At first glance it looked like an easy case, one way or the other. All would depend on the bank officials; if they could positively identify the man as the robber, he would be condemned, whereas, if they should swear that he was not the robber, he would be acquitted. The critical point, therefore, would be one of identification.

Now I had heard a rumor immediately after the robbery that the bank employees asserted that they could identify the robber at sight, and in that case the defence would have a poor show. I should not relish being defeated and shaking hands with my client across the prison threshold as the door shut him in for twenty years of that living tomb. On the other hand, would I like to be the means, were he actually the robber, of clearing him and sending such a scoundrel forth into society to ply his villainy with reinforced assurance?

Nevertheless, at two o'clock I was passing along the iron-lined corridor of the city jail and a moment later stood in the presence of the prisoner, Mr. John Bell. There was nothing about him indicating criminality; a well-dressed man of medium size, thirty-five to forty years old, with frank, open countenance, blue eyes that looked straight into mine, and brown hair. Still, I had learned that appearance is not significant, since some of the greatest criminals have seemed as innocent as the judge himself.

But when the turnkey had locked me in and departed, I soon discovered that my prospective client was a man of no common qualities. He began something as follows:

"Mr. Sherman, I am a lawyer myself and should conduct my own case, but for two facts. First, being under arrest, I am restrained of my liberty to a degree making it quite impossible for me to collect the data for my defence; and secondly, some points therein would absolutely require an assistant, even if I were out on bail, in order to adequately develop them. Thus, you see that before accepting my retainer it is necessary for you to declare whether you are willing to become a mere assistant in trying my case."

Here he waited for my reply, which was to the effect that second place made little difference to me, but that I must know something as to the kind of labor that would devolve upon me and also be assured against entanglement because of copartnership with a man so gravely accused.

"It is one thing to defend you, but another thing to go into partnership with you in these ciruumstances," were my concluding words.

To this he gave the proper answer, that of course he could divulge nothing respecting his defence until I became entitled to know it by accepting a retainer, and that if I was afraid to engage myself before knowing the facts, I was not the man he wanted.

This appealed to my courage as an attorney and remembering the declaration of

EVERY ONE OF THE BANK EMPLOYEES ANSWERED IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a noted lawyer, "I would defend the devil himself in a lawsuit," I resolved to take the case.

Then he unfolded his line of defence, the most daring and brilliant scheme I have ever seen undertaken in court. It unveiled the man as a genius of adventure. He who could devise such a legal stratagem seemed capable of the robbery with which he was charged; and yet his forfeit, should the case go against him, was enough to stimulate any man to his greatest effort.

In developing his plan he directed me to summon to the city four men whose addresses in various parts of the country he gave me, and I was to procure for them the pleasantest accommodations in different hotels, where they were to stay, quiet and unobtrusive until needed. Within a few days indictment proceedings occurred, my client was bound over for court, and the case docketed for three weeks hence.

EXULTED BY CONDOLING WITH ME.

Each day of this time I was closeted with our hotel boarders separately, with an occasional evening rehearsal of all together. We were preparing for the trial, while the purpose of their separation was to guard against suspicion which might lead some lynx-eyed sleuth to connect their presence with some plan for rescuing Mr. Bell. I must confess that I was beginning to regard myself a little in the light of a conspirator, although my legal sense acquitted me of malicious intentions. Indeed, I made arrangements for defeating any overt act by these men, and congratulated myself that a signal from me in the court-room would instantly place every one of them in irons. They were bright, daring men, perhaps honest; but they were strangers, and my acquaintance with them, gained during these preparations, taught me a wholesome respect for dangerous possibilities lurking beneath their quiet exterior.

However, as the trial drew near and the line of defence matured, I became as sanguine as Mr. Bell of its success. It would be a complete surprise to the prosecution, a disastrous ambush, absolutely overwhelming. I never had an important case the outcome of which was so sure beforehand, and when the day of trial arrived I would not have given the paper my brief was written upon for the prospect of the other side.

During the prosecution, which was long and ably conducted, I took no other action than a brief but pointed cross-examination of the detectives and bank witnesses. In order to make the testimony of the detectives worthless, I insisted that each should declare with emphasis that he could not identify my client as the bank robber.

"Where did you first ever see this prisoner?" I questioned.

"At the railway station when he dismounted from train 10, on the evening of October 4th."

"Had you ever seen him before? Answer explicitly."

"No, sir, not to my knowledge."

"Then what led you to arrest him?"

"A telegram from an officer at Utica."

"How could you identify him as the man indicated by a telegram?"

"The brakeman on the last car of the train gave us the wink, as the despatch said he would do, when the man came off the train."

Here the telegram was introduced, and confirmed the officer's testimony, reading as follows:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Arrest man on train 10 as he dismounts from last car. The brakeman will give you the wink on him. He is the Empire Bank robber."

The brakeman testified that he knew nothing of the matter except that an officer in Utica had pointed out a man to him, and directed him to give the wink when this man came off the train.

The officer from Utica swore that he had shadowed the man for two hours in that city, and that he looked so suspiciously like the blank that my client was the robber, and by cross-examination I sought to redouble their positiveness of his identity. Having Mr. Bell stand erect before them, I said:

"Now look at the prisoner from head to foot. Make sure of him. You are under oath. Your testimony may thrust him into a cell for twenty years. Be careful. Do not perjure yourself or condemn an innocent man. Now do you declare again that this man is he who robbed the Empire Bank?"

Every one of the bank employees answered

AS THEY PASSED THE PRISONER HE QUIETLY AROSE AND JOINED THEM.

newspaper descriptions of the bank robber that he had followed him to the railway station, noted where his ticket was for, and that he had bought a seat in the rear car, a Pullman, and then had telegraphed to the officers in our city, feeling that they, belonging to the city of the robbery, would be better able to identify him.

It will be seen at once that all this amounted to nothing. It did not in the least connect Bell with the crime.

But the testimony of the bank officials was just the reverse of this, and, accordingly, I reversed my procedure. Each swore point-unqualifiedly in the affirmative, as they had already done in direct examination. There seemed, therefore, no hope for my client; but I was not disturbed.

At length the prosecution rested and the defence took the field. But as night was near, court adjourned till morning. I heard spectators in the crowd as they passed from the room saying, "Wouldn't give much for that fellow's prospects for the next twenty years," and one of the lawyers on the other side exulted by condoling with me, but I had nothing to say.

Before court opened in the morning I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rehearsed my case again and perfected every preparation for the defence. In an anteroom opening into the court-room back of the dock I placed my four strangers, explaining to the tipstaves that they were witnesses. Quietly I secured the attendance of several extra constables, a safeguard which I really feared might be necessary, for, while inwardly jubilant at the prospect of winning my case, I was still suspicious of those four men. Five desperadoes, armed to the teeth, might create a terrific scene in court if they found peaceful means failing.

The opening of the defence was brief, but extremely bold. Avoiding particulars and seeking to mystify even the Court and the most experienced lawyers present as to my intentions, I declared that my client would eat his dinner a free man; that a mistake, as cruel as a crime and perhaps as heinous, rested against the prosecution and several of the witnesses; and that hereafter it would take more than a wink of a railroad brakeman to cause the arrest and imprisonment of an innocent citizen.

My first step was to recall, one by one, the bank employees and again solemnly warn them not to perjure themselves nor swear innocence into a dungeon. Then I proceeded to question each, forcing him to a still more emphatic identification of my client. This done, I seated them inside the bar, in a row facing the prisoner.

Then, placing four chairs, which I did not expect to be occupied, I addressed the Court:

"Your Honor, the defence will introduce but four witnesses," glancing meaningly at the chairs as I spoke, "and they will have so little to say that I can scarcely call it testimony, and yet their evidence will abruptly decide this case."

Here I stepped to the door of the anteroom and swung it open. Immediately my four men came forth, two on either side of the dock, moving as if coming to the chairs I had placed. As they passed the prisoner he quietly arose and joined them, and the five, keeping wholly within the bar, began marching and countermarching among themselves, mixed and mingled, round and round, in and out and up and down, in a figure most puzzling.

They made no demonstration, spoke no word, their hands hung by their sides, their eyes looked straight before them, their movements were graceful and they kept perfect step, sounding like the tread of one man. They were clothed alike, coat, pantaloons, and boots, collar, and cravat; hair and beard were trimmed alike, while nature had given them features, form, and size so similar as to make it extremely difficult to distinguish them apart.

In less than thirty seconds I, who was more familiar with them than any other person in court, or even in the city, having spent scores of hours in preparing them for this, could not have selected my client from the others to save my life. Glancing swiftly about the room, I saw unmistakably that everybody else was more nonplussed than I —the judge, jury, attorneys, witnesses, tipstaves, and spectators; not one of them could have singled out the accused among the five living automatons moving before us.

This was what I wanted. This constituted the defence and upon it we staked everything.

In less time than it has taken to describe the scene, the judge, disturbed by the disorder in the court-room and his own uncertainty respecting the identity of the man on trial, called sternly to a tipstaff to come and replace the prisoner in the box. The officer stepped forward zealously, while the five marching men halted, as respect for the Court demanded.

"Your Honor, which is he?" asked the tipstaff, being unable himself to decide.

Yes, which? That was the question, the beginning of the end, for who should answer it? And being unanswered, there was no accused and hence no case.

His Honor hesitated, scanned critically for a full minute the five men, now standing still and thus inviting identification. His face was the picture of perplexity and doubt and at length he exclaimed:

"John Bell is the man on trial—John Bell, resume your seat in the dock!"

All five started as one toward the seat, and as they converged and began to collide with each other, they stared in each other's faces as if they themselves did not know which was the accused.

The occasion would have been amusing had it not been astounding, even alarming.

At this juncture, which I had foreseen and prepared for, I addressed the Court.

"Your Honor, this point, this question, constitutes the defence. We rest our case on this. The laws of testimony are here put to the test. It is the trial of the principle and value of identification. What shall be the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

result? I trust that your Honor will not substitute authority for identification. We are willing to abide by the decision of the finger of identification; but if these witnesses from the bank, and these officers, and these jurymen, and the prosecuting attorney, yes, even your Honor, cannot single out the man, I appeal to the heart of justice, to the facts of testimony, to the rules of court procedure, to yourself, your Honor, there is no case, no prisoner before the court.

"Therefore, I demand that these bank clerks shall identify my client. Before, they only *declared* him to be the robber; now let them *identify* him as the robber. If they cannot, they have thrice sworn to an uncertainty and my client is but the victim of a brakeman's wink. Let these detectives point out the man whom they arrested, and this jailer recognize his guest of a month. Let these prosecuting attorneys single out the man they have sought to convict, and this jury the man against whom they are expected to record their verdict. For, if they cannot do it there is no case for lack of a culprit, and I appeal to the Court to quash proceedings and dismiss my client."

My appeal had been too impetuous to be checked; but now the tipstaff, a nervous, impulsive officer, forgot the proprieties of the place and sprang forward with bulging eyes, like a frightened boy, and exclaimed again:

"Which is he, your Honor, and I'll teach him his place right soon!"

This time the judge was just, for, instead of commanding John Bell to identify himself, his Honor candidly answered the officer:

"I cannot tell which he is, though I have had four days' opportunity during the trial to familiarize myself with his looks"; and again he scrutinized the five with argus eyes. Then to me, "Mr. Sherman, proceed as you have indicated and let us test the question of identification. Let these bank gentlemen, who saw the robber, single him out from among these men if they can."

This was what I wanted. One by one I called each of the bank clerks to the stand and demanded that he should designate the robber, giving every advantage in my power to the witness. When each had failed I insisted that he should confess point-blank his inability to identify the accused, which he did.

This procedure with the bank witnesses I applied to the jailers, the officers, and, turning the occasion into an informal search for the prisoner, called even upon the members of the jury, man by man, to single him out, which they, like all the others, confessed they could not do.

Meantime I kept my eye on the prosecuting attorney, holding in reserve a wet blanket for him if he seemed to need it; and just here I thought he did. Turning to him, I addressed him respectfully but urgently:

"Mr. Johnson, it devolves upon you at last to produce the accused in this court, otherwise you have no case. I insist that you shall restore to us the man on trial, that the court may proceed."

Mr. Johnson possessed a fair share of common-sense, and seeing the folly of fighting the inevitable, he yielded gracefully.

"May it please the Court," he began, "I perceive that we have lost the case by default of identifying testimony. These gentlemen from the bank have failed in the last analysis. I cannot blame them, for I myself have failed, as have you also, your Honor. It is a case without precedent, and I am willing that it shall be discontinued and the prisoner discharged."

This ended the trial and immediately my client was discharged and went to his dinner a free man, as I had forecasted.

In the afternoon Mr. Bell and I called on the bank directors and presented a claim for damages in the matters of expense, lost time, and personal indignity by arrest and imprisonment, itemizing each point and appraising the personal indignity item at a very low figure, "a mere vindication of feeling and honor," as I put it. Of course these gentlemen were aware how the case had collapsed and of their liabilities at law, and after a little courteous and not unreasonable discussion, they yielded to my client's demand. The next morning without undue haste, Mr. Bell departed, leaving me, probably, the only unconvinced man in the city concerning his innocence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Plain Heroes of Science

By THEODORE WATERS

The spectacle of United States Government map-makers, whose time was their own, calmly laying out gold-fields in a community mad over gold, and making no effort to share in the riches that was theirs for the taking. And strangest of all they saw nothing remarkable in their conduct.

I ASKED a returned Klondiker what in his opinion was the most remarkable occurrence that he had witnessed while in Alaska. After some thought he said:

"I was at St. Michael when the news of the Nome strike reached that place, and I was in the first big rush to the beach. We went over in a steamer which was so crowded that a bunk in the wood-pile was considered a piece of luck. On the steamer with us were several explorers for the United States Government Survey, who had come down the Yukon from the Klondike region, where they had been doing geological work and mapping. They had finished their commission, and were waiting for a steamer to take them to Seattle, and having a few weeks at their disposal were going over to Nome to inspect the diggings. When we reached the beach the scramble that followed was one of the wildest exhibitions of strenuous emulation I have ever beheld. We found hundreds there ahead of us, men who had come in from the surrounding country, and who had so abused the power of attorney in the matter of claim-grabbing that there was very little left for those who had come over sea. The temptation to riot was very strong, and but for the action of the United States army post commandant in enforcing the public-strip rule, there might have been bloodshed. That strip was the saving grace in the good government of Nome.

"The diggings were mostly in the gulches that lead down to the seashore, but much gold was found in the sand on the beach. The creeks were soon staked, and the overflow of miners began to lay claim to the beach, when the commandant ruled that no claims could be staked within a strip of ground running along the beach sixty feet in width, measured from high-tide limit. Within that reserved area all had equal right to dig and wash gravels. The beach was full of gold. Old John Hummel, of Idaho, who was one of the first to get there, and who couldn't get up into the gulch country because of scurvy, went to work on the shore with a rocker and took out $1,200 in twenty days. The news threw the place into a frenzy of excitement, and about every man in Nome, physician, carpenter, lawyer, and barkeeper alike, dropped his usual vocation, and went to work with a rocker. Men even deserted the gulches, where wages were $11 a day, to dig the beach; and I have seen 2,000 men delving at the same time in the sand in front of Nome. They reminded me of children at the summer resorts along the Jersey shore.

"Of course there were disputes, for men elbowed one another for places; but usually the pace was so swift that few took time to fight. Pushed aside, a man would simply look around for a spot less crowded, or overawe another fellow into doing so. Generally speaking, however, it was a good-natured crowd, in which men gave vent to pent-up feeling by cheering their own or their neighbor's sudden grist of nuggets. It is estimated that we cleaned up a round million dollars' worth of dust on that beach before the frost compelled us to stop work for the season.

CHIVALROUS DEVOTION TO DUTY

"Now I have tried to make it clear that in order to have, perhaps, a fortune all you had to do was to dig for it, not the back-breaking digging of the gulches, but the easy delving, such as the summer bather indulges in when he builds houses in the sand. Yet the survey men remained not only unaffected by the excitement of easy money-getting, but refused to profit by knowledge that gave them an advantage over every man on the beach. It was not part of their instructions

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to inspect the country at Nome; and if ever men were entitled to a vacation, they were, for exploring in Alaska is the hardest kind of work. With weeks at their disposal, they were at perfect liberty to dig gold like the rest of us, or, with their special knowledge of geology, to go up into the gulches and make strikes. Did they do it? No. Without the slightest bit of authorization from the Government, they proceeded to map those Nome diggings, beach and gulches, and to examine the rocks and gravels within a radius of several miles, not for the purpose of making strikes, but with the intention of compiling a report that would enable other fellows to make strikes. And they kept at it faithfully until the Seattle boat was due. They found evidence of gold in places never dreamed of by the miners, and they carried gold back with them—a handful of nuggets by way of specimens—and note-books that would have been worth a fortune to men then in camp. And it never seemed to enter their heads that they were doing something out of the ordinary, that they were successfully undergoing the most extreme test of character to which men can be subjected. Perhaps their calm in the midst of the general frenzy made their conduct seem more striking than it might have otherwise done. At any rate, it was the most impressive experience I had in Alaska."

Now there is a saying in Alaska, that he who has once drunk of the water of the Yukon will speak forever thereafter as with a forked tongue. That is to say, the desire to romance will become a dominant trait in his character. So after hearing this truly remarkable tale of devotion to governmental duty, I made inquiry of the United States Geological Survey for a certain report bearing upon and describing the gold-mines of Nome. It existed, truly enough, and is before me as I write: an extensive corroboration of all the "Sourdough" had said. It contains an account of the Nome diggings; maps of the surrounding country, the trails, the watercourses; a description of the rocks and gravels in which gold has been found, or is likely to be found; a history of the strike; suggestions for Government improvements; and an appendix advising the kind of food and the outfit with which miners should provide themselves before going in. But it contains not one word that would lead the reader to suspect that self-abnegation had any part in its preparation. And when I went to see the authors of it, there was not a man in the Survey who would admit that Messrs. Schrader, Brooks, Gerdine, or Witherspoon, the men concerned, had done more than should be expected of them.

Why, such things were within the experience of every explorer in the Survey, and they could tell me tales—but, pshaw! it was not worth mentioning. Besides, a man who would allow considerations of money to interfere with his scientific work was beneath contempt. And what is money, anyhow, compared with the satisfaction of being the first to map a new country? To be sure, there *was* a certain college professor in the West who had reaped a fortune from the application of his special knowledge of geology to mining; but no member of the United States Geological Survey had ever been known to do such a thing. Strange that anyone should think it strange. Why, the purpose of the Survey was to show how the natural resources of the country might be developed; and if in the course of the investigation a surveyor should accidentally discover a coal-mine, or a copper-mine, or any other kind of mine, was that an excuse for abandoning the profession and going into trade? But if I wanted particular instances, I had better talk with the men who had been at Nome. Some of them had had much greater opportunities of the kind hinted at, up in the Klondike region, before the world at large ever heard of Nome.

I did see some of them, and the story of unheralded rectitude that I brought away with me seemed a sufficient leaven for all the tales of graft ever printed. Frank C. Schrader told me how he and J. E. Spurr had mapped the Klondike region before the big strike. He told it merely as a tale of Alaskan adventure, apparently without thought of the high lights it threw on the characters of himself and his companion.

MR. SCHRADER'S STORY

"We went up over Dyea Pass early in 1896," said Mr. Schrader, "and during the summer of that year we mapped a lot of country, and saw indications of gold outcroppings in many places where profitable mines have since been located. We struck the Yukon near its head waters, and used that river as our highway, floating down it, and stopping off every now and then to make geological and mapping excursions into the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

interior from each bank. We panned the bars in the rivers and creeks, and found plenty of evidence of gold. There were prospectors in the country even then, but not many. When we got to the Klondike where it empties into the Yukon, we saw an Indian village on one bank and a white man fishing on the other. We stopped and had a talk with him and rested awhile. The incident is vivid in my memory because the city of Dawson now stands on the very spot where we stopped.

"We had been noting the great abundance of metamorphosed rocks. They carry the gold in placers and quartz, and we gave that white fisherman the benefit of our discovery. I should not be surprised to hear that he had struck it rich, for he was right where he could anticipate the rush that followed later. However, we filled our buckets with Klondike river-water, and continued down the Yukon, mapping and panning as we went. Sometimes the colors were meagre; sometimes the signs of big deposits were plain.

"At Fortymile we mapped the district, and at Eagle we mapped the mission country, finding plentiful traces of gold. Farther down, at Circle City, we packed across country sixty miles to the Birch Creek region, mapped that, and returned to Circle City. Then we heard that a big strike had been made on the Klondike above where we had talked with the fisherman. It was only a rumor at first; but after we had started down the river again, we were overtaken by a boatman who corroborated the report. We passed the word along, and presently the rush upstream began in earnest. I remember some fellows at whose camp we stopped one day. They received the news with circumspection. They had heard of such strikes before. But after long thought, one of them, an old fellow, said slowly: 'Well, Bill, it's our business to investigate such rumors, and if the steamboat does not come along soon we had better go up with the dogs when the river freezes over.' I remember that when the rush started from Fortymile there was one fellow there so drunk that he could not walk. He had been on a spree for a week, and did not know there had been a big strike. His friends carried him aboard an up-river boat, took him to the Klondike, staked him a claim, and when he became sober he found himself owner of one of the richest sites on the river. Why did we not go back? Well, we had mapped that country, and we had no further business there. We kept on down the Yukon, mapping the region as we went.

THREE YEARS' CHANGES

"In 1899 six of us started out again: T. G. Gerdine, H. B. Baker, T. F. Lundy, G. H. Hartman, D. C. Witherspoon, and myself. We went in *via* Skagway and over White Pass to the upper Yukon, where we got a down-river boat. The vessel was so crowded that we had to sleep out on deck, for the news of the Nome strike had come in, and the Sourdoughs (old-timers) and Chechawcos (new-comers), who had not struck it on the Yukon, were hurrying down. What a difference in the country since we were there before! There were hundreds of prospectors where there had formerly been twos and threes. Where we had talked with the lone fisherman at the mouth of the Klondike was the bustling city of Dawson. We were going down on a crowded steamer where before we had paddled silently in a Peterborough canoe. The bars where we had panned for color, the country on both sides of the stream, were filled with prospectors, who in many cases carried fac-similes of the very maps we had made on that first trip. This time we passed Fortymile, Eagle, and Circle City, and kept on to Fort Yukon, where we disembarked and got ready to ascend the Chandlar River. We hauled our canoes 200 miles up the Chandlar to its head waters, mapping the country as we went. Then we portaged across country to the head waters of the Koyukuk, and floated 700 miles down that river to the Yukon.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD CREEK

"I mention this trip because on our way up the Chandlar we passed over a belt of highly metamorphosed mica schist extending approximately east and west. It was extensive gold-bearing rock. We crossed over this belt and on up to the head waters of the Chandlar. Later, when we came down the Koyukuk, we passed back again over what was apparently the same belt, and when we got farther south to the Slate Creek district, we told some miners about it, directing them how to find it on a certain creek that flowed into the Koyukuk from the east. Those miners went up there and struck pay-dirt in big quantities. The creek is now named

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Gold Creek, and is the best-paying property in the region. I suppose our trip made those fellows rich. We continued down the Yukon to St. Michael, where we found we would have to wait several weeks for the Seattle steamer, so we made an excursion over to Nome, to take some notes of the strike there, and to do a little mapping on the side.

"While I was in the Klondike the second time, I met a friend whom I had known in the States. He was a teacher of athletics who had been touched by the Alaskan fever. He was working near Fortymile when we passed down the Yukon the first time. He heard of the Klondike strike rather late, and when he reached the diggings he was forced to stake a claim far up on what is now Eldorado Creek. It was not considered very promising; and he himself had so little faith in it that when a man on the claim next above offered to swap, he said it was immaterial to him, and did so. Then he travelled up and down the gulch offering a half interest in his claim to anyone who would help him put up a cabin and do some landburning. No one would take him up, and he was compelled to pay exorbitant wages to have it done. When the cabin was finished he brought his wife up from Fortymile, and installed her in it. Then he proceeded to burn the frost out of a small area of ground, in order that he might be able to sink a well ten or twelve feet to bed rock. Once in a while he would strike what looked like pay-dirt, and his wife in the cabin would occasionally pan it in the wash-basin, putting the gold that resulted into some old horseradish bottles. By the end of winter he felt sure he had a good claim, because the gold which his wife had panned in the wash-basin amounted to over two thousand dollars' worth. And sure enough, as soon as water began to trickle down the hill-side in the spring and he began to pan in earnest, he took out in two days $65,000 worth of dust. His regular yearly clean-up now runs between a quarter and a half million of dollars. He has an elegant home in Seattle and another in Southern California, and he lives sumptuously, I am told."

That was Mr. Schrader's story. When he had ended it, I asked him if his training as a geologist would not have given him great advantage over the mere prospector. The idea was conducive to a period of long thought. Finally he said, slowly:

"Yes, I suppose we could have enriched ourselves, had we been willing to profit by what we learned on those excursions. But, after all, that was not our business, you know, and I do not believe that any of us would have felt just right about it afterward."

AN ILIAD OF GOOD GOVERNMENT

I agreed with him, and remarked on the impossibility of giving up one's profession.

"Oh, that would not have been necessary," he replied. "Any of us could have stepped over the border and have located a rich claim. Klondike is in Canada, you know, and Uncle Sam could have no technical kick coming. But say, you see some of the other fellows. They have stories to tell better than mine."

I did see "some of the other fellows," and they did "have stories to tell," but they were not better than his, although quite as interesting, and inasmuch as some of their experiences overlapped his I am not going to relate them here. But it was an Iliad of good government endeavor, of bravery and enterprise in extending the outskirts of civilization, such as has not been equalled since the days of Lewis and Clarke; and between the lines, a sermon on the self-sacrificing rectitude of the Government employee unwatched—how this one could have owned a gold placer, that one a copper-mine, another a tin-ledge; and how no one of them thought of annexing such finds for himself or his friends, but went on with his note-taking and his mapping, to the end that the public, whose servant he is, might be generally benefited.

I left the Survey full of the great idea of it, and later on the Avenue I hurled the moral at a politician who has grown fat on the public trust. He laughed derisively:

"All right, young man," he said. "Speak your little piece if you want to, but the money for mine, every time."

But his worldliness seemed very short-sighted indeed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Antoine, Nette, and Antoinette

By JOHN OXENHAM

Author of "John of Gerisau," "Rising Fortunes," "Our Lady of Deliverance," "A Princess of Vascovy," etc.

Illustrated by Henry S. Watson

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Perhaps our readers will think that in publishing "Antoine, Nette, and Antoinette" we are to some extent abandoning the policy defined in our first issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. We then stated that nothing morbid or unreal would find a place in our pages. Mr. Oxenham's remarkable story does undoubtedly dwell on the sadder side of life, but it is so real and of such literary value, that we have decided to make an exception in this case, feeling convinced that the genuine merit of the story will more than atone for any pain caused by its tragedy.

HE had a pair of unusually keen gray eyes of his own, and he knew more about other people's eyes than most, and certainly very much more than most people would care to know about their own.

He lived in Harley street, and his name was Maurice Helme, a name known all over Europe, and synonymous with untellable blessing to thousands whose darkness he had lightened.

In addition to his keen gray eyes and his peculiar knowledge, he possessed a set of strong, flexible fingers and a very tender heart. For those who saw badly he had a very great compassion. For those who saw not at all he grieved sorely. For all he strove mightily, and righted nature's wrongs wherever he could.

But much as he knew about all sorts and conditions of eyes—mostly grievously bad ones—he was yet always finding himself confronted by new problems evolved by the increasing complexity of the conditions of life. So that, while an acknowledged master in his profession, he was also a perpetual student, and never spared himself one iota in the pursuit of his high calling.

The operations he had to perform were of the utmost delicacy, wherein a hair's-breadth might mean light or perpetual darkness. His hand was steady and true as a delicate machine; but, in order to keep the well-strung nerves capable of perpetual high tension, he found it well to break off at times and go right away where they could renew their strength in perfect rest.

At such times, like other people, he went to Switzerland, but, unlike most other peo-

WHERE COOK WAS AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ple, he chose some tiny village high up a mountain-side, where Cook was an unknown quantity and Boston not even a name.

There he would eat what his hostess could provide and drink new milk in quantities, and sleep both in the daytime and in the night-time, and spend much time lying on his back gazing up at the mighty white peaks or at the white-piled clouds which seemed little less solid. And then, as the tension relaxed and the jaded nerves toughened and strengthened and knit again, he would tramp the mountain-sides, and grow mightily interested in his neighbors, and it was an odd thing if some of them did not find reason to bless the day that brought him among them.

But he had one remarkable experience in the futility of man's abrogation of the divine prerogative, and he has never forgotten it.

"Let there be light!" was a favorite motto of his. But once he succeeded in thrusting a helpful finger into a tiny section of the machinery of the world, with the very highest intention and with the most perfect success, but with a most startling and unexpected result. He let in the light and produced a greater darkness. The catastrophe was due to no lapse on his part, and he could not possibly have foreseen it, and it is not possible that he will ever forget it.

He was lying one day on the sweet-scented carpet of needles under the pines above Saas-Mürrn, with the dull roar of the waterfall droning peace in his ears, and long tumbled leagues of valley and mountain in front. And he was thinking how very much pleasanter it was—from the purely æsthetic point of view—to look at God's handiwork from this eyrie of Saas-Mürrn than to view His problems at close quarters in Harley Street.

Then he heard voices just below him; and as his cure had reached the stage of interest in his neighbors, he craned over to see who came.

Two small girls and a boy. He remembered seeing them about the village while his cure was still in progress. The boy had specially caught his eye because he was blind. He had said to himself that he would look into that matter presently.

The children came along without seeing him, and he could hear their chatter.

One of the girls was in advance. She was light of foot and graceful as a chamois. She disdained the rough path, but skipped from rock to rock alongside it. She was very pretty, and her long brown plait of hair fell below her waist. She held the end of the plait in her hands as she skipped, as though she liked the feel of it.

"Come on then, you two," she cried in French, for Saas-Mürrn is on the French side. "But, truly, you are slow."

"But—see you—Antoinette—" panted the other girl, deprecatingly, and toiled on without completing her apology.

It was so very obvious. In the first place, she was lame of one leg. In the next place her back was bent and misshapen. And, finally, she was carefully leading the blind boy by the hand, and watching his feet so warily that at times she stumbled herself.

She was not pretty, but her voice was like a flute, clear and soft and very sweet. Helme looked again at her face when he heard her voice and had to confess to himself that she certainly was not even passably good-looking. Heavy features, snub nose, rather large mouth, but large redeeming blue eyes, hair invisible under a blue cloth capote which tied close under her chin and came down over her shoulders. An extremely quaint and old-motherly little woman, but evidently tender-hearted from her extreme solicitude for the blind boy.

The boy was apparently a year or two older than the girls, and had the quiet, vacant face of the born blind. With one hand he held tightly by the hand that led him, and with the other he groped and helped himself along by the side rocks of the path.

"Her brother, no doubt," said Helme to himself. "And she, I should say, is crétin." He looked at the child again carefully, and promptly corrected himself. "No, probably only goître. She could not be crétin with eyes like that. I must see what I can do for the boy."

Then the children passed out of sight below him in the direction of the Trou aux Loups—the bottomless pit into which the foaming white jet of the Faulbach disappears in misty thunder, and he lay back on the soft pine needles and speculated on the probabilities of magnesian limestone in the adjacent mountains.

Presently he got up and went along to the Trou. There was a soothing fascination in the ceaseless rush of the white water and its tumultuous disappearance into the gray mist of the chasm. The effect was distinctly hypnotic.

He found the children there, the lame girl

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and the blind boy sitting hand in hand on a ledge facing the curve of the fall, the pretty Antoinette dancing about the edge of the abyss and hurling rocks into it whenever she could light on a loose one.

Speech was impossible there. The fall dominated every other sound. The small girl stood up as he approached, and dragged her companion up in front of her. He motioned to her to sit down and sat himself down beside them.

Antoinette saw him out of the corner of her eye, as he very well perceived, and she forthwith proceeded to skip about so close to the edge, and with so evident an eye to effect, that he found himself a trifle nervous lest she should slip in, and said stoutly to himself that if she did he most certainly would not follow her.

CAREFULLY LEADING THE BLIND BOY BY THE HAND.

He watched the other two observantly. The boy's blank face turned intently to the noise of the fall. It seemed to strain after the sight of it. The small girl gazed at it with grave wide eyes. These two also unconsciously felt its hypnotising influence. Pretty Antoinette alone seemed to regard it simply as a receptacle for rocks.

Presently the small girl rose impulsively, and with a quaint little obeisance, an odd mixture of bow and courtesy, she dragged her charge away. Helme followed them. These two interested him more than the pretty Antoinette's nerve-trying antics.

"You are a very careful little person," said Helme to the lame girl, as soon as the sound of the fall had become no more than a deep diapason undertone.

"He is blind, M'sieur," said the fluty voice, by way of complete explanation, and with a quick shy up-glance from the straight blue eyes.

"Your brother?"

"Oh, no, M'sieur. He is Antoine Stern. I am Antoinette Duchesne. They call me Nette."

"And the other is Antoinette also?"

"Antoinette Caron, M'sieur."

"And how long have you been blind, my boy?" to Antoine.

"I was born so, M'sieur. But I can see more than some."

"What can you see?"

"I can see the light, and I can see the dark. It must be terrible to be always in the dark."

"I am a doctor of eyes from London. Sometimes, with the help of the good God, I can help blind people to see a little. Will you let me look at your eyes?"

The boy let go Nette's hand and groped impulsively for the speaker's, as though to grasp so great a chance at once.

The moment her hand was released little Nette sank down among the rocks, and crouched there with her big blue eyes fixed steadfastly on the others.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IT IS ALL RIGHT, LITTLE NETTE."

Helme took the boy's face between his cool strong hands and looked long and carefully into the clouded eyes.

"Perhaps I can help thee a little," he said at last.

And a fervent "Oh, M'sieur!" burst simultaneously from both children's lips.

"I am sure thou canst, M'sieur," said Antoine. "I can feel it in thy hands. Mon Dieu, I think I see better already."

Then Antoinette, having no audience to play to, came skipping down the path, and Antoine heard her, and cried:

"Listen then, Antoinette! The good doctor is going to open my eyes so that I shall see like thee, and I shall skip and run like thee, and we will climb the mountains together, and I shall know blue and green and red like thee, and I shall see the sunsets thou tellest of. Oh, mon Dieu!" and he choked at thought of it all.

"Perhaps! I said," said Helme, warningly. "I will do my best and we will hope. I will speak to thy parents."

"Allons!" cried the merry Antoinette. "That will be splendid for thee, Antoine. Come along and we will tell the good news below," and she caught his hand and dragged him along the path.

"Have care! Have care, Antoinette!" cried the little Nette from her crouching-place, and there was a shriller note in the fluty pipe. "Thou wilt tumble him. Ah, now—there you are!" as Antoine tripped over a rock and fell sprawling and groping, and she nipped from her lair like a lame rabbit, and hobbled painfully down to where Antoinette, with murmurs, half petulant, half apologetic, was industriously rehabilitating the fallen one.

"But thou art not thoughtful then, Antoinette," said little Nette, reprovingly, as she took the boy's hand in hers and led him cautiously down, watching his feet and missing her own.

"I cannot creep like a caterpillar," said Antoinette. "The good God made me to dance," and she skipped down the rocks like a chamois

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Helme took the boy's other hand and they got on faster.

"You are fond of the waterfall," he said to the girl, by way of drawing her out, for she interested him greatly.

"But yes, M'sieur," she replied, shyly. "It draws one. But when one looks too long one has a wish to jump in and see where it all goes to. They say the hole has no bottom."

"It is a very deep hole that has no bottom," said Helme, smiling.

"But yes, mon Dieu! It would be terrible to fall in and be going down and down, always and always and never getting anywhere."

From his landlady he made inquiries about the children, and learned that the boy, Antoine, was son of one of the leading men of the little community, and Antoinette daughter of another, while little Nette was an orphan, living with an uncle and aunt who were none too pleased with the burden, but kept her through fear of odium from the neighbors.

"The poor mite," said his hostess. "Life is none too soft for her with her foot and her back, and she is goîtré too. Ah, you perceived it. She is very shy and she hates to be noticed. Clever with her fingers, too, and thoughtful, and of a very good heart. When the good God pleases to take her she will make an angel of the best. But the road will be hard for her till that time comes. Ma foi, yes! Poor little object!"

Helme went across in the evening to see Antoine's parents.

He found the boy and little Nette sitting on a low bench by the door, she busily instructing him in the art of weaving mats out of colored straws, he working evidently more perfunctorily than usual.

"What hast thou then, Antoine?" cried the little teacher, as Helme came round the corner. "Thy clumsy fingers are all thumbs to-night, and thou art mixing the colors, stupid!"

"But if I get my eyes, Nette, I shall not need it," said the boy, eagerly. "I shall work like other men, and climb the mountains and hunt the chamois. Perhaps I shall go away to the towns like Jean-Marie, or away to England as Pierre did."

That possibility had apparently not struck Nette before. She gazed at him with open mouth and a stricken look in her eyes.

"Thou wouldst be much better to stop at home," she said at last.

"Why then?"

"Those who go away to the towns never come back."

"Because they are happier there, then," said the boy quickly.

"I do not know. But they are lost to those who stay behind."

Antoine's father and mother leaped at the idea of their boy being made whole, and were profuse in their expressions of gratitude for the bare possibility.

Helme never travelled without a set of instruments, which long experience had taught him he might regret the lack of if he left them behind. With him no opportunity of healing was to be thrown away. But then he was an enthusiast and the most tender-hearted of men.

He fixed the following day for the operation and performed it with perfect success.

"He will see," he said to the anxious father and mother, when at last he came out of the quiet room where the boy still lay sleeping under the chloroform. And the father breathed a fervent "Dieu merci!" and the mother gave a thankful sob.

He gave them careful directions as to the bandages and so on, and went out into the sunshine glad at heart to think of one more life brightened through the skill God had given him. And as he stepped out of the door he nearly fell over little Nette, crouching by the step. She looked up at him eagerly, and he nodded cheerfully, and said, "It is all right, little Nette."

"He sees?" she asked, with a startled gasp.

"Not yet. But he will see. It will be a week before the bandages come off. Then he will see."

She gave a sigh of relief—at the success of the operation he supposed, and he left her still crouching by the step.

It was strange, very strange—he thought much of it afterward—how sensitive the little creature was when she was alone. Guiding Antoine, and watching his steps warily lest he should stumble, she would push along regardless of who might be watching. But alone, she would sit by the hour in a little cramped heap rather than allow herself to be seen crawling laboriously about.

Was it just shy pride, he wondered—for pride takes many forms and chooses the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

strangest habitations. Or was it simple timidity and hyper-self-consciousness—only another name for pride, after all, he said to himself—that made her so keen to hide her defects from stranger eyes. Certain it was that she was sensitive to the point of self-suppression, and of a shyness that would sink into the earth sooner than be made the object of pity.

A strange little creature—a heart of gold in a misshapen clay pot.

But if she could not skip and run like Antoinette and the rest, and could not even crawl without exciting pity, her fingers were gifted with fairy powers. Out of next to nothing she could produce beauty. From her bundles of colored straws she would weave mats and baskets and little picture frames, of infinite variety and wonderful beauty. You may see some of them on the walls of Maurice Helme's study in Harley Street still, and he would not part with them for much money. Sometimes he remembers that he never paid for them. But I think if he were able to say as much to Nette herself she would simply smile and say, "Antoine sees."

Next day, when he visited his patient to renew the bandages and repeat his cautions to the mother, he found Nette crouching silently on a stool by Antoine's side, with sober face and solemn eyes. And when he had done he said:

"Take me for a walk, Nette, won't you? It is lonely all by oneself."

She looked up at him quickly, as though to see if he was quizzing her, and shook her head gravely. No one, unless perhaps Antoine, had ever asked her to walk with him before. He tried to coax her but she would not move.

"Well, well," he said at last, "in six days more you will be able to show Antoine the way up to the Fall," and he went out, wondering somewhat at the supernatural gravity of the child.

So the slow days passed, and each day he found her crouching on her stool by Antoine's side, and each day tried to coax her out, and never once succeeded.

And each time he saw her there he tried to cheer her by knocking off a day, and it was "Only five days now!" "Only four!—only three!" and still she remained supernaturally grave, and he could not make head or tail of it.

Then, when but two days of darkness remained for Antoine, and the boy's eagerness to try this new wonderful sight was almost painful to see and listen to, Helme, making his usual visit to the cottage, to his surprise found the merry Antoinette in Nette's usual place.

It was the first time he had seen her there since Antoine's imprisonment, and it was only a very brief visit she was paying. Darkened rooms and invalids were not much to Antoinette's taste.

She was chatting blithely as usual, and he could not but contrast her spirit with that of the other girl.

"It will be splendid when thou seest, Antoine," she was saying when he came in. "Thou wilt skip about the rocks as I do, and we shall no longer have to drag thee about by the hand. And we will climb the mountains together, and I will show thee where the edelweiss grows. And thou shalt see the avalanches tumbling down across there. And thou shalt see the sunsets, and thou wilt know what red and green and blue are. And thou wilt see ME."

That was the gist of her chatter, and to Helme little Nette's silent sympathy was the more gracious and comely.

Wondering what had become of her, he climbed at last to his favorite lounging-place above the Fall, and there he saw the child crouching on the slab where he had sat that first day with her and Antoine.

He watched the sober little figure for a time as it sat gazing fixedly at the rush of white water, and then went down and joined her.

She threw a quick shy glance at him as he came, and the blood rushed into the plain little face, and she sat and stared silently at the crashing white water.

He took her nervous little hand in his, and smoothed and patted it till it stopped twitching, for speech was impossible there and he wanted to show that he felt for her.

A dim idea of what might be in her had come into his heart as the result of much puzzling over the matter, and it was in his mind to help her if he could.

So presently he drew her away against her will, and seated her on a rock out of too close hearing of the Fall, and sat down beside her.

Below them lay the weather-browned roofs of the houses which looked as though the merry Antoinette had been pelting them with rocks from the mountain-top. And before them, far away below the dip of the plateau,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NETTE CROUCHING ON A STOOL BY ANTOINE'S SIDE.

the valley shimmered mazily in the sunshine, and above them the mighty dazzling blacks and whites of the mountain soared up into the blue, and beyond, far away, a wild, tumultuous sea of snow peaks gleamed frostily against the unflawed sky.

"Art thou not glad, then, that Antoine will see, little one?" he asked, gently.

"But yes, Monsieu—" and he saw the little lip quiver pitifully, and he thought the blue eyes were full of tears, but he would not have looked for the world.

"But not all glad?"

"But yes! But yes!" she sobbed, vehemently, as though she found it necessary to contradict something within her with exceeding fierceness.

"But not all quite glad?" he persisted, with an object.

"But yes—yes. All quite glad," and the little head drooped, and she sobbed convulsively.

"See, my little Nette," he said, when she grew quiet again. "You will have a great work to do for Antoine. When he sees through his new eyes everything will be strange to him. It will be as if he were born into a new life. And you will have to teach him what things are. It is difficult for you and me to imagine the strangeness of it all.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE SOBER LITTLE FIGURE.

Just think of seeing the blue sky for the first time, Nette. Think of looking up at that mighty mountain, and the snow, and the glaciers. I should not wonder if Antoine is frightened at it all at first. And it will be for you to explain it all to him. And he will see your dear little face, and the merry Antoinette, and he will not know you, you will both be so very different from what he has always thought you. Why—why! What is this, little one?"

She had been gazing out vaguely with wandering eyes while he spoke. Now she suddenly broke again into a passion of weeping which shook her convulsively. "Nette! Dear little Nette!" he said, gently.

"Yes, he will see me," she cried, stormily, and her face was very pitiful to look at. "He will see me, and he will see Antoinette. And when he sees me he will hate to look at me. He will. He will," she cried, with growing vehemence. "For Antoinette is beautiful—and I—mon Dieu! See what I am!" and in a paroxysm of self-loathing she tore off the little blue capote and showed the hideous swelling on her neck. "That is what I am! That!—that! Oh, God! Oh, God!" she sobbed, "I cannot bear it. He will hate me. He will loathe me," and she flung herself down on the grass and shook as if her heart was breaking.

Her tragic vehemence startled him. By dint of much thought he had fathomed somewhat of that which was troubling the great little soul, and he believed it was better that it should find vent. But this outbreak of overwhelming passion went beyond his imagining.

He set himself quietly to soothe her.

"Little Nette," he said, softly, "there are things we can none of us understand. If I had made you perhaps I should have made you as beautiful as the soul that is in you. But the good God thought otherwise and He never makes mistakes. Most people have some cross to bear, and it is better to have a beautiful soul than only a beautiful body. And do you know why, little Nette? It is because when this life is done with—and it is a very short life for the best of us—then the beautiful soul will live on and on in its beauty forever. It will have no troublesome back, and no crooked leg, and no painful, swollen neck, but it will be all graceful and beautiful as all the angels are."

She lay prone where she had flung herself, a poor little misshapen fragment of the Perfect Craftsman's workmanship. And even Helme, with all his faith in the goodness and wisdom of God, shook his head pitifully and found his heart crying, "Why? Why?"

And if he, strong man as he was, how much more she, who had to bear it all in the flesh, while he but looked upon it!

He knew not how to comfort her, but he would not leave her till she was herself again, and that was not until the shadows had crept up the opposite mountain-sides, and the white peaks above had melted from crimson to rose, and from rose to tender pink, and from pink had faded to ashen gray.

Then he placed his hand on her head and smoothed the brown hair which he had never seen before, and found it soft and silky, but thin from its too jealous covering.

"Come, little Nette," he said at last. "You must not lie here. May the good God help

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

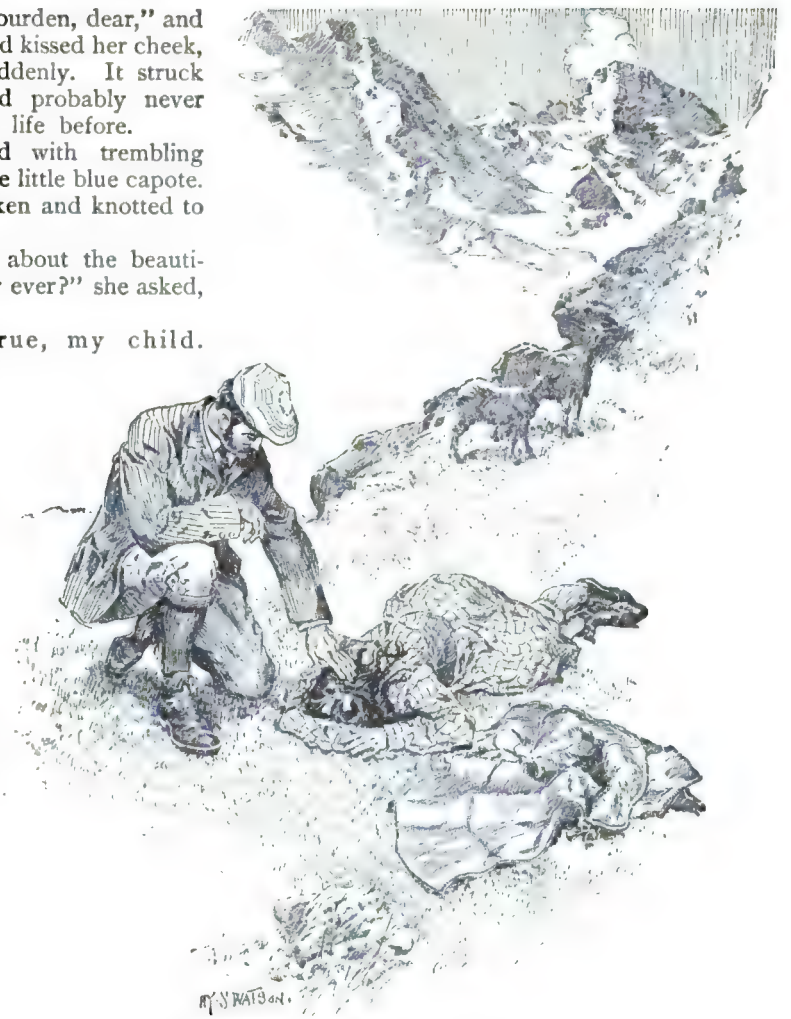
you to bear your burden, dear," and he bent over her and kissed her cheek, and she sat up suddenly. It struck him that she had probably never been kissed in her life before.

Very slowly and with trembling hands she put on the little blue capote. One string was broken and knotted to the other.

"That is all true about the beautiful soul living on for ever?" she asked, abruptly.

"That is all true, my child. Some time you will know it. Now let us go home, and you will trouble no more about this." And they went down the mountain-side together, the strong man holding the child's hand in his.

The next day when he went in to see Antoine he found Nette in her old place on the footstool by his side. Her face was very sober and she did not speak. He was glad to see her there, however, and took it as a sign that she had got the better of her trouble.



"DEAR LITTLE NETTE," HE SAID, GENTLY.

Antoine did most of the talking that day, and that was perhaps not unnatural. Most of us would talk about it if our desired heaven—whatever it might be—were but one day ahead.

"Only one more day," shouted the boy, as soon as he heard Helme's step. "To-morrow I shall see, see, see!"

"Keep quiet and don't disturb those bandages, or maybe you won't," said Helme.

"I shall see," he cried, exuberantly. "Think of it, Nette! I shall see thee, little one, whom I have never seen in my life, and the mother, and my father, and Antoinette. And the good doctor—" he added, in a tone of reminiscent apology, as though he had almost forgotten him.

"Ah, little rascal! Thou hadst almost forgotten the good doctor," said Helme, with a cheerful laugh. "It is the good doctor's grim face that thou wilt see first of all, and it will probably frighten thee into a fit."

"It is not grim," positively asserted Antoine. "No face will be grim to me when I can see. And I shall see the mountains, and the valley, and the waterfall. Thou must take me to see the waterfall at once, Nette, and the great black mouth that has no bottom. And I shall see—" All day long he was recounting the things he would see on the morrow, and Helme was well pleased with his work, and more easy in his mind about little Nette now that she had gone back to Antoine's side.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And so the next day came. A great day for Antoine, and for Maurice Helme, and for little Nette Duchesne—the greatest day in their lives for some of them.

Helme went over early to the cottage, for he knew the boy's impatience would be almost beyond bearing.

"He has not slept a minute all night," said the anxious mother. "All day and all night he has been talking of nothing but the things he would see to-day."

Helme nodded. "That was to be expected. Now we will see, and then, please God, he will see."

He went into the inner room, with some pairs of strong glasses in his hand, and the mother and father sat in rigid expectation in the outer, not daring even to look at one another, so great was their anxiety.

They heard the boy's shout of welcome. Then murmured talk, and they held their breath, lest the minutest sound should disturb matters in the other room, or hinder their own instant hearing of the good news.

Murmurs from the inner room—silence—Good God! could the operation have failed after all?

A goat bleated shrilly outside. The father made a quick gesture as if he would have killed it. It sounded like the derisive laughter of an evil spirit.

Then the inner silence was broken by a great rapt sigh, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" and then their boy's voice cried in a great glad shout—"I see! I see!" and the inner door opened and the doctor beckoned them in.

He just waited to catch again that wonderful eager look of curiosity on the boy's face as his father and mother came in—that was his fee for the operation—and then he went out to find Nette and tell her the good news.

She was nowhere about. He looked in all her usual corners, and then set off instantly up the hill. She would probably be at the Fall, wrestling again with that which was in her. His heart was very sore for the child, but she had a great little soul, he said to himself, and she would get over it.

He saw her at last, crouched on the soft bed of sweet-smelling pine needles where he loved to lie himself looking out over the wonderful valley.

She saw him coming and stood up, a plaintive crooked little figure. He never forgot her as she looked just then.

He waved his hand gayly to tell her all was well, and she instantly came hobbling down the path which led past the Fall to meet him.

He climbed panting up the rocky way that led to the Trou just as she came in at the other side.

She waved her hand to him with a pathetic little gesture, and walked straight into the awful black hole that had no bottom.

"God! God! God!" cried Helme, and stumbled forward to the brink of the chasm.

He lay down breathless, and peered into the boiling mist.

The white water foamed into the hole without a change in its awful note. The mist hid everything.

Helme dragged himself on his knees to the slab where little Nette had sat that first day, and laid his forehead on it, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

Photograph by F. C. Clarke.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is one of the most brilliant of the younger school of writers. Thus far her work has been confined chiefly to magazines, but the acuteness of her observation, the delicacy and sureness of her style, the sustained interest of her stories, their keen satire, and the genuineness of her sentiment are rich in promise of big things. She was born in California, and she was graduated from Vassar, where she gained academic and athletic distinction. She began literary work before she left college, and after her return to her San Francisco home, the freshness and cleverness of the stories she submitted to the editor of a big magazine published in New York so impressed him that he offered her an editorial position, which she filled most successfully for several years. Her real *forte*, however, is writing, and her tales have won for her a national reputation. Last December she interrupted her literary work long enough to get married. She is now Mrs. Fineas Pettit.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by F. C. Clarke.

WILLIAM McADOO

William McAdoo, the new Tammany Commissioner of Police in New York, is an energetic young man of fifty-two, whose brogue is eloquent of his County Donegal birth. He began his American life as a barefoot newsboy in Jersey City, and rose, by virtue of ward politics to a seat in Congress. His probity, ability, and courage gained him in turn the friendship of President Cleveland, who made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and of President McKinley and President Roosevelt, who continued him in the office.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MISS EDYTH WALKER

To leave America a poor and unknown musical student, and to return to it a few years later a great singer with a world-wide reputation, has been the happy fortune of Edyth Walker, contralto prima donna this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. After four years study at Dresden, Miss Walker made her first trial appearance at the Court Opera House in Vienna, in Meyerbeer's "Prophet," since when her career has been an uninterrupted series of triumphs. Her voice is of a phenomenal range, and although a contralto, she includes in her *répertoire* such a trying soprano rôle as that of Brünhilde.

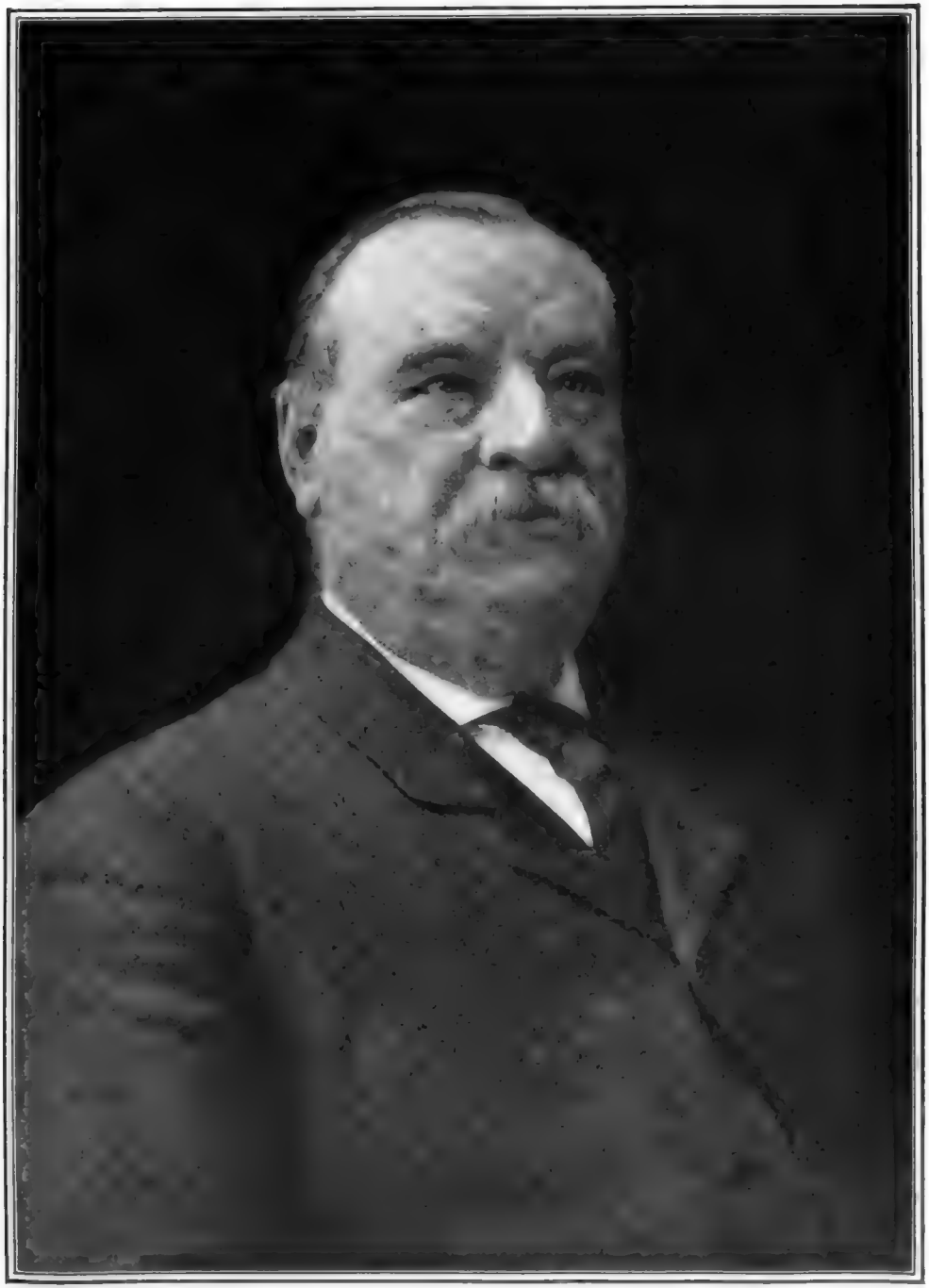
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1898, by B. L. H. Dabbs.

HENRY CLAY FRICK

Henry Clay Frick, "The Coke King," is a fighter. He is the only man who ever defeated Andrew Carnegie, and he is one human being whom Mr. Carnegie hates. The son of a farmer, the grandson of the Pennsylvania Overholt of whiskey fame, this American of German-Swiss ancestry started in to monopolize the coke industry of Pennsylvania when he was twenty-two years old. He had succeeded by the time he was thirty-three, when he compelled Mr. Carnegie to purchase a half interest in his coke properties then capitalized at five millions. In 1888, when Mr. Frick was thirty-nine, Mr. Carnegie made him a director in the steel company. Subsequently occurred their historic quarrel. Now he is the strong, practical man in the steel trust the great organizer and administrator who will direct the billion-dollar corporation.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Copyright, 1903, by Rockwood.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland has the distinguished honor of being regarded as the first living American. The most bitterly assailed of all Presidents since the Civil War, he has won, in his retirement, almost universal respect and admiration. There is a widespread insistence that Mr. Cleveland leave the peace and quiet of his Princeton home, a home recently saddened by the death of his first-born, Ruth, and become for the fourth time a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Cleveland will be sixty-seven years old on March 18th next. His physical and mental powers are unabated. To-morrow, he would stand a very good chance of defeating Mr. Roosevelt. The tide is setting strongly in favor of his nomination.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE PLAYERS

JUST about the time that eloquent persons were cheerfully, triumphantly proclaiming that the new plays presented this season made it the worst ever known, along came three very genuine successes that smothered complaint with laughter or melted it with tears.

The fault-finding folk who have had no compunction in dismissing "Her Own Way," "The County Chairman," "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Admirable Crichton," "The County Chairman" and other excellent things with a wave of an imperious hand, have had to admit that the newer comedies, "Merely Mary Ann," "The Other Girl," and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," might distinguish any season, so fine are they. David Belasco and Augustus Thomas, who rank with Clyde Fitch as the first of American dramatists, have never done so well as in their latest works. Mr. Belasco has made a brilliant, beautiful play with the "The Bath Comedy" book as a basis, while "The Other Girl" is brighter, funnier, and altogether better than "The Earl of Pawtucket," which has had such a phenomenal run.

As for "Merely Mary Ann." It should surely be "Tremendously Mary Ann," for Zangwill has conceived and Eleanor Robson presents the sweetest, tenderest, most lovable, most delightful stage creature that has been seen in New York in many a day. So exquisitely are pathos and humor blended that the tears are caught in the wrinkles made by smiles.

From a Photograph by Partridge.

JOSEPH KILGOUR AS *GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON* IN "CAPTAIN BARRINGTON."

Merely *Mary Ann!* She lingers in one's memory like a perfume: a tender flower of a girl blooming in the hideous meanness of a London lodging-house. The black fog cannot darken the limpid soul of the Yorkshire maiden, nor the drudgery of a "slavey" canker her sweet and sunny simplicity. Her love and adoration for *Lancelot*, the young, high-born composer scarce three bars from starvation, is so whole-souled, so unselfish; her *naïveté* is so refreshing; she is so adoringly innocent, so pathetically humorous, that one wonders how the man who taught her "to speak like a gentleman and wear gloves like a lady" could forego his plan of taking her to the country even if she did unexpectedly inherit five million dollars.

For three acts "Merely Mary Ann" is so good, so deliciously, satisfyingly good, that the memory of Miss Robson in the title-rôle is likely to remain for all time in the memory of those who have seen her. It is miles above anything she has done heretofore. It makes her *Julie* seem a sad and feeble thing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Byron of New York.

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS *SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in comparison. Both the technique of the play and of her acting, in the first three acts, are conspicuously good, and they blend most harmoniously. The comedy is natural, unforced, and the sentiment is genuine. The play is as chock full of atmosphere as a Dickens story—in truth, it is very suggestive of Dickens, only no tale of that master has ever been made into so admirable a drama.

The last act is atrocious. It is forgivable only because *Lancelot*, become famous, and *Mary Ann*, become a real lady, are reunited. After all, that is the main thing. Mr. Zangwill's original story did not end in that way, but no playgoer would have forgiven the author if the lovers had not come together in the last act. We are always so eager to have lovers come together in plays; we want the curtain to finally descend in a haze of blessedness with happiness exuding in chunks. And it is fine that it is so.

"Merely Mary Ann" is conspicuously well acted and the clever characterizations give value to each part. Even Edwin Arden, who starred so long in "The Eagle's Nest" and other plays, and who was the cold-blooded state minister in "L'Aiglon," makes the part of *Lancelot* convincing and sincere, although he looks more like a prosperous grocer than a musician. He never overacts.

"The Other Girl" is in an entirely different key from Mr. Zangwill's masterpiece. It keeps people howling with laughter from start to finish, and it has the unusual character of appealing to men more than to women. It has more satire than sentiment, and the fun is always clean, pure, wholesome. The central figure is a pugilist, none other really than "Kid McCoy" designates *Mr. Sheldon*—the fighter's real name is Selby—and Mr. Thomas has accomplished the seemingly impossible in making him irresistibly funny and attractive without idealizing him in the least. The prize-fighter is introduced into society as the physical culture instructor of the *Rev. Dr. Bradford*, intended, of course, for the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church in New York, where J. Pierpont Morgan passes the plate on Sundays.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

OLIVE OLIVER AS *CALYPSO* IN "ULYSSES."

The action comes from the fact that a young woman belonging to the elect in Philadelphia, where they believe that their position is so secure that it will obtain in the future life, falls in love with the physical pulchritude of the pugilist and plans to elope with him.

Amazing young Lionel Barrymore plays the pugilist, and his make-up for "Kid McCoy" is so faithfully exact that he makes men gasp. He has even the mannerisms of that able prize-fighter, to the little half smile that begins an inch back from the corners of the mouth. Last season Mr. Barrymore, who is only twenty-seven, bounded into fame by his performance of the part of the Italian organ-grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird," his uncle John Drew's play. Earlier this season he played the part of a Boer general of sixty-five or thereabouts, and so thoroughly did he disguise himself in "The Best of Friends," even to his voice, that his most intimate acquaintances did not know him, proving himself thereby one of the greatest of American char-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

acter actors. His *Kid Garvey* is an even more remarkable performance than either of his other triumphs. Mr. Thomas has given him an amazing supply of clever slang, but for that matter the lines of the whole play fairly scintillate.

Originally the comedy was named "The Parson and the Pugilist," but Mr. Thomas explained, in his opening-night speech, that while the management withstood the protests of the public and of clergymen, it yielded when the pugilists complained, and changed the name. Next to Mr. Barrymore, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., scored most heavily, especially in the scene where he is hysterical from the effects of ether, having escaped from a hospital after being run down by an automobile driven by *Kid Garvey*. For the first time in the history of the drama, we see a newspaper reporter on the stage, a reporter who acts like a human being and a real news-gatherer. Scores of playwrights have attempted this feat and all have failed. Mr. Thomas shows the possibilities of the character. It isn't so remarkable that he should have succeeded, because he was a very excellent newspaper reporter himself in St. Louis before his dramatization of "Editha's Burglar" started him as a maker of plays. Richard Bennett plays the reporter admirably.

OTIS SKINNER AS *PETRUCHIO* IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Frank Worthing, the *Dr. Brodford*, a romantic person highly regarded by actresses and some others for his abundance of "temperament," still talks as if he had a hot potato

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

From a Photograph by Schloss, New York.

SANDOL MILLIKEN, OF ROBERT EDESON'S COMPANY, IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

in his mouth and were seeking to dislodge it by shaking his head, just as he did when he was Blanche Bates's leading man in "Naughty Anthony" Belasco's first comedy, and in "The Climbers." Elsie De Wolfe, a most finished actress, and Drina De Wolfe, her sister-in-law, a most unfinished one, hug each other in a way that illustrates the ironies of the stage. Drina De Wolfe is a thin person with a remarkable face, whose efforts to express emotion suggest an agony, which among small boys is frequently associated with green apples. She first came into public notice as one of the several hundred young women who were the original of Jerry Flo-

dora" sextette and later as a member of Mrs. Osborne's ill-starred company when that former society woman branched from dress-making into theatrical management. Drina De Wolfe's claim to distinction is due to the fact that certain men, celebrated chiefly for their great wealth, proclaimed her a great beauty.

Not only has David Belasco constructed his most brilliant play, but Henrietta Crosman has won the greatest success of her career in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Like "Merely Mary Ann" it is marred by a fourth act not in keeping with the others, although the Belasco final act is infinitely better than the Zangwill one. Mr. Belasco has given his wonderful skill and invention in stage-craft free reign and the result is a brilliant, engrossing comedy in one of the superb and costly Belasco settings. The second and third acts are really tremendous. New York has never beheld anything so fine as the ballroom scene. In this, Belasco's great art is seen at its best. The effect is positively overwhelming. The situations are intensely dramatic and the humor never lags for an instant.

Miss Crosman is irresistible as *Kitty Bellairs*. Her wit is so nimble, her brogue so delicious, her fineness so delicate, her touches of pathos so genuine, that she awakens genuine enthusiasm in her audience. Her *Mistress Nell*, admirable as it was, does not compare with her *Kitty Bellairs*. She has worked long and hard, struggled in the face of great discouragements for the success that has come to her. The daughter of a distinguished

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

officer in the Civil War, she turned to the stage as a means of livelihood. Her progress was slow, uncertain. More than a dozen years ago she had risen to a point where she played one of the widows in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," and fairly good parts in other comedies. But she did not attract any particular attention. She went forth "on the road" and New York promptly forgot her. She played with many travelling companies and in stock, a constant, bitter, uphill struggle, but all the while she was advancing steadily and surely. She waited patiently for her opportunity.

From a Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

MISS JANE PEYTON AS *HARRIET FORDYCE* IN "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET."

In the course of time Miss Crosman divorced her first husband, Sedley Brown, a stage manager. A big New York newspaper published an interview with Brown which was thought to be purely humorous. There was no reflection upon Miss Crosman's character, for her life always has been above reproach. The actress was offended by the article, brought suit for libel, and was given a verdict of three thousand dollars.

Close upon the heels of her lawsuit, Miss Crosman produced "Mistress Nell," a comedy written by George Hazeltine, a Philadelphia lawyer, which she had had in her possession for three years, only waiting for an opportunity to present it. When she came into New York, the failure of a play at the Bijou giving her the Broadway opening, she was wholly unheralded. New York had forgotten her completely and it had never heard of her play. No one was sufficiently interested to make inquiries. In a single night Miss Crosman became famous. "Mistress Nell" was one of the great successes of years and Miss Crosman was elevated to the front rank of American players. Her even greater hit in "Kitty Bellairs" has given her secure place as the foremost American comedienne.

But even Miss Crosman's acting and Mr. Belasco's stage-craft do not make the last act of the comedy a fitting complement to its predecessors. One wishes that the triumph of the Irish widow should be as public as her humiliation.

When Victor Mapes had his play of "Captain Barrington" produced by pupils of the Sargeant School of Acting some five years

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

From a Photograph by Will Hemstreet, Inc.

JULIA SANDERSON AS *LADY MABEL* IN "WINSOME WINNIE."

ago, managers said there was merit in it, but that the experiment of making *George Washington* a speaking part would ruin it. Apparently that has never been attempted before, if the memory of those whose recollection goes back half a century is to be accepted. As a matter of fact, from the time that *General Washington* comes on to the stage he is the most interesting figure in the drama, the real star. Fortunately for Charles Richman, the *general* doesn't appear until late. At this particular time there is unusual interest in this stage *Washington*, for the country is about celebrating the birthday of the Father of His Country.

The playing of the difficult part devolves upon Joseph Kilgour, who gives a remarkably fine performance in which is blended the dignity and urbanity one expects. Mr. Kilgour is a very handsome man of the athletic type, more than six feet tall, with classical features. He has used the familiar Stuart portrait as a guide in making up his face, and he is really satisfying in the part, which is saying much. Mr. Kilgour was something of a society man in Chicago ten years ago, when he decided to go on the stage. He made his first appearance in the Trocadero, under the management of Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., during the World's Fair. Since then he has made rapid strides. Stock work in the Teck Theatre in Buffalo, and in other cities, gave him valuable experience. He was the leading man in "Sporting Life" and in Blanche Walsh's production of "Marcelle," afterward holding a like position with Henrietta Crosman. He went to London to play *Captain Hodgman* in "Arizona," and he succeeded Aubrey Boucicault as leading man in "Hearts Aflame."

Clyde Fitch's third new comedy to be presented this season has two Fitchian novelties; also it is chock full of humorous, satirical dialogue, of which he is a master. But there is a certain irony in the name, for "Glad Of It" seems to express the feeling of the audience when the comedy is finished. One may see and hear in almost any big department store all that commends the first act. Mr. Fitch has not only dramatized the young lady clerks and the floor-walker, but the elevator, as well as the man who runs it, and shoppers from the suburbs. In the second act he has dramatized the stage of the theatre where the comedy was produced in New York, portraying the rehearsal of a musical comedy. This appeals more than the first act, for the region back of the footlights is alluringly mysterious to many people and they like to see the wheels go 'round. Also it gives Mr. Fitch a beautiful chance to satirize the stage young woman who has little talent but a rich

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"angel" to pay the bills for her effort to become a star.

If James M. Barrie can dramatize the human stomach and make a comedy that succeeds—that is what he has done in "Little Mary"—surely Mr. Fitch has an unlimited field for effort open to him. One wonders when the audacious dare-devil of the drama will dramatize a slender, graceful lamp-post; pluck it up by the roots, so to speak, transport it to the stage, and make it throb with tender emotion or suppressed passion.

"Glad Of It" has many humorous moments, but it doesn't seem to be worth while. It is well acted; Mr. Fitch has great skill in selecting his players and making them do as he wishes. Still, Millie James, who has the leading rôle, has a painfully hard struggle to make anything out of it. It is the first time in years that she has appeared as a "grown-up" in a play. The real honors went to Edward

From a Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

DUSTIN FARNUM AS *THE VIRGINIAN.*

From a Photograph by Hall, New York.

LEILA McINTYRE AS *JILL* IN "MOTHER GOOSE."

Abeles, who was *Mr. Sweete,* the floor-walker, and to Hassard Short, who was the *Angel.*

The youngest of the Barrymores appeared in "Glad Of It" as a press-agent and he made much of a tiny rôle. John Barrymore is about twenty-three and he has had a little stage experience, having appeared with his father in a one-act sketch for a season, but he is really an artist by profession. He has a powerful and strange imagination that is strikingly original. His work is suggestive of Doré's, but able critics have declared that so far as conception is concerned he is greater than the French illustrator because young Barrymore's creations are purely his own—and some of them are tremendous—while Doré exemplified the ideas of others. John Barrymore has a talent for art that is akin to genius, but he has never learned the language in which art speaks. He has never studied drawing. If he elects to remain on the stage, there is no doubt that he will become a very clever player.

Mr. Fitch has written a song and chorus

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for "Glad Of It." There is a suggestion that he intended to make the play a musical one and then gave up the idea. The truth seems to be that Mr. Fitch, who has shown great skill in making verses, cannot write lyrics. He tried to do so for the comedy he has written for Fay Templeton. The verses he wrote for her songs were very clever, but no composer could be found who was able to set them to music. And that was the chief reason why Miss Templeton has remained with "The Runaways" this season instead of starting forth in a new comedy. She is writing her own songs now.

Anna Held, who has succeeded in making theatregoers believe that she is an exceeding wicked young woman, is, in her private life, most staid, conventional, and retiring, devoted to her husband whom she calls "Feelow," that being her French way of saying "Flo"—Mr. Ziegfeld's first name is Florence. She hasn't had the best fortune with the ambitious musical comedy which Mr. Ziegfeld had Jean Richepin write for her. The great French author produced a book with a real plot which gave Miss Held opportunity for displaying little touches of emotion, but when it was adapted into English great liberties were taken with the original, and much silly horseplay was interjected. This last was so out of harmony that it was speedily cut out altogether, and finally the manager returned to the original Richepin version, which was much better than Joseph Herbert's adaptation. Mr. Ziegfeld has made a most elaborate production of the piece, and he did the best he could in securing actors to play the parts of the great people who are introduced in it, for the author has used historical personages chiefly in "Mam'selle Napoleon."

JAMES O'NEILL AS *GERARD* IN "THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD"

The latest Drury Lane spectacle to be presented by Klaw & Erlanger in this country is called "Mother Goose," and it is the most gorgeous of all of them. It should be understood that only the scenery, costumes, and properties of the original are seen in America, the book, the lyrics, and the music being written for American audiences. These annual Drury Lane spectacles are what England calls Christmas pantomimes, and American audiences do not like them overly well; hence the attempt to interject humor of the United States brand as understood by those who are supposed to have their hands on the pulse of theatregoers. So far as fun goes, "Mother Goose" is depressingly sad, but there are some catchy songs, and as a spectacle it is tremendous. The ballet of the "New Art" is exquisitely beautiful.

Joseph Cawthorne is really funny as *Mother Goose*, without the aid of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a concertina, and Harry Bulger labors hard and ineffectively as her son. Leila McIntyre is a dainty and pretty *Jill*. She is very young and clever. Her charming face and her skill in baby imitations found favor on the vaudeville stage before she was eighteen. Klaw & Erlanger placed her in a spectacle, and she made a success, winning for herself the leading woman's rôle in "Mother Goose."

James O'Neill, who is probably the best as well as the oldest of American romantic actors, has found a congenial rôle in "Brigadier Gerard," a dramatization of Conan Doyle's sketches; so that he escapes, for a time at least, from "Monto Cristo," in which he has appeared upward of four thousand times. He was born in Ireland, and in the early days had a delicious brogue. He was a machinist, and was working on monitors for the Federal Government by day, while acting at night in a stock company in Cincinnati. His first appearance was in "Mazeppa." He made a place for himself in Cincinnati, and then went to McVickar's in Chicago. Afterward he became leading man of the Union Square Theatre in New York. From there he went to California to join the celebrated stock company. Afterward he became Edwin Booth's leading man. Then he began to star, first in "A Celebrated Case" and afterward in "Monte Cristo."

From a photograph by Sarony

VIRGINIA HARNED AS *IRIS* IN THE PINERO PLAY OF THAT NAME

Bertha Galland has really scored in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and it is a fairly good play despite the fact that it is made from a book. The star is lovelier than ever, and her skill has improved greatly. Her experience has been too brief to work off the rough edges of even so naturally fine an actress. She is a Scranton girl and she became a leading woman in her first season on the stage, rising to that position with James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico." Then Daniel Frohman sought to develop her further. She was very fine in "The Forest Lovers," but, outside of New York, the public wasn't sufficiently impressed to pay to see her. She and her company are going to Australia before long to play "Dorothy Vernon," and Americans are likely to regret her absence. In some scenes Miss Galland is irresistible, and even when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her crudities mar her work, she never ceases to be interesting.

Kyrle Bellew could not possibly prove that he is not fifty-eight years old more effectively than by his performance in "The Sacrament of Judas" a one-act play which he has added to his "Raffles" performance. In this theatric picture of a French monk of '93 he looks to be about twenty and he performs a feat in lofty tumbling that might frighten a professional acrobat. He is killed at the top of a stairway and plunges down many steps in a way that takes away the breath of the audience. It gives those who see it a real sensation and there is a vast amount of speculation as to how Mr. Bellew manages to escape breaking his neck. Mr. Bellew insists that he isn't fifty-eight, despite the fact that certain records in books of reference which purport to be authoritative declare that he was born in 1845. The truth is that he is much nearer fifty than sixty, and ever so many people are glad of it, for they want him to remain on the stage many years longer.

From a Photograph by Schaidner, New York.

JEANNETTE CRANE IN THE "AN ENGLISH DAISY" COMPANY.

Mary Mannering has a curious melodramatic comedy this season by Leo Ditrichstein called "Harriet's Honeymoon," and the part of the young wife, who seriously objects to having her wedding-tour spoiled by her husband's devotion to business, fits her beautifully. The scene is laid in a German watering-place, which is reassuring after the profound ignorance of American life which Mr. Ditrichstein displayed in "What's the Matter with Susan?" which was one of the most complete failures of the year. There is much melodrama in "Harriet's Honeymoon" and a good deal of humor. Also is there charming scenery. Arthur Byron plays the young husband and all the while he must long to be again *Sam Coast* in "Her Own Way," in which he made such a big hit. Thomas Wise for once escapes being a flirty, gay old papa and plays *Bock*, a police inspector, so admirably, so humorously that he recalls to those who see him the forgotten fact that he is one of the best of character actors on the American stage. One of Mr. Ditrichstein's weaknesses as a playwright is his inability to make gentlemen of his heroes.

It is really a pity that "The Virginian" did not make a better play. Even the skilled hand of Kirke La Shelle hasn't made much of the Owen Wister story, which was so full of action. It talks rather than acts, a serious defect. The manager-playwright has worked long and hard over the stage version, with Mr. Wister to assist him. When the play was first produced it was found to be too weak to succeed. Mr. La Shelle rewrote it from beginning to end. The second version was a great improvement, but the curse of the book-play is still upon it.

The most interesting thing about the production is the actor in the title-rôle, Dustin Farnum, who belongs to the repressed, naturalistic school. He comes of a theatrical family, his father having been manager for Robert Downing for many years, while his mother was for long an actress. The young man has been on the stage only a few years. His best training was in the Baldwin stock company in San Francisco. He has played the title-rôle in "Ben Hur," and he was one of the *Captain Dentons* in "Arizona."

Sandol Milliken, in "Soldiers of Fortune," playing with Robert Edeson, has advanced rather rapidly in her stage career. She was graduated from the Murray Hill stock company in New York, a trying school. The hard work didn't affect her beauty, and it did give her a fine experience. Both have proved extremely valuable to her. She left stock

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

work to join W. H. Crane's company, and then she tried musical comedy, attracting attention in "The Liberty Belles" and "The Defender." Last season she returned to "the legitimate," having practically the leading part in "The Bird in the Cage." She started this season with Maude Adams, playing the lovesick girl who dies of affection for the bull-fighter in "The Pretty Sister of José."

One of the youngest graduates of a stock company is Miss Julia Sanderson, who is in the "Winsome Winnie" company—the prettiest member of it, many maintain. Julia Sanderson is only sixteen and already has a voice which promises to make her famous. The young girl has been on the stage ever since she can remember. Her father is an actor, at present the leading man of the Forepaugh stock company in Philadelphia, and his daughter had been playing child's parts there, until she joined the "Winsome Winnie" company and made her first appearance on the stage in long dresses.

It is pleasing to know that "Ulysses" is having much success on its travels. In Chicago it opened to a painfully small house—the usual precautions taken to have a well-filled auditorium on a first night having been neglected. The Chicago critics slated the people of that town unmercifully for neglecting the Stephen Phillips play, and thereafter it drew large houses. Olive Oliver is still playing *Calypso*, and she was one of the best members of the original company. She is a Californian with great ambition and a capacity for work. She is extraordinarily graceful as the Greek lady who tries to keep *Ulysses* by her side, which illustrates what a valuable thing it is for a woman to be a fencer. Miss Oliver has great skill with the foils.

"The Earl of Pawtucket" is meeting with as much favor on its travels as it did in New York. Jane Peyton is the best of the leading women who have supported Lawrence D'Orsay. She comes from Milwaukee, and her real name is Jennie Van Norman. She was a student in the Northwestern University before she went on the stage. She was with Andrew Mack in "Tom Moore," and she played the adventuress in "The Ninety and Nine."

Five dramatic versions of the life of "Alexander the Great" were simultaneously announced last year, among them being one by Richard Mansfield, one written for James K. Hackett, and one written for Louis James and Frederick Warde. The last one alone reached the stage and is still running, having been first produced August 31st, at Grand Rapids. The authors are Rupert Hughes (who has published many books of musical lore, fiction, and verse, and has had a few less successful dramatic productions under poor auspices), and Collin Kemper, formerly an actor in Daly's company, who abandoned a promising histrionic career to become a successful manager and author.

To fit both Mr. James and Mr. Warde with parts, it was necessary to write two male rôles of equal importance; so the authors have elaborated *Perdiccas* into a sinister villain of humor and philosophy and cunning patience. The theme of the play is *Alexander's* boundless ambition at war with his love for *Roxana*. The gentler emotion finally conquers after the hero has learned the vanity and the limit of ambition. *Perdiccas*, the while, with *Alexander's* step-mother, *Cleopatra*, plots ceaselessly to kill *Alexander* in such a manner as to insure a succession to his throne.

The production is said to be superb. There are shown a palace in Macedonia, where *Alexander* is awakened both to ambition and to love; the temple of Ammon in Egypt, where *Roxana* is unwittingly implicated in a plot against *Alexander's* life; a midnight camp in India; a remarkable snow-scene in the mountains where the mutinous troops find the end of the world, and *Roxana* saves *Alexander* by taking in her own breast an arrow meant for him; and finally a banquet-tent in Babylonia where *Alexander's* wedding festival has a tragic ending.

The authors have avoided blank verse. To show character in action and situation, and to reach their climaxes by modern methods, have been their objects throughout. In a year of failures, the success of this ambitious work by two Americans is pleasant to record.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CAPTAIN RACHEL.

Captain Rachel

By LILLIAN BELL

Illustrated by Howard Giles

WHEN the young people whose society is so dear to me compliment me upon my youth and the interest I evince in their sports and love affairs, I often wonder if they think this enthusiasm comes naturally to me, or if they do not suspect that I have occasionally to suppress my disapproval of their too-strenuous modernism; or that I am sometimes obliged to pump up a personal interest in the vernal beatings of their virgin hearts.

I am not naturally either young or modern. I was born at the right time. I was neither ahead of nor behind my epoch. It suited my temperament that in my young days we girls played croquet and chess and cards—but the latter never for money. For exercise we took long walks and rode horseback—but never astride, unless as children in the seclusion of the lower meadow which the windows of the house did not overlook. For our accomplishments we played on the harp, embroidered, and sang. The violin was considered masculine and forward for ladies. For our work we spun and wove at our country places, and when in town in the winters helped to make our own clothes.

In our language we had no slang. We spoke elegantly even to each other, and to have addressed our father as "Dad" or "Gov'nor" would almost have sent us to jail.

Nor did I rebel against these customs. They suited the calmness of my habit of mind, and I did not yearn for the modern manners, which even then were beginning to be affected by the more strenuous of our young people. But now that, in the privacy of my boudoir, I admit to myself that I am

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

elderly, I am the most forward of all in my eagerness to retain a hold on the youth which is growing up all around me, yet which by a single month of slack endeavor would slip away from me forever and would forever relegate me to the ranks of the old and *passée*.

I hope that I succeed. I hope that Jack Hallock, Captain of the Foot-Ball Team, never suspects the wild efforts I am forced to make to understand him when he tells me that one of the fellows was suspended because he went out one night and "got pie-eyed"; and that when he told me that he "used to bat" more than was good for him, he never knew that I thought he must have been on the Base-Ball Team. I wonder if my laughter sounds hollow to Rachel Herrick, who is Captain of the Westmoreland Basket-Ball Team, when she says that Jack is "hot stuff." Hot stuff always reminds me of a remedy for a severe cold. And when she further avers that Jack in his new trap is a "warm baby," I can think of nothing but Advice to Young Mothers. It is really true that I am obliged to translate modern English in my own mind before I understand it.

But I cling to those two, through their sports as well as through their troubles, because they are chivalrous, high-minded young people, very honestly and sweetly in love with each other; too young to marry, but honorably willing to wait a few years for their parents' consent. It is so seldom that young people nowadays will admit their parents' wisdom on any subject that I am quite dazzled by the example set by Jack and Rachel.

My interest in them is, however, attended by strenuous effort both physical and mental, for they are what they call "in training," and often insist on my coming to watch their practice games. So I obediently trot along with them, palpitating and anxious, but pathetically flattered by their affection which causes them to wish for my opinion.

My opinion forsooth! What under heaven do I know about a "low tackle" or a "flying wedge" or a "punt"? In my young days a punt was a boat.

I cannot help it—I am torn between two opinions. Rachel is a beautiful girl. She would be beautiful in any costume. Her young figure has the poise of a bird on the wing. Her color is as fresh as the dawn. Her small features are spirited and her hair should never be hidden under a hat. With these attributes you can imagine how bewitchingly pretty she is on horseback, at tennis and at basket-ball. But shall I ever grow accustomed to the white sweater she wears for basket-ball with its great scarlet "W" emblazoned on the breast of it? That fashion was made unpopular by Hawthorne, and I, for one, cannot forget it. Not that Rachel is not all that is sweet and maidenly in her behavior, even in the white sweater. Not that her young figure is not outlined with all of a Rhein-daughter's grace. Not that her piquant face does not rise as modestly out of the becoming woollen doublet as if she were in a pink dimity with a wild rose in her hair. But just *because!*

However, Rachel laughs at me and says "all the girls do it," which is to her ample reason for anything short of murder.

And to be sure, all the Westmoreland girls do. If Rachel were not the most popular girl her position of Captain of the Basket-Ball Team would be rendered untenable by envy. She earned this honor by her brilliant play in a match last year, when as a junior she was "guard" (she says). I can but dimly remember what went on at the match before Rachel's triumph. I don't know what they were trying to do. I only know that my mind turned sick to see no less than four delicate women beings, prospective wives and mothers as they seemed to me—not basket-ball girls—suddenly pitch forward on their faces in a heap, some on top, but more beneath. I tried to scream, but as I stood up I saw that Rachel was not one of them, for there she crouched, her face white, her nostrils twitching nervously. She looked like a young tiger ready to spring. Suddenly the ball appeared and like a flash it was in Rachel's hands, and with the poise of an eagle she lifted her arms and from the extreme edge of the field she sent the ball cleanly and neatly into the basket. It was all over in a second. What such a play meant, where the ball went after that, I never knew. I never do know what they are trying to do, except to trip each other up, but I do know that it ended the game and won it for the Westmoreland girls against the magnificent play of the Congress Hall girls, who, by the way, took their defeat badly and sulked. "Not in the least as men would have taken it," as Rachel disgustedly told me afterward. "But," she added, "that's the dickens of being a girl."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This feat, of course, crowned Rachel with glory and won her election to the captaincy of the team for her senior year. It also adds a peculiar fierceness to the present preparations for the game with the Congress Halls. The Westmorelands play several other schools and colleges, I believe, but the struggle for the championship is between these two.

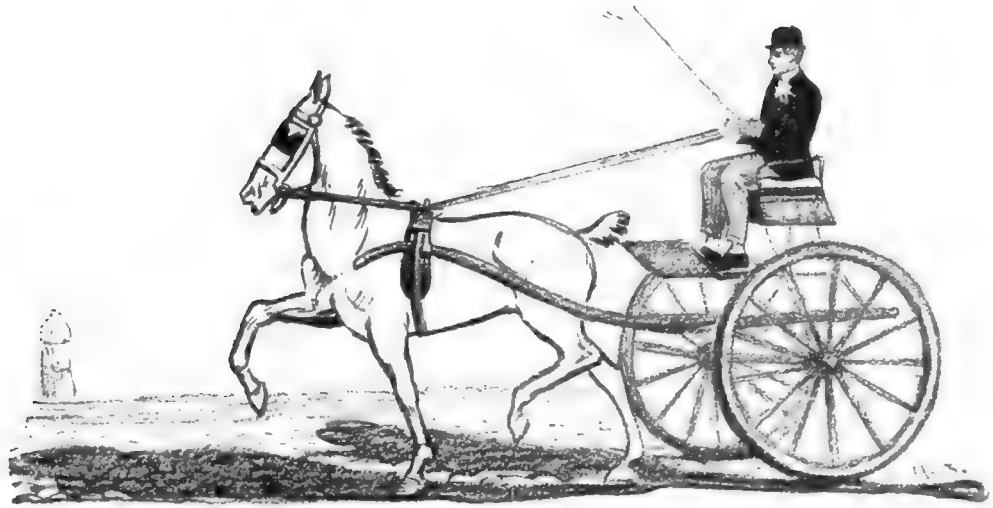
I own to a great dread, which sometimes I think Rachel shares. Occasionally she comes to dine with me and stay all night, and we are fond, on these early spring days, of sitting before the open fire before the lamps are lighted. She is so lithe and supple, she often sits on the floor with her arm on my knee. At such times she confides, and I see the small wrinkles of anxiety on her smooth brow as she wonders if the Congress Halls will play fair. I can see that the unsports-

AT SUCH TIMES SHE CONFIDES.

manlike manner in which they took their last defeat, and their perfectly frank threats to "get even" this year, cause Rachel some thought.

"I'm not afraid for myself," she says, "for rather than risk hurting the girls I'd lose the championship. But my team is crazy—simply crazy—to win. I know, too, that Jack Hallock would like me to win it—that he'd be awfully proud if I earned the champi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



JACK IN HIS NEW TRAP IS A "WARM BABY."

onship. It's a big thing, you know—much bigger than I can ever make you believe. But I know, too, that Jack would rather I lost it utterly—that I fell down completely—than that I played a dirty game. And that's what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid that if the Congress Halls play like muckers my girls will lose their heads. You know there are certain rules that it is positively dishonorable to disobey, but it's a matter of honor only, for the umpire can't see you. Of course I can't be sure, for I wasn't in that scrimmage, but I heard that the Congress Hall girls pulled hair and even scratched the faces of our girls.

"They don't dare tell me that they are going to be prepared for an emergency, but I saw one of my best players wearing a ring that the stone had come out of, leaving only the sharp prongs, and as I passed I heard her say, 'In case of fire I may have to use some such persuasion on a Congress Hall to make her take her teeth out of my arm.'"

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Oh, I talked to her, of course; but what good does it do to talk to a lot of girls? They lose their heads and get excited and simply fight. I believe that they forget sometimes that there is such a thing as a ball or a basket in the game!"

"Oh, dear!" I groaned. "Rachel, I am sure that you will be killed in some of these rough games! Why will you go in for athletics? It makes me so nervous. And is it necessary?"

"Mother! Why! Of course it is necessary! We can't allow Westmoreland to fall behind the other colleges! Why, they would soon have no respect for our manly prowess and be calling us a set of sissies! And as to the danger—well, to tell the truth, the only times we are rough is when we play with other teams. When we play our own girls we seem to remember, even at the most exciting moments, that we are all friends and we play simply for the sport. But, heavens and earth! When we play other teams we play to win, even if we commit a few murders by way of lending interest to the contest."

"The faculty ought not to permit it!" I exclaimed, excited beyond my usual prudence. I seldom give advice. It tends to permit one to enjoy one's own society more than I like. And even Rachel gave me a hint of my indiscretion in this instance by crying out:

"Oh, Amie, you wouldn't hint at such a thing to them, would you? The girls would about die of chagrin, and how would *I* feel if my Amie should be the cause of such a calamity!"

"Don't worry, dearest," I said. "My influence is not as great as you think. But even if it were, I would not interfere. No, I'll wait until one of you is half killed and then I will say, 'I always feared that this would be the end of it!'"

I understand youth well enough to know that no calamity which comes in later life can bring more poignant anxiety and grief than the apparently trivial affairs which concern girls and boys. So I intend no further protests, but nurse my apprehensions in secret.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THERE WERE SOME SIGNS OF UNEASINESS AMONG THE SPECTATORS.

Jack Hallock shared my anxiety to some extent, for I often heard him advising Rachel in her playing and urging her not to give all her attention to her team but to take some thought for herself.

"What a little wonder she is!" he cried out one day as he sprawled on the grass at my feet. "Oh, Amie, if only there were more women like Rachel, we fellows wouldn't be such low-down pups as we are! Why, that girl is as chivalrous as a Knight of the Round Table. What an army officer she would make in the care of her men! And she wouldn't be slack in her discipline, either. She can be as firm as a rock under that gentleness of hers. Oh, Amie, I just—now you won't laugh at a fellow, will you?—but, honestly, I just love that girl until it's fairly worship. It would make me sick to hear another fellow make such an ass of himself as I do to you, but you encourage people who are in love to make asses of themselves, Amie, you know you do."

"Yes, I think I do, Jack. I believe I like it. There is—you know there isn't much real love in this world it seems to me, so I like to coax it along when I see it."

"Well, you coax it along in me all right enough! I just drool like a teething baby whenever I get started to you on Rachel."

"I wish this—infernal game with Congress Hall were over," the young giant went on, rolling over on his back and chewing a bit of sorrel grass.

And on the day of the game I fairly echoed his wish. There was something in the air. A few of us felt it. Jack came over to where I was sitting and squeezed my hand under a fold of my gown. The day was perfect, yet I was conscious of slightly shivering.

"For one thing, I am rather sorry the Westmorelands are playing on their own field," said Jack to me, "because Rachel feels in a way that she is hostess to the Congress Halls, and they are far from feeling that they are guests of hers. It—it makes me feel a little wuzzy for Rachel."

Then amid a great clapping of hands the two teams ran on the field—the Westmorelands in short navy blue skirts, white sweaters, with red stockings and a red W on their sweaters. The Congress Halls wore light blue skirts, white shoes and stockings, and blue sweaters with a white C H. As they were mostly blondes and our girls mostly brunettes, these colors were vastly becoming, as I suppose the little monkeys knew.

I have a confused memory of some signs of uneasiness among the spectators nearest me. I heard exclamations of "Oh" and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GAME GREW FIERCER AS THE MINUTES FLEW BY.

"Ah" and "Dear! dear!" The word "foul" rang out from the umpire occasionally, and this would cause a temporary lull, but the game grew fiercer as the minutes flew by, each college cheering the good plays of its side with exciting and inspiring enthusiasm. Jack's hands were clasped around his knees and his very knuckles were white with the strain in which he held them. He only spoke once, and that was to say:

"Those Congress Halls are playing like little tigers—or men!"

Then suddenly, as the tallest blonde guard called to the umpire:

"Time, Miss Whigham! I want to do up my hair!" Jock rolled over on the ground with a howl which set everybody off in our vicinage.

"Not tigers nor men!" he shrieked, pounding the grass with his fist. "Girls, *girls* every time!"

A young fellow across the field stood up, and, making a megaphone of his hands, yelled:

"I say, Jack! can't you just hear Jermyn Loring beg the umpire for time to comb his whiskers?"

The girls heard this, but made no response.

"They must be used to being laughed at," I said, but suddenly Jack, thoroughly sobered, jerked at my hand, muttering:

"That was a trick! Did you see those signals?"

I had no time for reply, for the game was on again. The score stood three to nothing in favor of the Westmorelands. At the close of the first half it stood seven to nothing still in favor of Rachel and her team.

The Westmoreland adherents were wildly enthusiastic, and even I was elated at the look of pride Rachel flashed in our direction. I shall never forget how bewitchingly pretty she looked as she stood in position, waiting for the signal to begin the second half.

The play grew more animated, the spectators more excited, the two teams quieter. There was a tense expression on the faces of the Congress Halls, as if something were expected. The Captain kept her eyes on Rachel, whose magnificent aim with the ball made her a wonderful player. No matter where she stood, nor in what direction she had to fling the ball, it hurtled straight and true toward the basket, whose meshes swayed in the light breeze, straightening them out and dropping with a thud to the ground. She was repeatedly cheered by the Westmoreland yell, ending with "Herrick! Herrick!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Herrick!" And once, when she had scored three times in succession, a classmate of Jack Hallock's who knew of their engagement rose and commanded a squad of Tigers, giving her the Princeton yell, with such vehemence that her face flamed, and I felt Jack tremble, as he sank back to his place by my side.

This act more than any other seemed to enrage the Congress Halls. They darted looks of the keenest displeasure—not at the offending Tigers, oh, no! At the offending *woman* in the case! It was Rachel they were hating, because a score of handsome men had cheered her play—had cheered, in fact, not only a pretty girl, but a rival, an enemy of theirs. I saw it indistinctly, but I felt it keenly. I looked at Jack, and he was gnawing his under lip and muttering to himself.

"Amie," he whispered suddenly, "if Rachel comes out of this all right, it is the last time she shall ever play a rival college, even to win the championship of Heaven itself. Dog-gone those Congress Hall girls! I've seen enough to-day to make some of them deserve being ruled off their team if they were men."

"Oh, I wish I knew the game!" I moaned. "I wish I could see what you do! But I feel sure you are right. I seem to smell treachery in the air."

"That's it exactly," he whispered. "Rachel is going to win, but they mean to get even, somehow! Look at the nasty smirk on the faces of that guard and forward!"

Suddenly and without warning it happened. Rachel fell, without any reason that I could see, and the two heaviest Congress Halls on the team fell on top of her little helpless, prostrate body. In an instant Jack Hallock had cleared the intervening space and was tearing at the girls to drag them aside. They never seemed to try to move nor to raise their weight from Rachel.

Rachel was white as death itself as he lifted her, and to those of us who were gathered around, asking excited questions, Jack made but one answer, which he jerked from between his teeth with a snarl.

"She was tripped—I saw it—tripped by——"

For one moment Rachel rallied, and looked straight into Jack's eyes.

"No one tripped me!" she muttered indistinctly. "I stumbled!"

Then she fainted.

Rachel never told how it happened. Even the doctors could not persuade her.

"It was in the game—a good game, and accidents will occur," was all she would say. She was taken to my house, which fortunately was nearest, and then I had her all to myself. So brave she was! She was injured, not fatally, but so that she could never walk again. The news seemed to stun her, but still she never complained and never betrayed the girls who did it.

It was I who had to break it to Jack.

"I don't care," he cried. "I don't care if she never can get out of a wheel-chair! I wouldn't care if she were deaf and dumb and blind and paralyzed—I'd marry her and take care of her! And I'll do it yet! You see if I don't!"

What they said to each other I never knew. As soon as Jack's term was over he, too, came to stay with me. People said it was improper, but we paid no attention. Rachel's parents were willing. They knew that old maids sometimes made excellent chaperons, and they could not but approve of Jack's stalwart devotion. Although we had two nurses, we tended her together.

There was much talk, much gossip even, about the cause of her accident; of how it could possibly be so severe; of how suddenly it came; of the almost imperceptible opportunity of its being accidental; and then whispers came and grew and thickened into accusations and almost before we knew it it was noised abroad in a quiet, gossipy way that when the championship had plainly been lost for this year, the Congress Halls had by a preconcerted plan arranged to disable the Captain of the Westmorelands in the hope that the championship would be left undecided.

And the Captain of the Westmorelands happened to be Rachel!

I had all but despaired of ever learning the truth when one day I was startled by a call from the three Congress Hall girls who were under suspicion.

Without preliminaries they plunged headlong into the subject, thereby saving me much confusion.

"How is she? Is it true that she never will be well again and that her engagement must be broken?" they cried in chorus.

"She is very ill and suffers constantly," I said, resolving, as the boys would say, to "rub it in." (Alas! I had never heard such an expression when I was young.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Suffers?" exclaimed the Captain of the Congress Halls. Then she began to cry.

"I—we came here to tell you the truth about the whole thing," she began. "We couldn't stand it any longer. I was mostly to blame and I wanted to come alone, but the girls wouldn't let me. They were too noble. We aren't all bad, you see, even if we did yield to a sudden temptation. But I wanted you to know that it wasn't planned out—we didn't come intending to be such cads. It was the game—the game for the championship that upset us! We play among ourselves as nicely as children playing blocks and nobody is ever hurt. But when we play another college we go crazy. You see, we are one of the best of the girls' teams and we fully expected to beat the Westmorelands, and when we saw their play and that we couldn't even score, why—why, it came into our—into my head—to postpone the decision by a trick, so I arranged to trip Rachel. I never meant the others to jump on her. I thought perhaps she would strain her arm or wrench her ankle or get some bruise that wouldn't hurt much, but which would stop the game. I never dreamed of half killing her! Nor did they! They just ran to help and to make sure. Oh, we are so sorry! Is there anything we can do? It has broken up our team. We have all resigned and have sworn never to play basket-ball again. We aren't fit to be trusted!"

She broke down weeping bitterly. My resentment could not fail to be softened by the grief and remorse of the thoroughly contrite girls, though I cannot say that I felt forgiving.

In some way Rachel heard that they were there and sent the nurse to ask them to come up. Jack stayed downstairs with me, his face beaming with happiness. The doctors had just brought the welcome news that after all Rachel would probably recover. To be sure, the horrors of an operation loomed between us and ultimate recovery for her, but in our joy we forgot that. Rachel would get well!

What passed between the four girls upstairs we never knew, for Rachel would say little, she only laid her head back and smiled when we questioned her.

"They are dear girls, after all!" she kept repeating, as if to herself.

The three crept out of the house as if they were criminals. At the door the Captain took my hand and drew me aside:

"Tell her," she whispered, "tell her that I'm glad she won the championship in spite of everything. She deserved it! She's the best player and the noblest girl I ever knew! Tell her that, will you please, for me!"

SHE IS THE NOBLEST GIRL I EVER KNEW.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Taft and the Filipinos

By O. K. DAVIS

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The policy of expansion is responsible for several paradoxes, none more interesting than the recent demonstration that for once a part is greater than the whole. The selection of William H. Taft, Civil Governor of the Philippines to be Secretary of War is frankly made in order that he may continue to direct the administration of Philippine affairs, although residing in the United States. The administration of purely army affairs is a secondary matter, although it must be remembered that he has had much more experience with the army than many of his predecessors had upon assuming the office, including the distinguished Secretary whom he succeeds. The selection is a fine recognition of the work Judge Taft has accomplished in the Philippines.

"I WANT a man to head the Philippine Commission," said Mr. McKinley to Justice Day of the Supreme Court, "who is strong, honest, and tactful; a man of education and executive ability; a man who is fearless, but conservative; and who will get along with the army people."

"That sounds like Bill Taft," said Judge Day, unconsciously declaring another of Taft's traits, the good-natured comradeship with his old friends which makes him always "Bill" to them.

Judge Taft up to this time had expressed no decided opinion upon the Philippine question, but his personal belief was known to be rather against the Administration policy. Nevertheless he was invited to Washington, and had a conference with the President and the Secretary of War. Mr. Root was as desirous of having him head the new commission as was Mr. McKinley. But Judge Taft already held a life place on the United States circuit bench, was ambitious to become a member of the Supreme Court, and had the practical certainty of being appointed to a vacancy then prospective. Mr. Root went at him directly. He contrasted the two places, Supreme Court Justice and head of the Philippine Commission—one a post of dignity, honor, and comfort for life; the other an office of extreme difficulty, full of perplexities and uncertainties, its occupant risking his health and even his life from tropical diseases, and certain to be assailed persistently and malignantly by the opponents of the Administration; but with the opportunity of doing a work for the Filipinos which would be of untold and permanent benefit to them.

"We need you in the Philippines," said Mr. Root. "You will have to resign your circuit judgeship, and you may never have another opportunity of going on the Supreme bench, but we need you."

"All right," replied Judge Taft, "I will go."

Judge Taft had given some good evidences of his abilities before he was appointed on the Philippine Commission. He was second in a class of 120 at Yale, and the youngest LL.D. that college ever made. He was an athlete in spite of his bulk—he stands six feet and weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and could row, box, fence, and wrestle. His later fame has not eclipsed that won by thrashing the editor of a libellous newspaper in his Cincinnati home for printing a scurrilous attack upon his father, Judge Alphonso Taft. Soon after his graduation from the Cincinnati Law School he entered upon a successful career of resignation, quitting six offices in turn, each for a better.

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS

One naturally expects something from a man physically big, like Judge Taft, especially when he has a head that matches in proportion his great body. The quick grasp of big things he displayed in the interview with the President and the Secretary of War is one of his strongest traits. His ability to comprehend new and complex problems in rapid succession is remarkable, and he has

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the courage that is not daunted by difficulties. He is not afraid of responsibility. The cause of the Filipinos appealed powerfully to him. "I believe I am possessed of the missionary spirit," he said to the Senate committee.

When the new commission reached Manila early in June, 1899, insurrection extended throughout the territory occupied by the Christian Filipinos. The army had overrun nearly every province; and held every point in the archipelago worth having; but there was no peace, and it was not safe for an American to travel anywhere without a guard. Since the abandonment of their army organization, and the commencement of guerilla warfare, the insurgents had come much nearer than ever before to making good their boasts and their threats. Any negotiations for peace must be with the armed representatives of their "Republic," they declared, or the war would go on.

EXISTING CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

Nobody in Manila knew Judge Taft. The cabled announcement of his appointment described him as an Ohio lawyer and a United States circuit judge. Subsequent dispatches reported some of his public utterances, from which it appeared that he was opposed to expansion, and against the retention of the Philippines. The Filipinos were elated at this, and the Americans in the islands correspondingly depressed. Moreover the Americans were practically unanimous in the opinion that if the new Governor came, as was reported, to establish civil government at once, it was a grave mistake, for they were convinced that the time for such an experiment was still far off.

But they did not know Judge Taft. I doubt if anyone in the Administration really understood the size of the big man they were sending out to Manila, any more than they appreciated the size of the problem they set him. The commissioners reached their post with opinions unquestionably tinged by the falsely optimistic "news" then so freely disseminated at Washington. The next day they were astonished to learn that the secret police had arrested an insurgent recruiting officer in the city only the day before. They could hardly believe it to be true. They were not long in finding out, however, that the Filipinos who were really our friends were very few. No doubt many of the natives were anxious for peace, but on their own terms—independence in internal affairs, with an American protectorate in foreign relations. Whether through insurgent terrorism or natural feeling, they were almost solid against us. If it had ever been true that the insurrection was only a Tagalog affair, that time had long passed; and all the tribes, from the Ilocanos in the north to the Zambuangueños about Cagayan de Misamis, were insurrectos.

The business of Judge Taft then was preeminently conciliation; yet the official calls had hardly been exchanged that first day in the bay, when he issued a statement on behalf of the Commission, which, although reassuring to the anxious Americans, was a knock-down blow to the Filipinos. It declared the definite purpose of the United States to maintain their sovereignty over the Philippines. It announced the determination of the Commission not to treat with men in arms, with whom, it said, it was the function of the army to deal. Then it announced that the military government would continue for an indefinite time, and concluded with the statement that the Commissioners were prepared to make Manila their home for three years if necessary, "until the task of establishing a permanent civil government shall have been well begun." This admission that civil government might be only "begun" in three years was a crusher to Filipino hopes. The Tagalog editor of *El Liberal*, an insurgent newspaper of Manila, one of the founders of the Katipunan society, and author of the *grito* "*Viva la Independencia*," which he first chalked on the walls of the cave at Biac-na-bato, talked very frankly to me about this statement, and declared it meant a terrible prolongation of the struggle.

"The Filipinos understand the situation here," he said, "and the Americans do not The two races can never get along peaceably. One must be dominant, and the other subject always. Quiet can be maintained only by the strong hand."

WHAT THE FILIPINOS KNEW OF AMERICANS

This Katipunan believed very earnestly all that he said. So, undoubtedly, did most of the other Filipinos capable of thinking for themselves. But again, they did not know Judge Taft. They had no appreciation of the influence such a combination of brains, good-nature, and knowledge of men could exert on the tangled situation in the Philip-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

pines. More—nowhere in their experience or tradition was there record of a man in high authority among them, whose sole purpose was first to find out the right thing, and then to do it. They had learned something of the Americans, but not much. They knew now that our early willingness to give them half the sidewalk, our forbearance under taunt or worse provocation, our anxiety to avoid conflict, was not due to cowardice; they had even begun to apprehend that it might, after all, be as we said, evidence of our desire to meet them on the level. They knew also that they could not beat us in open, stand-up fight. That was about all.

JUDGE TAFT'S GRASP OF ORIENTAL CHARACTER

Then came Judge Taft, with his absolute frankness, his democratic simplicity of manner, his unfailing good-humor, his hearty, infectious laugh, his quick understanding of them, and his ready sympathy with their needs; a new forceful factor in their destiny, against whom no barrier of reserve, concealment or open antagonism could stand. His keenness in analyzing the complex Filipino character is wonderful. Very, very few Occidentals have comprehended the mysterious workings of the Oriental mind. To reach the point of understanding his people was the greatest problem before Judge Taft when he landed in Manila. Fail there, and though he did never so well at all other points, his whole mission would fail. It is his crowning achievement that that problem is the one he has solved most thoroughly.

"Between the East and the West," said my Katipunan philosopher, "there is more than a mere race difference as you Americans understand it. There is a difference of mentality, of intellectual process, such as neither will ever comprehend of the other."

But Judge Taft comprehends. No man has ever given such a view of the Filipinos in their various phases, as he gave to the Senate and House Committees. He had been among them less than two years, yet he had penetrated completely the mask of Orientalism. In a simple, straightforward way, with a touch here, and a line there, he drew for the Senators and Representatives the true picture of the Filipinos; and when he finished, that curious composite stood out in bold relief.

There is a story in Manila of a friar who had been many years in the islands, and all the time had studied the people closely. He was reported to be writing a book about them, and there was great desire to obtain a sight of the work. To all inquiries the response was that it would not be made public until after his death. When that occurred, his brother friars could hardly restrain themselves in their anxiety to get at the precious manuscript. The Superior opened the dead man's desk and found a great pile of papers. The first sheet was duly inscribed with the title of the book. The Superior quickly turned to the next. It was blank. So was the next, and the next and the next. Every sheet was blank but the last, on which was written:

"This is all I know of the Filipinos after forty years of unremitting study."

The first three months of his residence in the Philippines Judge Taft devoted to studying the situation. Almost at the beginning of that period he skilfully avoided a mistake which Dewey, Anderson, and Merritt had all made in 1898, and which MacArthur was about to repeat. Pedro Paterno had arranged a great "peace banquet," and the speech which he was to deliver had been approved by the military authorities. It contained, in several places, carefully worded renewals of the old promise Aguinaldo had been permitted to make to his people, unchallenged by our commanders—independence under American protection. Only a short time before the banquet was to occur Judge Taft learned of this speech. Immediately he wrote to Paterno that the Commission must decline to attend the banquet as had been planned.

"No one having any authority to speak for the United States," he said, "has ever said one word justifying the belief that a protectorate such as this speech promises will be established. It is impossible. The discussion of a protectorate as a possibility involves a misrepresentation which may induce submission to the authority of the United States by deceit. The members of this Commission cannot be parties to any such misrepresentation."

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

He had destroyed the first hopes the Filipinos had based on his coming; he had promptly resented the attempt to make him party to a deception; now it remained for Judge Taft to take a positive step. His problem was to secure the loyal submission and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

co-operation of an actively hostile and suspicious people, who had a definite ambition for themselves. He must give them a government which would make them contented and happy, and the country prosperous and peaceful. In that government they must be brought to take the largest part possible. He saw from the beginning what every other thoughtful American in the islands had also seen, that the Filipinos were not yet capable of intelligent self-government. They were entirely without education in it.

"Self-government does not come by nature," he said to the House committee. "It must be taught even to the educated who are used to a different system. . . . It seems to us that the self-restraint and sense of responsibility necessary to successfully carry out the principles of free civil government, . . . can be learned, by the educated as well as by the ignorant, only by the example of actual government, and the practice of it in association with Americans, who understand the self-restraint necessary before self-government is possible."

EDUCATING THE FILIPINOS

So he started a "school for self-government," as he called it. The Commission began legislating for the islands, and on every measure proposed, not purely routine, public hearings were held, at which any resident of the Philippines was privileged to appear and say what he pleased, and as much as he pleased. Judge Taft announced that the Commission was not unduly proud of the bills as drafted, and was open to argument for their amendment at any time. In this way the municipal code and provincial government law, providing the forms of government for municipalities and provinces, were freely discussed before their enactment. On the municipal code the hearings lasted nine solid days. Much of the talk was of trifling importance, but through it all, Judge Taft sat with imperturbable patience. When it was proposed to put an end to the seeming waste of time he answered:

"Let 'em go on. For once the Filipinos shall have a chance to say all they want to."

Not all the Filipino talk was frivolous, however, and some of the Filipino suggestions were embodied in the law; with manifest good effect on the natives, who thus saw themselves at last actually participating in their own government.

When the time came to apply the provincial government law, the Commission began a grand swing round the circuit, the tour including thirty or more provinces, some of which were visited twice or three times. It was on this trip that Judge Taft came face to face with his people, and won them. Here was where the magnetic personality of the man had its effect. The procedure was the same from first to last. A meeting was called of delegates from all the municipalities of the province, to which the *principles*, or men of standing and influence, were also invited. Judge Taft began by stating the provisions of the law, simply and directly, in a style which was plain and convincing. He showed how the general law left many matters to be settled by each province for itself, such as salaries of officials, territory to be included, and the location of the capital. When he had finished, general discussion was invited.

Frequently it happened that the natives, utterly unused to such participation in governmental affairs, and unaccustomed to being so frankly met on terms of equality by those in authority, were abashed and silent. But Judge Taft knew how to get them started. He had someone propose that the location of the capital be changed. That never failed to bring forward a champion of the existing location, who, once on his feet, was skilfully questioned as to local conditions, with the unvarying result that a general discussion followed. At every meeting the Filipinos saw some, if not all, of their own ideas enacted into law; and more and more came to realize that they were actually beginning to enjoy the concrete substance of that indistinct ideal for which they had fought. In that first grand tour the "school for self-government" received many enthusiastic and eager pupils.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AID CONCILIATION

It was a campaign of education and conciliation. The Filipinos saw the Americans making good their promises; and they found in the judge a man who met them on the level, and acted on the square. He was a revelation to them. There was no gaudy uniform or punctilious ceremony to make them abashed, and to emphasize the distance between him and them. They felt the sincerity of his good wishes in his hearty handclasp. They caught the spirit of his humor in his laugh, even though they did not grasp

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his jokes. The news of his coming always preceded him, and the *fiesta*-loving Filipinos received him invariably with much display of arches and decorations. Many of the Americans had fallen into the habit of sneering at these celebrations, but the judge entered into them heartily. He knew they did not mean the sudden conversion of the Filipinos from enemies into friends; but he also knew how to make them, in conjunction with his own ability to adapt himself to circumstances, serve in bringing about a better feeling all around.

Always after the conclusion of the business, there was a banquet to celebrate the establishment of the new government. Judge Taft made it a point to take in one of the leading native women. After the banquet came the inevitable *baile*. The dancing always began with the *rigodón*, an old Spanish quadrille. At the first of these functions which he attended, Judge Taft surprised the members of his own party. He had got a young Filipino to make him a diagram of the figures of the *rigodón*, and had learned them. When the time arrived to open the ball, he led out the wife of the local *presidente*. His friends looked to see him make mistakes, but he went through the different figures with only one slip; a performance more creditable than that of most of the Filipinos. From the beginning, the ladies of the Commissioners' families attended the native celebrations, and Mrs. Taft always took part in the dances.

"That entailed, I may say," said Judge Taft to the House committee, "a considerable effort when the number of *bailes* reached to twenty or more in forty days."

ANOTHER SACRIFICE OF PERSONAL AMBITION

So the work of conciliation, of convincing the Filipinos of the genuineness and the disinterestedness of American sympathy with them went on. They were won, but it was a personal triumph for Judge Taft; and therein lay another difficulty, which was revealed forcibly when his health failed, and it was proposed to bring him home to the long desired seat on the Supreme bench. With one accord the Filipinos protested. Judge Taft saw danger to all his work if he came away. The Filipinos' experience of government had taught them loyalty, not to an institution, but to a man. Their respect was not so much for the law in the abstract, as for him who administered it. His departure would entail no change in the American policy, Judge Taft told them, because it was not the policy of one man, or of one set of men, but the national policy of the whole American people. But the idea of a permanent policy, unaffected by changes in the personnel of those who administered it, was outside their range. So Judge Taft again put by the justiceship, and promised the anxious and suspicious Filipinos that, though his health and other considerations made it necessary for him to come to the United States for a time, he surely would return. That promise he kept, though the physician and the surgeon who treated him for the serious illness contracted in the islands, warned him that it meant grave danger to his life. While he was here, President Roosevelt said to him:

"If a vacancy comes in the Supreme Court, I do not see how I could possibly give the place to you, for we need you where you are."

THE PHILIPPINES FOR THE FILIPINOS

"It has always been my dream to be in the Supreme Court," replied Judge Taft; "but if you should offer me a justiceship now, and at the same time Congress should deprive me of my entire salary as Governor, I should go straight back to the Philippines nevertheless, for those people expect me back and believe I will not desert them."

It was on the way back to Manila that Judge Taft stopped at Rome, and began those negotiations for the purchase of the friar lands which have just terminated successfully. The position of the friars in the islands was the greatest political problem of the day, he had earlier said in a speech at Yale. It is doubtful if those who have never been in the Philippines can conceive what a victory the present settlement of this vexed question is for the American cause; and to have won it will be an everlasting laurel for Judge Taft. Through all the deviations and delays of the negotiations he has held steadfastly to the point. The cry of the Filipinos was, "The friars must go," and at last he has brought it about. It is a step which will go far to prevent those future uprisings in the islands, so often prophesied by the Americans there who have not been pleased with the Taft administration.

And the disaffected are not few. The policy announced in the beginning and steadfastly adhered to, "The Philippines for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Filipinos," does not comport with the schemes which took many Americans to the islands. It is a singular fact that in their attitude toward Judge Taft the Americans and the Filipinos have largely changed places. It is from our own people that the criticism of the Government comes. This criticism is partly made up of the howl of the chronic "kicker," partly of what President Roosevelt has termed "the familiar wail of the men of little faith;" partly comes from disgruntled army sources, but mainly from those who want to engage in money-making schemes in the Philippines. It is this unworthy commercial spirit which secures the publication in American newspapers of long accounts of the woes of Philippine business men. Judge Taft's attitude toward it was clearly shown in the speech which he went to Iloilo to deliver for the benefit of the malcontents who didn't like the policy of the Philippines for the Filipinos.

"You must remember and must understand," he said, "that this is a Filipino Government, in behalf of the Filipinos; and he among you who does not wish to support it as such, but who puts obstacles in the way of its progress, or serves as a drag upon it, is not under obligation to remain in the islands. If the government does not suit him he can go.

"We who form the Commission have confidence in the aptitude of this people to be educated up to the point of being able to assume the heavy burden of government; and this is the basis upon which we work. We have a definite policy which we propose to carry out, employing all our powers in behalf of the welfare of the Filipino people, preserving for them the Philippine archipelago; and we shall not be compelled to adopt a policy of harshness by ridicule or the fear of criticism."

At a dinner given in honor of Judge Taft by the Chamber of Commerce of Manila, upon his return from the States, the president of the chamber spoke earnestly about the labor situation. The native labor was inefficient, he declared, and the admission of Chinese laborers was absolutely essential to the progress of the islands.

"We are here to benefit the Filipinos," said Judge Taft in reply, "and not for selfish exploitation. The investment of American capital is a very important factor. Nevertheless it is my conviction that the merchants must rely upon the Filipinos as laborers."

Exclusion was a recognition of Chinese thrift and industry, he added, and the excluded should take it as a compliment.

The labor problem gave Judge Taft much trouble. There was one agitator who finally landed himself in prison. A friend appealed on his behalf. In the course of a sharp reply the governor gave this warning:

"In the operation of the machinery for the maintenance of law and order it is not the dupes and victims who are likely to receive the severest punishment."

Anything like an adequate account of Judge Taft's work in the Philippines would more than fill this magazine. Nature joined her pestilential forces to his other opponents, and famine and plague added to the ruin left by war. But Judge Taft beat them. In the reorganization of the established courts and the creation of new ones he was particularly interested.

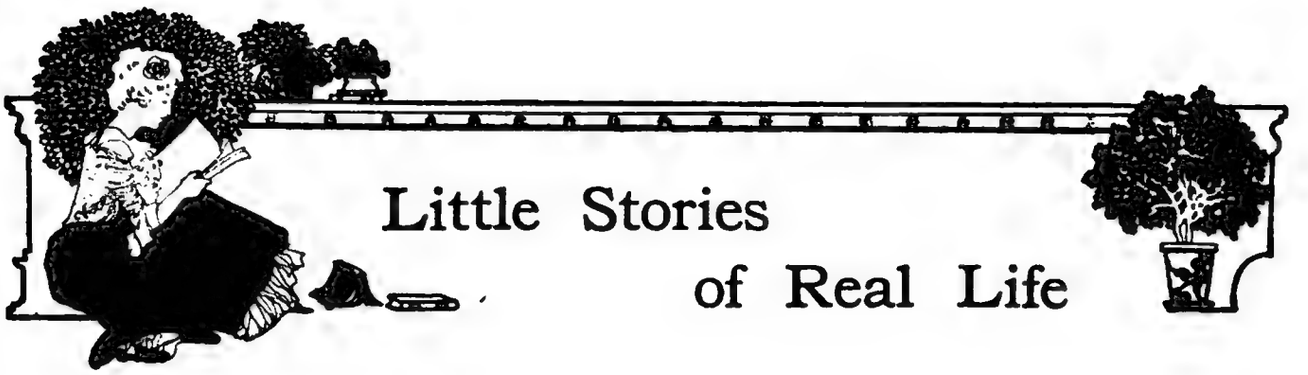
"I want especially to demonstrate to the Filipinos," he said, "the possibility of the honest administration of justice, which they never experienced under Spanish rule, or under Aguinaldo. They have no conception of a man's holding office, except for his own emolument."

The three great grievances of the Filipinos have been righted. They have a large measure of self-government, with a practical school to fit them for still larger participation in the management of their own affairs. Education is free and the means to obtain it plentiful. Schools are spread all over the archipelago, with nearly a thousand American teachers giving instruction not only to the children, but to the native teachers as well. The friar question has been settled by the purchase of their lands, for sale again to the people on easy terms. Surely Judge Taft's work in the Philippines has been "well begun."

"Spain," said my Katipunan irreconcilable, "was in these islands for 350 years and succeeded in implanting just one institution, her Church; for the last six years more than half the people have been in armed rebellion against the administration of that Church. Yet you Americans think you can come here and in a few years establish your institutions."

But he did not know William H. Taft then. Now he does.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Jogging

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

"BUT if we walk we shall not be in time to dress for dinner," said Mrs. Edward, anxiously. Mrs. Chris, in whose house the dinner was to be, did not seem troubled at the idea.

"Never mind if we aren't," she said, easily. "There will be no one but our two men." Mrs. Edward frowned disapproval.

"But doesn't one dress for one's husband very much more than for anyone else?" she protested. "Surely it is better to impress him than——"

"Oh, of course; only I thought just to-night—" and Mrs. Chris meekly abandoned the cool, clean dusk for the stuffy interior of a crowded car. "One takes things more easily when one has been married three years," she added, with a smile that was half apology.

"Yes; and that is why married life is usually so stupid and dreary," said Mrs. Edward, promptly. "Of course, I don't mean yours, my dear—but most people's. Edward and I don't intend to slip down into the commonplace. I have such a horror of 'jogging'! Haven't you?"

"It doesn't sound—exciting," admitted Mrs. Chris, with a glance half amused and half worried at the slim, clean-cut, elaborate personality beside her. She had invited her brother-in-law and his new wife with trepidation, for Edward had always stood as something of a model to his family, and his wife would undoubtedly be even more of a model. But she had not foreseen anything quite so complete as Mrs. Edward. Of course, one must be patient of theories in the newly married; yet her tranquillity was disturbed. And when, after fifteen minutes more of the same theme, she followed her guest up the steps, she was wondering whether, after all, it was not due to Chris that she should have her hair waved.

Mrs. Chris's dressing was delayed by a struggle with her husband, who objected vigorously to putting on evening dress every night for a mere brother; and who had to be cheered after being vanquished. Her two guests were already in the living-room when she hurried down, and something in their attitudes brought back the worried feeling, without the amusement—someway; Mrs. Edward sat so prettily, with a little air of visiting, and Edward was talking to her quite as though he had just been introduced. Had it been she and Chris, she realized, she would have been lounging over a magazine with a cheerful "H'm, h'm," for any remark he chose to make from beyond his paper. "I wonder if we have not missed something?" she thought. "Are we 'jogging'?"

Next morning Mrs. Edward appeared in a neat walking-suit, and glanced with surprise at her hostess's morning gown.

"Don't you walk to the station with your husband?" she asked.

"Well, I sometimes meet him at night," Mrs. Chris explained, helplessly irritated at her own attitude of apology. "You see, I have to attend to things about the house, mornings."

"But surely you don't put your house before your husband!" Mrs. Edward's earnestness amounted to dismay. "Why, I don't know how Edward and I would get through the day without that walk together in the morning. One can't afford to let those things go, can one? Do slip on a street skirt, and let us all go together!"

"Why—I might as well," said Mrs. Chris,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

unhappily, and hurried to make the change. This new relative was proving something of a tax. And yet——

"I suppose we have been slipping down horribly," she admitted to Chris as they set forth after breakfast, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Edward, who were talking with the volubility of mere acquaintance.

"Well, let's pull up, then," he agreed, putting his hand under her elbow, and jumping her across a flooded gutter. It was a pleasant ten minutes, and she turned back from the station with a resentful consciousness that this new relative might prove enlightening, after all.

"We *have* been jogging," she admitted to herself, and with a sigh set her mind to reform.

Chris, finding his womenkind in low cut gowns every night, outgrew his reluctance to evening dress, and even developed a mild enthusiasm for it.

"One might as well live like a gentleman; it is abominable to get so sloppy," he confided to his wife, being evidently now of the belief that the reform had come entirely from him.

"You are right," she agreed, quite seriously. "I am glad you care about such things."

"Well, I felt we were rather slipping down," said the unconscious Chris, admiring the cut of his shoulders in the mirror.

They played cards evenings, because Mrs. Edward said it developed sociability.

"So many married people forget to visit with each other," she explained to Mrs. Chris. "They don't even talk, except about practical things. On the boats and trains you can pick out the married ones by the blank way they sit together. Oh, it is so stupid! A woman who will let the relation slip down like that deserves all she gets."

Mrs. Chris's face wore an uneasy, almost a furtive, expression.

"They—they grow careless," she murmured.

"Cards or anything you do together will help you keep out of the commonplace," Mrs. Edward went on. "Even if you don't like cards, a game or two after dinner will bring you closer for the whole evening. And one can't afford to neglect these things, my dear."

"Chris rather likes piquet," said Mrs. Chris, reflectively.

And so every evening the card-table was drawn out and a sociable hour was passed there, to be followed by a still more sociable hour of music. None of them played or sang very well, but the spirit of festivity was encouraged. After that, at Mrs. Edward's suggestion, the lights were turned down, and they sat pleasantly about the fire talking. Mrs. Edward had always some interesting topic from the day's reading or experiences to set before them.

On the last night of the visit, sociability was at its climax, and Mrs. Edward had been at her best.

"She's a wonder, by George," said her brother-in-law.

"Indeed she is," agreed Mrs. Chris, with a small sigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward went away on the next day, but the good they did lived after them. Every morning Mrs. Chris was ready at eight o'clock to accompany her husband to the train, and they both spent the brisk ten minutes in congratulating themselves on the new custom. Mrs. Chris kept the candles and the bon-bon dishes on the table, and they nightly faced each other in evening dress, pleasantly festive. She persisted heroically in her new enthusiasm for cards, and daily kept an alert watch on the periodicals, that she might have interesting themes to suggest over the fire afterward.

"This isn't jogging," she said to herself as she toiled upstairs after the seventh triumphant evening.

In the morning she overslept, and Chris was less amiable than usual.

"For Heaven's sake, hurry, or I'll miss that train," he complained as she was adjusting her veil: Mrs. Edward had declared a veil indispensible to the keeping of a husband's love. It drew viciously across Mrs. Chris's eyelashes this morning, and her "I *am* hurrying" was not wholly genial. They left the house in silence.

"Couldn't you walk just a little quicker?" Chris spoke with exaggerated forbearance.

"I can run, if you like." Mrs. Chris was curt. Two more blocks of silence followed.

"It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" Mrs. Chris's light friendliness creaked somewhat with effort, but Chris respected the intention.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Bully," he assented, cordially. Talk languished again.

"You had plenty of time, after all," said Mrs. Chris at the station. Chris met the relapse in kind.

"The train is behind time; it is one minute after now," he said, coldly.

Mrs. Chris came in late that afternoon and had to scramble into evening clothes. Chris, being late himself, hooked her up with grim patience.

"Why don't you get things that fasten in front?" he demanded. She smiled good-temperedly.

"Because I think these promote sociability between husband and wife," she said, in the accents of Mrs. Edward. He laughed as though something had been dawning on him, too.

"She's a wonderful woman, just the same," he persisted.

After dinner Mrs. Chris thrust a finger longingly into a new novel, but her husband was getting out the cards, so they played, and then visited, with occasional relapses into silence.

"If you will excuse me, dear, I want to look at a magazine I brought home," said Chris suddenly.

"Of course!" Mrs. Chris responded with a burst of cordiality, and the novel was already on her knee. An hour of quiet followed.

It was four mornings later that a threatening gray sky made Mrs. Chris hesitate at the window as they rose from breakfast.

"I'm afraid it is going to pour," she began, apologetically. "Do you know, dear, if you don't mind, I think I'd better not walk down with you."

"Well, perhaps you are wise," admitted Chris. There was unmistakable relief in his face. They came together for their "good-by" with a little rush of affection.

The rain fell in good earnest that afternoon. Mrs. Chris, coming in wet, curled up in an old blue tea-gown for a luxurious hour. When her husband returned she was still no nearer a dinner toilet. He stood hesitatingly at the door of his closet, his eyes on a beloved old coat.

"No one would be apt to come in to-night," he ventured. She looked longingly down at the old tea-gown.

"Oh, no one," she encouraged him. He took down the smoky, shapeless, disreputable old garment and slipped into it contentedly.

"Oh dear, dinner will be ready in five minutes," she sighed, sitting up with a firm air of purpose.

"Why don't you go down in that?" suggested the kindly Chris in the fulness of his satisfaction. She demurred feebly, but let herself be persuaded. They had not had such a whole-souledly sociable little dinner for weeks. After it, Mrs. Chris waited in suspense, but nothing was said about cards. Presently Chris took up a magazine and dropped down by the lamp.

"I'll just glance at this," he murmured. Mrs. Chris established herself with her book in the big chair opposite. An hour of serene silence ticked away. The falling of a log on the hearth made her glance up. Chris bent forward to replace it, then stretched luxuriously and pulled up another chair for his slippered feet. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other, a sudden smile of understanding and deep content. Then in unbroken silence they went back to their reading. They undoubtedly were jogging.

Psyche

By Judith Graves Waldo

PSYCHE was ploughing the ten-acre piece. As she rounded the corner by the great eucalyptus wind-brake, and sprang off the gang-plough to catch up some clods to throw at the nigh horse, she saw a man through the gap where the irrigating ditch crossed from the orange orchard. He was standing by his horse, leaning across the saddle watching Psyche. Recognizing the man in the one quick glance, Psyche turned her back upon him, and with reddened cheeks called cheerily to her team, and drove on down the field.

"Keep up your end there, Bill-ee! Wouldn't let him shirk so, Fan!"

When she came back up the field the man was still there. She would have to see him now, for the driving furrow was directly in front of the gap. Psyche stood very erect on the big plough. She wore no hat, and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her short calico skirt came just to the tops of her heavy men's shoes.

"Halloo, Psyche!" The man spoke first.

"Halloo!" Psyche swung the plough around and drove the furrow deep.

"Heard from Joe lately?"

"Yes." Psyche struck the nigh horse sharply, and the team jumped forward.

"Hope he's well?"

"He is so, *thank* you," Psyche turned back to answer.

Back at the wind brake again, Psyche turned her team without heed of the man, and she sang a scrap of song with more sound than tune to it. Suddenly the man leaped the ditch.

"Let me plough for you a spell, Psyche!" Psyche looked down at him and stopped her song. She smiled broadly.

"Can you plough?"

"You just bet I can! Give me the lines."

"Oh, I'm afraid you might scare the horses." She dragged her words, and she still smiled.

"Oh, give 'em here, Psyche." The man stumbled on beside the plough and Psyche's smile made him uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid you'll spoil them store-clothes of yours."

The man stopped and carefully tucked his trousers in his boots. Psyche urged the horses on and the man ran a little to catch up with her again.

"Wait, Psyche, really let me plough the rest of this piece for you."

"What makes you in such a hullabaloo to plough? Haven't you got enough of your own to do?"

"Law, Psyche, 'tain't that I care so awful about ploughing, but I hate to see you doing it."

"Oh!"

"You know how I feel when I see you at it, Psyche—I——"

"Why, no, how's that?"

"You needn't look at me that way, Psyche. I've—I've left you alone for an awful long time now."

"Have you? Don't seem to me more than yesterday that you was down pesterin' me about the irrigatin'. You was afraid I'd get my feet wet."

"Psyche, that was just a year ago last month."

"Why, it don't seem that time to me." She threw a clod at the nigh horse. "But there's some folks one could just never see and the time wouldn't seem long." The man looked up at Psyche smiling down at him.

"Oh, I'm used to your being mean to me! I can stand it, though, if you'll let me plough this piece for you. It just breaks me up to see you work so."

"Is that so?" Psyche's voice was full of concern. "Well, that's too bad!"

The man stumbled on the ploughed ground, caught himself and came on beside her.

"You know it needn't be so, Psyche?"

"Look out on the turn!" Psyche's voice was sharp. The plough swung round and they faced down the field again.

"Psyche, you know—that is, if you'd say it any time—well—it's easy, Psyche."

"What's easy?"

"Why, you're not bound to him any more. The courts don't make any trouble about a divorce from a man serving time."

Psyche caught the reins in suddenly and called to her team. Then she looked down at the man and her face showed white through the warm tan.

"The only reason I've endured you on this land was it done me good to see you sprawlin' along on the ploughed ground!"

"I ain't the only one that says it. They all say you could be free of him any time. He can't ever be anything but a jail-bird, and I—I'd marry you in a minute, Psyche, and if the man he robbed can say that to you——"

Psyche pulled in the willing horses. Her voice was very quiet.

"If there's one thing too low-lived for earth to hold, it's a coward, a mean, sneakin' coward in a man's carcass, that 'ud talk so to a woman 'cause she can't take him out and horsewhip him as he deserves. There's the road!"

"Psyche—I—"

"There's the road!"

She stood above him with her white face and clear, stern eyes, and it was not her wrath nor her words that he felt and that overcame him, but her love for that other man. He crossed the ditch, climbed into his saddle and went slowly down the road. "An' she's working her life out for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him, an' I've made a worse fool of myself than ever."

Psyche finished the ten-acre piece at nightfall. When the chores were done, she fastened the barn-doors and went down through the pepper-trees to the house to get her own lonely supper.

"If the rains come early and the frost lets the oranges alone, I'll make it clear this year, and then—and then—" Psyche's face was beautiful in its pride and love. She sat down by the kitchen table, and with an old almanac began to count the months, for with the coming of seed-time it had been months that Psyche counted—the years had passed.

And the rains fell early, and there were no frosts, and at last the letter came telling Psyche when her husband would leave the prison for home.

"He won't go to Oceanside," said Psyche, "he'll get off at Las Flores—'cause there—won't be anyone there." And Psyche hitched the team to the buck-board and drove to Las Flores. It was dusk when the train slowed down to let off the one passenger at the little flag-station. It was a man carrying a small bag, and he came directly to the buck-board.

"That you, Psyche?"

"Joe!"

The man put the bag under the seat and climbed in. Psyche put the reins in his hands, and he started the team down the road. Behind them the surf thundered on the rocks.

"Must be high tide?" said the man.

"Yes, it's just on the turn," Psyche answered.

"Keep your end up, Billee! That nigh horse shirks as much as ever."

"Yes, Fan she hauls most the load."

"I see they're harvestin' all down the line. I thought maybe you'd have your hands full at the ranch?"

"But you expected me?" Psyche turned her face to him.

"Yes—I—I knew you'd be there." And then he wound the reins about the brake and took Psyche in his arms.

When they reached the ranch they put the team up together, and came down among the pepper-trees hand-in-hand.

"I've got an awful good supper for you. Won't take but a jiffy to warm it." Psyche clung to his hand with both of hers.

"Bet it's a rabbit-pie!" The man laughed, and Psyche's happiness rippled into the night. They came into the kitchen. The man went directly to the sink, and began to wash himself, while Psyche got the supper.

"Too late to take a look at the ranch tonight," said the man from the folds of the roller-towel. "Is it in good shape?"

"It's lookin' fine, Joe, and it has paid, and I've kept the accounts careful for you to see."

Joe came to the table.

"Paid, has it? More'n it ever did for me! That's a great old pie, Psyche!" And they sat down to the first meal they had shared together for four years. When it was finished Joe pushed his chair back and Psyche came and knelt beside him.

"You're as black as an Indian, Psyche, and your hands are so hard—why, girl, they're as rough as mine! What you been doing with 'em?"

"It's just the work, ploughin' and milkin', and all."

"You didn't plough, yourself?"

She laughed up to him.

"Course I did. I like to plough."

"You never told me you did that, yourself. Couldn't you hire anyone? You said the ranch paid. Wasn't there no money—you—you wrote me you were comfortable every way."

"Why, I been as comfortable as comfortable! You know I always liked to work with you?"

"But, Psyche, the heavy work! The hay, the orange-packing?"

"Oh, law, Joe, I hired old José sometimes, and, of course, for the hay I had to have the balers. But all the rest was easy."

"Did you do all the ploughing?"

"Yes."

"And the irrigating?"

"Yes, that's play—mud-pie work."

"But if the ranch paid, why couldn't you hire help?"

Psyche laughed happily.

"That's the secret, Joe."

"What secret?"

"The secret I've had to save for." She put her hands up about his neck.

"Tell me, Psyche, ain't I in the secret?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I've got it all saved up, every cent," she whispered.

"Saved up?" he said.

"Yes, for—him." She was so sure of his surprise and gladness; his pride in her work, in her mastery.

"For him, what do you mean?"

"Oh, Joe, the money for Tim Heath."

Joe drew her hands down.

"Tim Heath—what about him?"

"The money—we owe him, Joe."

Joe pushed her away and got up.

"*That* money?"

"Yes." Psyche could just whisper.

Joe thrust his hands deep in his pockets and stood looking down at Psyche still kneeling by his chair.

"Do you mean to say you expect me to pay him that? What do you suppose I've been doing this past four years? Don't you suppose that's pay—four years out of my life—and a disgrace I can't ever live down—the misery I've lived through—pay——"

Psyche stood up and held to the back of the chair.

"You didn't pay that to him, Joe. What's his own, what was taken from him, you should give back!"

"Not by a long shot! Didn't pay it to him? He put me there! He could have kept me out if he'd wanted to. Pay him! I've paid him a thousand times! If you've worked for that end, I'll tell you right now your job's no good."

"That's just the end I did work for. I thought—I just knew when you came home, you'd pitch right in to do it yourself, and I thought I'd try and do as much as I could before you got back, so it wouldn't take so long. But I saved awful careful, and the rains just came right, and I did a lot better 'n I hoped and I—cleared it on this last crop."

Joe looked at her.

"Psyche, you're an awful fool."

Psyche sat down wearily. She was suddenly very, very tired. Tired as those long days on the plough had never tired her.

"I'd let him die before I'd pay him that!" Joe began walking up and down the old kitchen.

"Oh, he don't *need* it," said Psyche.

Joe looked around at her a moment and then continued to walk.

"I—I don't try to excuse myself. I never did. I know, I guess, what's right and what's wrong."

"*Do you?*" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I do!" He faced her. "But he could have saved me from going up, he could, I say! He'd known me for years, all my life; he could have hushed it up, instead of pushing it through and ruining my whole life——"

"He never did that! You've got that to do yourself; and I tell you now that if you refuse to pay him what you took that belonged to him, you'll have done it already. 'Tain't 'cause of him, Joe, 'tain't 'cause of him—can't you see? it's you! He treated you hard, but you took his, and you must pay it back. 'Tain't to get fair with *him*, it's to get fair with *yourself*."

"There ain't any use talking so, Psyche. If you knew a little what these four years have been, you'd never want me to pay now. You'd understand how I have paid a thousand times, you'd understand that the balance is on the other side now." He flung himself into a chair and Psyche came and knelt beside him again, afraid, but determined.

"I know a little, Joe, I understand a little. Don't you think I love you enough to understand—I didn't have to be there, too, to know." She touched his face with her hands, tenderly. "But I'd rather go there myself and stay, always, than have you do this other thing. You didn't understand all you did before—but you know now. This would be worse than that, Joe."

Joe took her hands and held them hard in his.

"You don't know what you're talking about. There's no law that makes me do it, no law about it."

"Joe," she drew his face down, "is it just the law that's in books that we have to mind?"

He got up and left her by the chair. She knelt with her head on her arms. Suddenly Joe burst out:

"I hate him, I say! He came down there before I was sent up, and called me a thief. He shall never be paid one cent, I say. He called me a thief!"

Psyche raised her head. "And that's what you'll be till you pay him back."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Psyche!"

She buried her face in her arms again and Joe began his walk about the kitchen. After a time he came and stood over her.

"I always thought Tim wanted to get rid of me. He could have kept me from going up if he'd tried. You know a woman can get a divorce easy from a man serving time."

Psyche raised her head.

"Yes," she said, "Tim told me she could."

"What!" Joe started. "Did he, really?"

"Yes," said Psyche, "he said I wasn't bound and that it was easy."

Joe's hands closed slowly.

"Did—what else did he say?"

"That he'd marry me in a minute. He hated to see me work." Psyche sighed and rested her head on her arms again.

"And he called *me* a thief!" Joe's hands relaxed. Suddenly he looked down at Psyche's bent head.

"What—what—what did you say to him?"

"I showed him where the road was."

Joe put one hand on the back of the chair and stood so a long time. Then he stooped and touched Psyche's hair.

"Where's the money?" he whispered.

"It's here. I brought it from the bank to-day, before I went for you." Psyche stood up.

"It's awful late, but if you ain't too tired, Psyche, we'll take it to him to-night."

"I'm not tired." Psyche took the roll of money from her dress and gave it to him. He counted it out.

"There's more here," he said.

"It's—interest," said Psyche.

Joe looked at her.

"Of course." He rolled the money up and put it carefully in his coat. "I wouldn't owe a cent to the low dog."

Then he held out his hand to her. "Come on," and they went out together.

Jimmy's Mother

By Frank N. Stratton

"I KAIN'T understand it. I jest kain't understand it," wailed the old woman, rocking her bent body to and fro. "Fust they killed my old man, then they crippled Tommy fer life, an' now they're a-tryin' to send Jimmy to prison."

"Why did they kill your husband?" the old lawyer asked.

"Why? Thet's jest it—why? Didn't he hev ez much right to shoot ez they had? What call did they hev to come a-breakin' up uv his bizness, an' him a-tryin' to make a livin' fer his fambly? Ef a man 'ud ruther make whiskey than meal outen his own corn what bizness wuz it uv theirn? Thet's what I'd like to know."

"And Tommy—what did Tommy do?"

"Do? What did Tommy do? Nothin'. Thet's what. Nothin'. Th' hoss wuz hisn. Traded fer it, fair an' squar'. I heered Tommy say so. An' jest bekase he'd fergot th' man's name, they wuz ackchuly agoin' to take him to jail. What bizness wuz it uv theirn who he got th' hoss uv? An' they up an' crippled him while he wuz agoin' 's way peaceable. Wouldn't they 'a' run too? Reckon they'd 'a' hung him ef they'd 'a' ben smart enuff to ketch him."

"It is very unfortunate that your——"

"Unfortunate. Thet's what. They've jest ben a-pickin' an' a-naggin' at me all my life. An' now they've gone an' 'rested Jimmy, th' only one I've got left, jest bekase he made a mistake an' got in th' wrong house.

"They say he wuzn't drunk, but Jimmy sez he wuz, an' I'll believe my boy, ev'ry time. Yes, siree, ev'ry time. D'ye s'pose ef he hadn't 'a' ben drunk he'd 'a' got so turned 'rond ez to think thet big house wuz our little shanty? No, sir. Don't tell me. They know a sight better, but they've jest got it in fer me an' mine; want me to starve, ez I will ef they take Jimmy away.

"He hain't guilty, an' you kin save him—you must save him. I hain't got no money now, but I'll work these old fingers to th' bone ef you'll only save my boy."

"My good woman," said the old lawyer, kindly, "I fear your boy's case is hopeless, but I'll try. Don't worry about the money. I'll do my best, not for Jimmy, for I suspect he's not what he should be, but for his old mother. You see—I had a boy, once, long ago, and he—well, I know how you feel."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The careworn old face lighted up, the calloused fingers wiped away a tear.

"God bless you, sir, an' may you never know sorrow. Ah, ef they wuz all like you there'd be some joy yit fer an old woman who hain't got long to live."

Jimmy, surly and defiant, was guilty. The lawyers knew it, the judge knew it, the jury knew it. None but the old mother entertained a doubt. She, knowing him innocent, sat at his side, caressed him, pleaded silently but even more effectively than the old lawyer who so eloquently begged mercy for her sake.

Late in the night the amazed bailiff saw an old woman crouching, listening, watching, at the door of the jury room,

"They's only one agin Jimmy," she whispered, as he hurriedly approached her. "They's only one agin him now. . . an' he'll come over . . . he's got to come over."

"You can't stay here, ma'am," the bailiff said; "you must go home."

"Not without Jimmy. I jest kain't go home without Jimmy. It's too dark, an' lonesome, an' far. Let me stay back yander in th' dark corner. I'll not move."

"Back yander in th' dark corner" of the court-room she kneeled, and prayed in whispers, listening between the prayers.

At intervals, through the open transom, the voices of the jurors came distinctly to her anxious ears.

"It's of no use to argue with me, gentlemen. The boy is guilty. That's enough. We swore to bring in a verdict according to the law and the evidence, and I have some regard for my oath, if you haven't."

"That's th' little skinny feller," muttered the old woman to herself. "O Lord, make him come over, please make him come over. *You* know Jimmy hain't guilty."

"We're not sayin' he's not guilty," came a deep, strong voice. "That's not th' pint. Do you want to kill the old woman? That's about what you'll do if we disagree, and th' boy goes back to jail for want of bond. Wouldn't that be a heap worse than to let him go free? Who'll suffer th' most, him or his old mother? As for our oaths, the judge said we are th' judges of th' law and th' evidence, and us eleven are makin' some law to suit ourselves."

"Thet's him—thet's th' big man with th' whiskers," whispered Jimmy's mother. "May th' Lord reward him. He knows Jimmy hain't guilty."

The dreary hours dragged on, and still one man opposed eleven. Finally, the patient watcher heard the weary jurors stretch themselves upon their rude cots, abandoning the contest. She felt the oppressiveness of the ominous silence, she saw the lights go out, but she could not see the vision that came to "th' little, skinny man" during his fitful sleep: a vision of a face of long ago, fresh and fair as it bent over a child's little bed; then, tearful and more mature, bidding farewell to a youth in blue with musket and knapsack; then, wrinkled and seamed, with eyes forever closed.

She did not see the dreamer rise from his cot and pace the floor while his companions slept, asking himself, "What if it were she? What if it were she?"

When morning came, the old woman, weak from the night's vigil, tottered forward to greet Jimmy when he was brought in to learn his fate. When the clerk stood up to read the verdict, she too arose, trembling, her hand upon her boy's shoulder, her dimmed eyes fixed upon that fateful slip of paper.

"Not guilty."

The old woman sank into her chair, laughing softly, the pale lips murmuring indistinct thanks, a light marvellously like the glow of girlhood illumining the wrinkled face.

The lawyer, a suspicious moisture in his eyes, took the bony, calloused hand as reverently as any knight his ladylove's, and said, huskily:

"That's all. You may go—and take Jimmy."

"I knowed you could save him," laughed the old woman. "I knowed ef enny man could save him you could."

The old lawyer smiled.

"It wasn't me," he said. "It was his mother."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Me? Why, I never sed a word. I knowed all th' time he wuzn't guilty."

At the top of the stairs, Jimmy stooped and drew the warm shawl closer about the shrunken shoulders, and put a brawny arm about the wasted form to aid the feeble feet in their descent. The "little, skinny man," watching them, turned to his right-hand neighbor and said:

"I guess we were right, after all, to let her go home—with Jimmy."

Mariquita

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

THE saffron splendor lingers in the west
Where distant mountains darken 'gainst the sky.
A circling bird sinks slowly to its nest
As calls his mate with low responsive cry.
The fragrance from the orange grove floats by;
The vesper bell sounds faintly from afar;
And in the quinta at her feet am I
While Mariquita thrums her soft guitar.

The passion-flower clambers unrepressed
Above the wall and arching gateway high,
The jasmine folds its creamy buds to rest,
The coolness of the dusk is drawing nigh.
Now from the purple depths of heaven die
The sunset hues, clear shines the evening star;
And dreamy grow the eyes, half hidden, shy,
While Mariquita thrums her soft guitar.

The scarlet blossoms clustered at her breast
Seem striving with her warm young lips to vie;
A futile task I whisper, half in jest,
And watch them quiver to a happy sigh.
Ah, would this twilight hour might last for aye!
The music falters, halts, on broken bar—
My heartstrings 'neath the slender fingers lie
While Mariquita thrums her soft guitar.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

"BRITISH SOURCES"

It is a rooted hallucination of some worthy persons that every report of a Russian act or purpose injurious to the interests of the United States comes from "British sources," and is therefore poisoned with falsehood. "Why should the United States worry about Russian occupation of Manchuria?" these worthy persons used to ask. "American trade in Manchuria will thrive just as well under the Russians as under the Chinese." Mr. James W. Davidson, American Consul at Tam-sui, Formosa, who has made a tour in Manchuria and Corea, is sure that the former country will "soon be independent of outside supplies." He says that, so far, Russian occupation has hurt American trade much more than British. Russia produces four great staples of American trade in Manchuria, cotton goods, flour, lumber, kerosene. The production of Manchurian wheat and flour has increased enormously. The Russian company operating the Yalu timber concession is filling the demand formerly supplied by American lumber. Corea was first "opened" by the United States. The efforts of the latter to secure the opening of the port of Wi-ju have been opposed by Russia, and she even objects to the opening of the two "light-draught" Manchurian ports conceded by the Americo-Chinese treaty. Our Russian friends are singularly modest and want nothing but the earth. This peculiarity of theirs is not dependent upon "British sources" for verification.

SIX BY TWO AND SIX BY SIX

Mr. Bryan's European travels are said to have convinced him that the United States ought to build houses and legation-offices for its Ambassadors and Ministers Resident. Mr. Bryan is right. Too many representatives of the sovereign United States are lodged in shabby quarters. There comes from Corea an amusing case of a Minister made the victim of the impenetrability of matter. Mr. Horace N. Allen, United States Minister to Corea, has asked the State Department to build him a more stately mansion at Seoul. The situation is this: Mr. Allen is six feet two, bareheaded; his office is twelve by eight, and has a ceiling six feet six inches high. In a tall hat, Mr. Allen cannot get into his office; and even in his stocking feet he is uncomfortably near the ceiling. A tall Minister is more impressive than a short Minister, especially in the East. Must Mr. Allen continue to "duck" his head when he enters his office, or must he give way to a successor of meaner inches?

THE TRACKLESS TRAIN

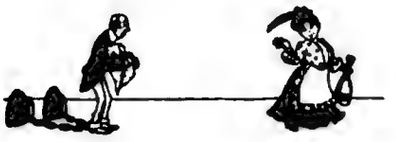
These must be prosperous days for the life insurance companies. New forms of danger hop up every week, and men grow old before their time in dodging death. The automobile is a lively customer to meet, but see what's coming from Paris, and make your will. A "trackless train," consisting of a motor carriage, much the same as the common automobile, has drawn five cars successfully in Paris. Who knows that this new form of transportation may not yet monopolize those "good roads" which the farmers are always being implored to tax themselves for? In the course of evolution the farm-wagon may give way to the automobile farm-team. We are living, we are moving, in a grand and wondrous time, and when automobiles get as cheap as bicycles none of us will dare to walk.

THE "PULL" AND THE CLIMB

"Oh, there's no chance for a young man now unless he has a 'pull.'" That's what you hear a hundred times a day or so, if you keep your ears tolerably open. Here is just one little case out of many cases where a young man pulled himself. In 1898, William D. Myers, of Joplin, Mo., got work

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as a stenographer in the Mexican Central Railway Office in the City of Mexico. He had no friends to boost him. His friends at that time were the boys that called him "Billy" in Joplin. "Billy" was seventeen. He had one chance, and he was looking for more and better chances. Some Americans live and die in a foreign country without learning the language. "Billy" attended to his business, studied hard, mastered Spanish, took a great interest in the railroad business, kept getting better jobs as his willingness to learn and work and his intelligence impressed themselves upon his employers. Now, at twenty-four, he is division superintendent of freight and transportation at Monterey. No "pull" lifted him up. He climbed up, and he will climb higher, while limper or lazier men are creaking in their little groove that "there's no chance for a young man unless he has a 'pull.'"



Oh, the cook is at the rowing weights,
The house-maid takes a "tub,"
The waitress, she is pouring tea
At the Hired Girls' Club!

THEY call it the House-Girls' Club, and it is sure to have an expert House Committee, but EVERYBODY'S and everybody will prefer the simpler old name of the Hired Girls' Club. It is, or it is to be, in Evanston, Ill., the seat of the Northwestern University and the home of many interesting experiments for the benefit of house-keepers and "house-girls." A regular club-house will be built, with reading-rooms, gymnasium, a swimming-pool and a ballroom. It will have "all the modern conveniences," and all its luxuries and accommodations are for the sole use of cooks, chambermaids, nurses, and so on, and their friends. It seems that these monarchs of the household are not haughty and exclusive enough. They must have a lordly home of their own and survey the meaner world from club-windows. Until the club-house is built, the women who are to provide this palace of pleasure will ask to their own houses the "house-girls," and there, for the present, their meetings will be held. But how about the "club-woman" employer? Somebody must stay at home some of the time. The "house-girl" is at the club. The "lady of the house" is at the club. Papa will have to keep house. All the feminine world is emancipated. Papa's chains clank cruelly on his poor old legs.

UNCLE SAM'S MILLIONS AND BILLIONS

A STATEMENT issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor estimates the population of the United States in 1903 at 80,372,000. In 1850 it was 23,191,876; in 1800, 5,308,483. The wealth of the country in 1850 was estimated at seven billions. In 1900 it was put at ninety-four billions; and the Department's figures for 1903 are one hundred billions. In 1850 the per capita wealth was $307; in 1903 it was $1,235. The population is about three and a half times what it was in 1850; the per capita allowance has more than quadrupled since that year. The wealth is more than fourteen times as great as it was fifty-three years ago. The interest-bearing debt, which was more than two billions in 1870, and a billion seven hundred and twenty-four millions in 1880, is now well under the billion mark: some nine hundred and fourteen millions.

DO YOU SEE WITH YOUR EARS?

"HE hears with ears" struck Ancient Pistol as a curious phrase. What would he say to "he hears with eyes." A British medical periodical deems it probable that ten per cent. of healthy persons can "hear color," and do not know that the majority of us cannot. "Hearing color" means that a given sound excites a given "color sensation," associated with a perception of a certain color. In epileptics and other persons of abnormal sensibility these associated or double sensations are sometimes curiously developed. One epileptic had the gift of a triple sensation. He "smelled green thunder." A Zürich epileptic boy heard all sounds in delicate transparent colors. He got most color out of the spoken vowels. This was his sound-color alphabet: "A," light green; "E," yellow; "I," black; "O," red; "U," dark green; "Y," white. The consonants spoke light yellow, tinged with gray. Goats bleated light yellow; cows

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mooed indigo; ravens croaked green; dogs barked yellow. He could see color with his nose; every smell had its corresponding color. Cold he felt as green, and heat as red. But the most interesting thing about these marriages of sensation is that they are said to occur among so many normal persons.

ALL GROWING RICHER

"THE rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer." How often is that neatly arranged and lying epigram repeated by the preachers of disaster and discontent. In 1870 the savings-bank deposits were $550,000,000. In 1903 they were $2,935,204,845. Yet the mutual savings-bank is unknown in large regions of the country. Shares in building and loan associations and life insurance policies represent another immense hoard of small sums. Single shares and bonds or small lots of stock or bonds of corporations are held by a great company of small savers and investors, and there are a multitude of small houses and small farms. The real "Money Power" of the United States is the aggregation of small savers and frugal spenders. Nobody who has health, industry, and ordinary intelligence is growing poorer.

TWO VASSAR SUB-FRESHMEN

Is it intruding upon the privacy of two young women whom we admire very much to brighten this page with the names of the Misses Lomb, of Cincinnati, who are going to enter Vassar next June? One is nineteen, one sixteen. They are daughters of a mechanical engineer and a Vassar graduate. For the last six or eight years they have worked from 8.30 A.M. to 3 P.M. in the machine and blacksmith shops of the Mechanics' Institute. They can forge and weld iron; run drills, lathes, planers, milling machines; make tools, parts of machines, and the ordinary products of a machine-shop. They expect to become mechanical engineers. For six years they have studied at the Institute night school; waded together through chemistry, geometry, machine designs, physics, trigonometry, and what not. They sing and play. One is a composer. The other won a gold medal for the best mechanical design at the Pan-American Exposition. For seven years they have never been absent from a session of the Normal School for Sunday-school teachers. Women can do about everything, and they have begun to find it out. Which may throw a good many of the rest of us out of a job, and serve us right.

THE intercourse of nations depends upon enlightened self-interest. Sentimental considerations can never hold out long when that self-interest is injured. The "traditional friendship of Russia for the United States," the diminution of which some of our Russian friends deplore, was merely a belief on the part of Americans that Russia was their friend, as against Great Britain, and a hope on the part of the Russian diplomatists and statesmen that they could use the United States as a check to Great Britain. The old American irritation against Great Britain has subsided notably since 1898. In the last two or three years, Russia has been irritating the Americans and treating them as if they were fools or children. She has lied steadily. That is her habit. She has broken her solemn engagements. She has suborned the Chinese to break theirs. She has practically slammed the celebrated open door in our faces. And she is "surprised" that she has lost American sympathy. Whose sympathy has she in the Manchurian duplicities or the quarrel she has been trying to force upon little Japan? Having robbed Japan of the fruits of the war with China in 1895, she proceeded to gobble Manchuria, to menace Japanese influence in Corea, to urge upon Japan the closing of the Corean treaty-ports of Mokphe and Masampho, and to object to the opening by treaty of two other Corean ports, Yongampho and Wi-ju. Poor Russia must have its ice-free port, but Corea's free ports must be closed to the commerce of the world. Russia is a hog: that is the plain English and fact of the case. She will exclude foreigners from commercial privileges as far as she can. Her ambitions and power are growing dangerous to the world. In a conflict with Japan, she will not have a friend, on the merits of the case.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DOCTRINE AND TRADE

THE United States is ready at any time for any amount of spending and fighting in behalf of the Monroe Doctrine. The maintenance of that doctrine is dictated, or supposed to be, by national self-interest, and the virtue of American guardianship of the integrity of the Central and South American States as against European Powers seems content to be its own reward. Our sister republics to the South rather hate or suspect than love us; and American commerce with them is pitiably small. In 1901 the imports into South America amounted to $341,000,000, of which only a beggarly $44,000,000 was furnished by the United States, and the American share last year was some three millions less. South America is almost at our doors, on the East and on the West. Yet the Germans are crowding us out of our humble place in South American trade. An American ship is a curiosity in some South American ports. What can the matter be? Where is the traditional or legendary American "push"? It does not push very hard in South America. A good deal of doctrine and precious little trade.

SENATOR TILLMAN, affectionately known as "Ben" or "Dispensary Ben," of South Carolina, hates monopolies and corporations, especially railroads. That's the reason he carries a railroad pass, which he was unfortunate enough to lose last year. The other morning he showed anew his majestic scorn of railroads. He arrived at Augusta, Ga., and asked if he had time to eat. The answer was "Yes." Time to eat something, that is. The Senator ordered everything on the bill of fare. The waiters were reverently watching him throw a "beefsteak, rare," into his committee of the whole, when a wild cry was heard: "All aboard for Atlanta!" Mr. Tillman was bound for Atlanta, but not till he had had time to eat everything in sight. He is thorough in his methods. His napkin was tucked under his chin—as a Senator's should not be—his right hand held the knife and his left hand held the fork. Accoutred as he was, he ran from the restaurant to the car-shed and cried: "Say" [which no Senator should say], "hold that train; I want to finish my breakfast!" A Senator is always a great man and most railroad men are polite. The train waited. All its passengers waited, patiently no doubt, knowing that a statesman was adding to his contents. Fifteen minutes and everything on the bill of fare was consumed. The satisfied Senator toddled to the train and allowed it to have the happiness of carrying him on his way. Thus do nice customs curtesy to great statesmen.

CONSIDER, GOOD COW, CONSIDER

THE course of the cow in jumping over the moon has seemed inexplicable or frivolous to some too solemn philosophers. Why should this mighty mother indulge in lofty tumbling? For joy in her genius and pride in her fame. Former Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, brought this out in his speech at the State convention of the New York dairymen. It was no small matter to preach "the gospel according to the cow," he said. Every man must be educated to understand, as far as he can, "the great producer of the country—the cow—than which there is no deeper constructive mystery." She is not only a deep constructive mystery with a wonderful system of stomach, but she is "the great foster mother of half the human race." For the benefit of city folks who settle in the country and have difficulty at first in eliciting supplies from the constructive mystery, Mr. Hoard warns them that she "should be approached reverently, lovingly, with a tender heart and a sympathetic mind." Ay, ay, sir! But the tenderfoot milker must not trust too much to her tender heart. Look out for the flash of her foot and the flap of her tail. Trust her not, she's fooling thee. She knows when a novice is at the apparatus. No wonder the cow tried the high jump.

DIRT-COAL

IS James Dennis, of Richmond, Ind., the alchemist who can the dirt beneath us into coal transmute? Gasping at his coal bills, the poor householder will hope so rather than believe. If the Chicago despatches tell the truth, Mr. Dennis, by compounding 1,800 pounds of "any adhesive soil or clay" with 200 pounds of chemicals, produces a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ton of fuel, hard or soft according to the pressure used. The hard coal is black as midnight and rings like steel when you strike it. The soft resembles gunpowder and has the color of natural coal, "but dull, with no gloss whatever." The Dennis dirt-fuel is safe, for it contains no fuel gas. It is smokeless, costs less than "the mere primary expense of carrying the natural product to the mouth of the mine," and has double the heat-making capacity of its natural brother. Evidently Mr. Dennis's name does him injustice. He is sure to be the richest man in the world, and the rest of us can become reasonably rich on the parings of our coal bills. Base is the slave who will not trust a story of so attractive face, or ask if it hasn't a little too much gloss on it.

AUNT LOVICIA COX

Good health and tobacco to Aunt Lovicia Cox, of Harrington, Me., if she is still in the land of the living. She was 105 the other day; reads the papers, and would chop wood and fetch water, if her daughter would let her. She comes from the old time, "when duty sweat for service, not for meed." She has raised four children, done her own housework, and worked beside her husband in the fields. And she has smoked her pipe, in the approval of a good conscience, ever since 1831. One may be as averse to the "holy herb" or "filthy weed" as Charles Reade was. One may smoke like Bismarck, and yet abominate even a cigarette in lips made for better uses. And yet it is comfortable to think of Aunt Lovicia, smoking her pipe placidly, after her habit of seventy-three years, under her own vine and fig-tree. We shall be sorry when that pipe is put out.

Oh, the Pittsburg laddies, oh!
And the Pittsburg plaidies, oh!
Oh, the filibeg, and the short-hosed leg,
In the toun o' Dandie Carnegie, oh!

Pittsburg is all plaid nowadays. Plaid is the only wear. Many Pittsburgers are of Highland-Scotch descent, and love the tartans of their clans. The men have not actually donned the Highland costume. Not that they mistrust their legs, but considerations of climate and the street urchin prevail. Perhaps they feel that those bright colors best become the brighter sex. The Pittsburg women are using the tartan patterns in many beautiful ways, in shirt-waists, cravats, bows, tailor-made miracles, and what not; and that once smoky atmosphere is radiant. But when will the men of New York have the courage to clothe themselves in these rainbows?

THE TELEPHONE THAT REMEMBERS

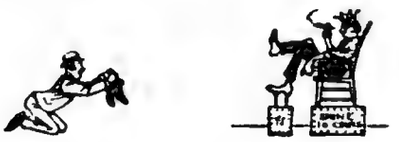
Mr. Ernest George Craven, an English civil engineer, who used to work for Mr. Edison, has invented a telephone which records its messages permanently. He started with the theory that the sound-giving diaphragms of telephone and phonograph are substantially alike. In both instruments, a diaphragm is set moving by sound-waves. In the phonograph, this motion is impressed on a wax cylinder, which preserves it and can give it back to the air as sound. In the telephone, the motion of the diaphragm is changed first into electrical impulses transmitted by a wire, and then changed at the other end into corresponding diaphragm movements, which reproduce the sound. Mr. Craven's problem was to make telephone and phonograph work in electrical unison. His instrument, called the electograph, has sent and recorded messages successfully over ordinary telephone wires, though as yet only at small distances. It needs some mechanical improvements, but these will be easy to make. The telephone that remembers: a good many persons may much prefer a telephone that forgets.

A YEAR OF GIFTS

They "figure up" the gifts and bequests made by Americans in 1903 for religious, charitable, educational, and philanthropic purposes, at from seventy-seven million to one hundred million dollars. So reckoned this is a great sum, composed of great sums. But the real true charity which is not puffed up or puffed, and lets not its right hand know what its left hand doeth, is not to be judged by, and seldom to be found in, these pompous lists of rich men and women, trying to bribe or buy their way into heaven, or society, or fame, or tossing an easy mill-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ion or two from their swelling hoards. The little unrecorded charities, the charity that, small as it is, is felt by the giver and is an act of self-sacrifice on his part—of such there can be no note in the newspapers. As a rule, only the poor are really charitable. Most of us give carelessly, as we spend carelessly; and our chests jut out with self-satisfaction. What fine, generous people we are, and how well we succeed in making charity itself, or what we regard as such, a piece of self-indulgence and vanity!



Most great Americans have "blacked" their own shoes; in some cases greased their own boots. You seldom see nowadays a pair of those well-legged boots, such as our grandfathers or fathers wore; and in the large cities boot-blacking contractors have become rich, and, for the most part, somebody, very likely an Italian who is richer than you, or is sure to be in five or ten years, consents to polish your shoes. But the great majority of American shoes are still "blacked" by their owners. A good, healthy American custom, and an instance of democratic simplicity and aversion to snobbishness. Not that it is snobbishness to have somebody else do the job; it is snobbishness to be too lofty to do it yourself. In most American houses, outside of the urban belt, the maid if you can keep one, won't do it, and the "master"—oh, word of irony—must. Travelling Englishmen, used to servants, and the subdivisions of labor among them, are perplexed or horrified by this trait of democratic manners. It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, is an artist and uses the brush on his shoes every morning. An enormous man, a tall copy and thick folio of a man! We hear him pant, we see him struggle; but he conquers, and his face shines with satisfaction, and his shoes with the proud result of polish and muscle. An example to all, and an inspiration to the stout!

A BOUNCING BIG BUSINESS

In 1800 there were 903 post-offices in these United States. In 1903 there were 74,031. In that interval the receipts have grown from $280,804 to $134,224,443. The Post-Office Department "ran behind" to the extent of about $4,500,000; the total cost of the service for the year ending June 30, 1903, was $138,784,487, just about the pension appropriation for that year. The city letter carriers would make a city of 19,452 inhabitants, the rural letter carriers a city of 10,418. More than five billion postage-stamps were sold and nearly ten million dollars' worth of stamp-books. Nearly nine billion pieces of mail matter were handled. The value of the money-orders was more than seven hundred and fifty millions. There were seven hundred and seventy millions of postal-cards for frugal correspondents. The number of blunderers or masters of undecipherable hands may be guessed from the 8,895,205 pieces of mail matter opened at the Dead Letter Office, which found therein checks, drafts, or money to the amount of nearly fifteen hundred thousand dollars. The Post-Office Department does a tremendous business and does it well.

PENSIONS AND LONGEVITY

The Revolutionary War ended, or rather the peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed, in 1783, more than one hundred and twenty years ago. On the pensions rolls last year were still the names of two widows and three daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. Of course, the widows must, when very young, have married very old pensioners. The War of 1812 ended more than eighty-nine years ago. One surviving soldier of it was alive June 30, 1903, and may be still alive; and 1,500 widows of soldiers of that war were getting pensions. A pension, like an annuity, is an excellent mild stimulant to the constitution and gives its recipient something to live for.

SPENCERIANA

Herbert Spencer's most familiar and engaging trait was his devotion to billiards, and his rebuke, threadbare long ago, was, to the unwise young man who had been indiscreet enough to beat him at his favorite game: "To play a good game of billiards is a mark of education, but to play too good a game of billiards is a confession of a misspent youth." Which sounds as if it were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

uttered by some airy Stevensonian frequenter of Prince Florizel's cigar-divan. Much less known is the almost incredible fact, if fact it be, that Spencer, like a good old English gentleman, all of the olden time, could read no modern language but his own. Best touch of all in this austere-looking but human philosopher was his lockout of bores. The legend says that he carried ear-stoppers or ear-plugs with him and clapped them on when his ears were offended by the clatter and patter of the bore. A glorious idea, carrying the potentialities of more happiness than ever can be derived from the complete works of Herbert Spencer. Where is the genius or philanthropist who will put upon the market ear-stoppers, warranted bore-proof?

TITCH ON TAP

MR. WILLIAM H. ELLIS, of New York, who visited King Menelik of Abyssinia last year, reports that he was entertained by that King of Kings and Emperor of Ethiopia at a great feast. The King sat apart, invisible behind curtains. It is a common rule of the etiquette or taboo of African kings that their subjects must not see them eat. Kings are too sacred for that. Seven thousand chiefs and freemen ate raw meat and watched an American sovereign eat whatever more civilized viands the Negus had provided for him. But drink is more than meat in Abyssinia. At least, it is served more commodiously. The wine of the country is "titch," a child of cider and red pepper, fermented like beer. It must be a biting aud searching beverage, but its manner is more remarkable even than its matter. It is carried all through the house or banquet-hall in pipes, like gas. When you want a touch of titch, you go to the nearest spigot and turn it. They manage some things very well in Abyssinia.

THE FARMERS' BILLIONS

A FEW dollars were taken out of the ground in 1903. These are the values of the six chief crops:

Corn	$953,000,000
Hay	556,000,000
Cotton	500,000,000
Wheat	442,000,000
Oats	268,000,000
Potatoes	151,000,000
	$2,870,000,000

The Bureau of Statistics shows that twelve crops were worth $3,500,000,000. Think of corn as almost a billionaire! Add all the small crops and "garden sass," and what a pile of money comes out of the ground. The hay feeds cattle, horses, and mules estimated to be worth $3,000,000,000. But "arithmetic" gets dizzy among these herds of billions.

MOST statistics are dreary stuff, but you can afford to remember, even in March, that Mr. Roosevelt shook 6,711 hands on New Year's Day. This sort of pumping ought to be done by machine. But two of those 6,711 hands are interesting. Those flippers belong to two "sandwich men," who, clothed in burning red, walk up and down the Washington streets, with certain advertisements branded on their exteriors. There was no flunky to bar their progress into the White House reception. They walked in gravely, and when their turn came, shook hands warmly with the President, nor did he, being a gentleman, show that he noticed anything unusual in their dress. If that little incident isn't thoroughly American, what is? A "sandwich man" may be President yet; who knows? But was there no Turveydrop of a distinguished traveller, no Englishman or Frenchman or German to see that good sight? That was the only thing wanting to the very happy meeting of President and "sandwich men."

THE ELECTRIC AGE

AFTER all, "With the Procession" is rather an unattainable hope, a dream, than a reality. Who can keep up with the procession in this sprinting young century? In great things and in little, the "march of improvement" is a heart-breaking double-quick. Step into the kitchen of this new steamer that will be ready for business next summer, and will itself be old-fashioned by the summer after next. Mothers in Israel, and the kitchen that was, see how they do things in the kitchen that is! Here is the electric griddle-cake and waffle range. There is the automatic egg-boiler. Cooks 200 eggs at once; has a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clock apparatus which makes the egg-basket jump out of water at any half-minute you order, up to six minutes. By next year we shall hear of the electric automatic egg-boiler with stop-watch attachment, so that your egg can be cooked to a fraction of a second. This, ma'am, is the self-dumping oyster-stew-cooker. At the end of the proper period, this pours the stew into the soup-plate and shuts off its own electricity. Electric self-feeding, tea and coffee urns, electric ice-cream freezers, butter-cutters, pastry-cookers, dumpling-steamers, chop-broilers—everything in the kitchen is electric, and almost everything outside. Electric lead, electric log, electric signal-register, electric steering-apparatus (in addition to three or four other kinds), electric screw-beat registers; strangest and best of all, if it works, an electrical apparatus the needle of which, the moment its "magnetic field" is entered by another ship, points warningly in the direction of that ship. Let's go ashore, lest we, too, become electric automata.

THE LIGHTNING LETTER-WRITER

"JERSEY LIGHTNING" has been degraded into an alcoholic sense. A man, a great man, in South Orange, N. J., has given the phrase a higher meaning. It is impossible to keep up with the race of inventions, but this one from South Orange is too mighty not to prevail. Perhaps the Patent Office knows how it is done, but what is done, if South Orange understands itself, is this: A stenographer in Chicago, for example, punches a message into a tape. The tape runs into a transmitting machine. In a minute or so the punched message is reproduced at the other end of the line, say San Francisco or Boston. A stenographer reads those punched hieroglyphics. Expense (estimated), ten cents. The inventor believes that his device will deliver a thousand words in Chicago half an hour after they are dictated in New York. There is a man who will be richer than the richest man in the world. He will monopolize all the telegraph business, all the special delivery business of the Post-Office, all correspondence that seeks rapid transit. Just one improvement is needed by his marvellous machine. There should be a self-dictating and self-punching automatic stenographer and typewriter at each office on his line.

THE MAN-KILLERS

IT must make every American proud to know that the great American industry of man-killing is still "booming." Take home these figures and gloat over them:

	1901	1902	1903
Murders and homicides,	7,852	8,834	8,976
Lynchings	....	96	104

Nine thousand and eighty persons done to death in a year! These are inspiriting numbers. Will 1904 reach the Ten Thousand Homicide Mark?

A BOY ARMY

IN moments of tropical exuberance the Panamans may boast that their Republic can put into the field an army of 50,000. A good fat number. Fortunately they can get along with less. According to recent advices from the Isthmus, the Panama army consists of some seven or eight hundred men, mainly officers and boys. There are more boys under fifteen than older persons in it. Boys often may be seen doing sentry duty, barefooted, the bayonet of their venerable Springfield rifle jutting up a foot or two above their dirty caps. Ridiculous as these little fellows may look, they are said to be excellent soldiers and fearless fighters. What do you think of a boy of eleven, weighing some forty pounds, who fought for six days, showed good markmanship, and never "weakened." They seem to be more effective than the men. They can make their way through the impenetrable jungle and morass. They like to fight and they won't run away. Seems incredible, doesn't it? But is true. Look at General Huertas, the Commander-in-chief of the Panaman army. Young for a commander-in-chief, isn't he? But he has been a soldier continuously since he was nine and a half!

THE PROMOTION OF GENERAL WOOD

THE campaign ostensibly directed against the promotion of General Leonard Wood was really directed against President Roosevelt. Before the opponents of General Wood had finished their evidence against him, it had become clear to the country that the acts for which General Wood was attacked were either not committed by him,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or else committed under the direction or with the sanction of Mr. McKinley's Administration, and that his promotion out of turn, about which such a pother was made, was due to Mr. McKinley, whereas Mr. Roosevelt was merely following the order of seniority already established. There was a noticeable change of popular feeling when the facts became known. It must be said, too, that Mr. Elihu Root, then the Secretary of War, was a little slow in taking the country into his confidence, and perhaps had a lawyer's delight in letting his adversaries chuckle with premature triumph in ignorance of the "strong suit up his sleeve." On the other hand, the anti-Wood men made their attack at too many points and weakened and confused the issue; and Rathbone and Heath, chaperoned by Mr. Hanna, were exquisitely ridiculous as champions of public virtue. General Wood's rise has been startling, and his capacity for high command still remains to be proved; but if he has been fortunate in his friends, he has been fully as fortunate in his enemies. The exact causes of the imaginative temperament which seems to be somewhat highly developed in Major Runcie might be interesting to psychologists or a court-martial.

THE HOUSE THAT CHASES THE SUN

HOTEL-KEEPERS and all persons who intend to build houses to rent must consider thankfully and thoughtfully the invention made recently by M. Eugène Petit, a Parisian architect. Seeing the universal unsatisfied demand for southern exposures and "sunny rooms," he has devised a house on the turn-table plan. It revolves upon a pivot in the centre. Two men turn it easily, so that its face is kept to the sunshine. Water, gas, electricity, are undisturbed, special contrivances for them being arranged. The revolving house is designed immediately for the benefit of those rather enviable invalids who cure themselves by soaking in the sunlight, but it is capable of wider uses. In the summer it will afford almost continual shade, and refreshing currents of air can at any time be obtained by increasing the revolutions. This appeals especially to the comfort-loving Americans, the most luxurious people in the world. Pivotal hotels and revolving cottages. Look out for them in the "real estate, country" advertisements next spring.

WRENCH, LIMITED

HAVE we not all swum in happy tears as we read of our young American Kings who began with nothing, and in the middle thirties or early forties were getting sky-scraping salaries, or had built trusts by the side of the water in whose stock all great Neptune's ocean is a teaspoonful. Captains of industry, heroes of the nation—may bankruptcy proceedings or the penitentiary be far away from any of them, bless them! But let us not be parochial in our pride. Little England has her heroes, too, and one infant phenomenon. In 1900, Mr. Evelyn Wrench, whose papa is an Irish Land Commissioner, was studying in Germany. Papa meant to make him an ornament of the diplomatic service. But the boy had a soul for higher things. He studied the German picture postal-cards, those works of art by which our travelling friends cheaply remember us. His prophetic ear could hear the coming storm of pennies. He returned to England, printed some cards, became his own bagman or drummer. Now "Wrench, Limited," which is he, makes 50,000,000 cards a year. Wrench gave a banquet to himself and the rest of Wrench, Limited, the other day to mark the fact that he was twenty-one. He is rich enough to retire already if he chooses. His little savings are nothing to the millions of our young captains, but for a lad he has done well. The English are not so slow!

THE THIRD-TERM HUMBUG

MR. CLEVELAND is generally respected. By his courage and contempt of political consequences, the very rarest quality in American politicians, a hamstrung and chicken-livered race, he has won the public confidence and certain enmities that do him honor. It is to his credit if he seeks office. A statesman ought to seek office. As Mr. Gladstone said, it is "maudlin and sentimental" for a statesman to pretend not to want office. May the country never have any worse fortune than to have another term of Mr. Cleveland! It will not have another term of him, to be sure, for there is a man named Theodore Roosevelt, and besides, Mr. Cleveland cannot get two-thirds of the next Democratic National Convention. So sometime it will fall to some other man to knock sky high the rubbish about "the unwritten law" and a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Third Term. If the American people want to elect a President twice, in succession or not, they can and will. They are not a lot of children to be frightened by a pack of paretics gibbering about Cæsarism and despotism and the Man on Horseback. It would be a joy to see the stuffing banged out of the Third Term scare-crow. But it would never do to nominate Mr. Cleveland again. Mr. Bryan and Colonel Watterson would fall from plain spasms and conniptions into thundering apoplexy; and what would the country do then, poor thing?

MR. FUNK TO THE FORE

THERE is every reason to congratulate Mr. William Funk apropos his exhibition of portraits and landscapes at the galleries of Messrs. Fishel, Adler & Schwartz. Mr. Funk has two passions, portraiture and landscape painting, and that he cultivates both with pronounced success was amply proved by a display which ranked as one of the best one-man exhibitions of the current season. The portraits numbered fifteen and were chiefly confined to those prominent in social or financial circles, the place of honor being occupied by a vivacious and characteristic seated full-length of Baroness von Bardeleben (Fritzi Scheff). Notable among the others were a particularly distinguished full-length of Mrs. Frederic Esler and a delicate-toned portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt-Scovel. Mr. Funk's portraits show a feeling for character and for local color, and a breadth of handling, which, though effective, is without exaggeration. The landscapes, which numbered about a dozen in all, displayed a rich and picturesque color sense and a true feeling for the out of doors. "The Seine from the Latin Quarter," "At the Bridge of L'Avignon," and "After the Shower" were perhaps the most satisfactory, yet each made a definite and subtle appeal.

EMINENT LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

OPPORTUNITY to view an exceptional exhibition of canvases by eminent American landscape painters was recently afforded at the National Arts Club. It is rare indeed that one is able to see so representative and so interesting a collection of paintings, or one so uniform in average. Among the thirty-odd canvases on view there were six by Innes, five by Wyant, and one or more apiece by such men as Charles H. Davis, Homer D. Martin, J. Francis Murphy, D. W. Tryon, the late Julian Rix, and others of almost equal prominence. It was a real pleasure to see again Innes's "Storm on the Delaware," lent by Mrs. W. H. Granberry, and the "Autumn Sunset," from the Louis Ettlinger collection. A certain pathetic interest attached to the two canvases by Julian Rix and suggested the idea that it might be well to inaugurate an exhibition of paintings by Rix, for he was an artist who is sure in the end to take high rank. On the whole, the Arts Club is to be congratulated in having housed an exhibition which proved a tribute to the dignity and sincerity of American landscape painting.

GÉRÔME AND CLASSICISM

FEW realize that with the passing of Jean Léon Gérôme pass also the last traditions of French classical painting. It is no longer possible to paint as Gérôme painted; the masterly yet studied composition, the vivid yet unreal coloring, the sumptuous Oriental appeal are for the most part buried with the distinguished Academician who has just been laid to rest. Gérôme was in his early days a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and success came early and lasted to the very end. He was almost equally well known as sculptor and as painter, and often exhibited marble and canvas at the same Salon. M. Gérôme came into a new variety of prominence only last winter when he sued Edward Brandus, a dealer, for $2,000 damages, charging him with altering the picture "Louis XIV. and His Court in the Park of Versailles." In the picture the combined effect of setting sun and rising moon was changed to full sunshine, and M. Gérôme after a lively litigation succeeded in enjoining Brandus from selling or disposing of the canvas. There was some doubt as to who actually made this not too subtle or legitimate alteration, but Brandus, who purchased the canvas from the George M. Tyner collection for $1,600, has at least one too many Gérômes on his hands.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"PARSIFAL" IN AMERICA

By LAURENCE GILMAN, Author of "Parsifal and its Significance."

It falls to few men to realize their ambitions in so conspicuously magnificent a fashion as has been the happy fortune of Mr. Heinrich Conried. To have succeeded in producing the coveted "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner on an American stage, in blithe defiance of Bayreuth, and to have made the production a representation of superb adequacy, is to have set to one's credit a triumph of most impressive proportions.

THE DIFFICULTIES IN THE CASE

Mr. Conried weathered a storm of protests —legal, ethical, ecclesiastical, and æsthetic —before he finally consummated his audacious plan of wresting Wagner's jealously guarded legacy from the master's heirs and exploiting it on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Formidable legal obstacles were set in his way, and he was threatened with an injunction on the ground of copyright violation. That particular difficulty, however, was easily overcome, and his right to produce the work has been firmly established. Many have fought shy of the undertaking on the ground that it is a direct reversal of Wagner's wishes in the matter—a point of delicate morals which this is not the place to discuss. Clerical objections, too, were encountered. Many worthy persons maintained and still maintain, with more fervency than perception, that "Parsifal" makes profanation of sacred things—a criticism which is defended most stoutly by those who have not troubled to acquaint themselves with the actual substance of the work. Concerning certain considerations of æsthetic appropriateness, it may be said that the excellent preparation and effect of Mr. Conried's production have largely disposed of whatever apprehensions were felt as to the artistic wisdom of the enterprise: wherein is the singularity of the triumph.

GENERAL EXCELLENCE

If the great Richard himself could have been privileged to witness Mr. Conried's version of his famous "Bühnenweihfestspiel," he would, we are sure, have addressed one of those impulsively fervent testimonials of his to the Metropolitan's new impressario. It is not difficult to imagine his delight in the astonishingly effective scenery—the serene and umbrageous woodland of the first act, the impressive temple interior, *Klingsor's* gorgeous Gardens of Delight; or in the admirably expressive costumes, the general probity of the stage management, the unswerving devotion to the spirit and letter of his precepts.

TERNINA'S KUNDRY

Nor would the master of Wahnfried have failed to find edification in the work of the principal singers. How Wagner would have celebrated Ternina's *Kundry!* He had no such artist at his command for the Bayreuth *première* of 1882. They were not, indeed, to be found at that period. The singing actress of Ternina's type is a product of to-day, although the breed is a direct result of Wagner's precepts and ideals.

It would not be extravagant to call Ternina's the ideal *Kundry*. It lacks, of course, the alluring personal loveliness which Wagner required for the seduction scene of the second act; but we have Wagner's own word for it, that physical comeliness is dispensable in that place. It is the marvellously subtle and poignant acting of Ternina that vivifies the part; beauty, it need scarcely be said, is her least striking possession, and her voice is far from what it used to be. But the extraordinary art, the flaming temperament of the woman, conquers every natural impediment, and makes of her impersonation a tragic masterpiece, an interpretation of vivid and searching eloquence. It is Ternina's most authentic triumph: more variously telling, richer in significant detail, than her *Isolde*, *Brünnhilde* or *Elizabeth*. The *Kundry* of Marian Weed suffers grievously by comparison, although this reading has its definite merits.

BURGSTALLER AS PARSIFAL

Mr. Philip Hale, whose words of critical wisdom are as authoritative as they are keenly brilliant, has declared the *Parsifal* of Burgstaller to be remote at many points from Wagner's intentions. He witnessed the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth under the master's personal supervision, and so

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

speaks with considerable weight; but one need not have been at Bayreuth twenty years ago in order to feel a righteous misliking for the young Bavarian's interpretation. He acts with fervor, but it is the fervor of the footlights, not of veritable emotion. His effects are persistently overemphasized, although his denotement of the guileless simpleton is often effective and of moving conviction. Nor is his singing a continual delight—it is often, indeed, nothing less than execrable; and his method is matter for public scandal.

VAN ROOY AND OTHERS

Next to Ternina's *Kundry*, in the order of successful efficiency, is the inspired *Amfortas* of Anton Van Rooy. Eloquent beyond description in its profound and majestic pathos, it is an achievement which gives decided point to the frequent contention that *Amfortas* is the most sympathetic and engrossing figure of Wagner's drama. Blass' s *Gurnemanz* is respectable, but neither patriarchal nor imposingly benignant. But it is acted with dignity, with justness, with tenderness. Otto Goritz, Mr. Conried's new barytone, is an acceptable *Klingsor*, though lacking the sinister ferocity of Wagner's conception. The flower-maidens of *Klingsor's* enchanted resort, for whom Wagner has written cruelly difficult music, play and sing with accuracy, with charm, with an abandonment which approaches veracity of a dangerous order—Dr. Parkhurst might find in this scene a more profitable theme for his denunciations than in the perilous subject of esoteric significances.

THE CONDUCTING OF ALFRED HERTZ

Much ink has been spilled on the subject of Alfred Hertz's reading of the "Parsifal" score. Mr. Hertz won his musical spurs here last season, largely through his conducting of "Tristan" and certain of the "Ring" dramas. Young, comparatively, as he is, he demonstrated his possession of surpassing and rare ability. He is that rarest of artistic birds —a musician of controlled intelligence and temperament. His "Tristan," particularly, was magnificently colorful and effective. But how would he handle "Parsifal," a work of utterly different caliber, dramatically, emotionally, spiritually? It is undeniable—his best friends have not disputed it—that in the broader and more intimate moments of the "Parsifal" score, Mr. Hertz does not quite realize its essential exaltation, its grave and august tenderness. But in the passages of human and sensuous excitement he is superb. He has done nothing finer here than his conducting of the prelude to the second act, and the bulk of the music of that act. And for his unremitting devotion to the best interests of Mr. Conried's production—for on his shoulders rested the heaviest burden of the enterprise—there can be nothing but the most cordial praise.

THE WORK ITSELF

A note on the work itself: We have heard *ad nauseam*, of late, of the lamentable decadence of Wagner's inspiration as evidenced in this final legacy of his genius. Current commentaries deplore the evil days upon which the magician of Bayreuth had fallen before his death, and eager scalpels have laid bare the imagined defects of his final score. Something, indeed, may be conceded them. It is true that Wagner has not written in "Parsifal" with the exuberant energy, the splendidly prodigal invention, of his earlier works. But who can listen, with any approach to sympathy of attitude, to this haunting swan-song and not realize that there is, in its wonderful unfolding, qualities of high and rapturous beauty, of subtlety, of grave and poignant tenderness, that are incomparable and unique. And in its spiritual significance, as it is impressed through action, text, and music, Wagner is with the seers.

Books

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE

In the choice of his literary executor, Mr. Gladstone gave final proof of the rare correctness of his appreciations of other men's abilities. Keen analysis, unbiassed judgment, and good taste characterize John Morley's life of the great English Liberal. Some fear was felt lest Mr. Morley's avowed agnosticism should render him incapable of dealing satisfactorily with the religious side of Mr. Gladstone's character; but Mr. Morley has achieved an attitude of scholarly impartiality, and with the touch of a master

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

draws for us the portrait of the man—maddening mixture of chivalrous enthusiast, scholastic theologian, and hard-headed politician; sympathetically reveals to us "that double-mindedness, that division of sensibility between the demands of spiritual and secular life, which remained throughout one of the marking traits of Gladstone's career." Apart from its biographical interest, Mr. Morley's book is of value as the history of the political life of England during the last fifty years, told with the authority of one who has been personally connected with the events described.

A BOOK FOR BOYS

It would be impossible to deny Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's pre-eminence as an interpreter of the mentality of wild creatures, feathered or furred; but as a reader of human emotions he cannot escape the flail of criticism. His portrayal of the two boys who play at being Indians, in his new book, "Two Little Savages," lacks the sympathetic touch which has made bird and beast almost human—indeed, these characters become mere automatons on which to hang the slenderest of plots. Beneath the sugar-coating of narrative, Mr. Thompson conceals the pill of instruction, and imparts information on various matters connected with woodcraft. It is a false delicacy that shrinks from details necessary to the understanding of any subject, but we cannot but feel that the author of "Two Little Savages" has permitted himself a quite unnecessary coarseness in some of his expositions. When, as happens once or twice, Mr. Thompson harks back to his beloved beasts, the hand of the master is at once apparent. The cat that lives in a hollow log and tries to rear an orphan family of squirrels along with her own kittens, and the hoary woodchuck that meets a highly improbable fate are pleasant oases in a desert of some five hundred and forty pages. Mr. Thompson's motive for writing the tale, "Because I have known the torment of thirst I would dig a well where others may drink," and the really charming marginal sketches are the book's best excuse.

THE DAMSEL AND THE SAGE

Mrs. Elinor Glyn's new book bears the sub-title of "A Woman's Whimsies," which is probably a veiled apology for its contents. The story is in the form of ten interviews between a young woman and a hermit, and the conversation for the most part consists of obvious conundrums as to the nature of precious stones, doves, cockatoos, and fishes. Each episode concludes with one or more instructive proverbs. We hear with pleasure that "when you have caught your fish it may be better to cook and eat it." This is what we have always thought, and we put behind us the vague suspicion that the same advice has been offered us in connection with a hare. "Do not offer tigers hay or antelopes joints of meat" seems eminently sensible; and "No man likes shooting tame rabbits," reveals the author as a student of human nature. The book closes with the abduction of the sage by the damsel, presumably with an early marriage in view. How the tale leads up to this conclusion is not clear, but it is the right way for a book to end.

One more pertinent quotation from Mrs. Glyn's proverbs—"Life is short—avoid causing yawns."

TRUE STORIES

In his preface to his "Children of the Tenements," Jacob A. Riis says: "I never could invent even a small part of a plot. The story has to come to me complete before I tell it. The stories printed in this volume came to me in the course of my work as police reporter, . . . nine out of ten of them are just as they came to me fresh from the life of the people." In the fact thus stated lies both the virtue and the defect of Mr. Riis's book. Realistic pictures of life—yes; short stories of literary excellence—no. More ingredients than a dramatic situation, and strong human feeling are necessary to the production of an artistic tale; skill in construction, subtlety of treatment, charm of style are required—and in these qualities Mr. Riis's stories are noticeably deficient. But people who would know how the other half lives, who would learn of the infinite courage, kindliness, comedy, and tragedy in the lives of the poor, will pardon the literary crudity of these sketches of slum life and character for the sake of their convincing truthfulness.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE

The book which Eden Phillpotts has recently dedicated to his son, and to "all other

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

brave British and American boys," will appeal to all young people, and to all such old ones as are lucky enough to preserve something of their youthful love of adventure. "The Golden Fetich" is the account of an expedition undertaken by three men and one woman, guided by a battered plate of gold and a scrap of paper, in search of a treasure of diamonds hidden in Central Africa. The story is frankly and solely one of exciting chance and danger. The reader shares Mr. Phillpott's evident indifference to anything but the adventures in which the characters figure. The love interest is plainly forced; the heroine talks in stilted bookish fashion; and the three men, though clearly individualized, only interest when in action. Then author and reader alike forget themselves in breathless encounters with rhinoceroses, elephants, man-eating lions; and in moving dealings with savages—thrilling captures, escapes, vividly pictured midnight rites. Even one who does not, as a rule, care for stories of blood-curdling adventure is likely, once fairly started on the trail of these diamond hunters, to follow them to the happy end of their journey.

MR. FORMAN'S PLEASANT STORY

A FOREIGN atmosphere lends a certain amount of distinction to any story, and gentle treatment gives even indistinct characters a claim to regard. Mr. Justus Miles Forman has given us "Monsigny," and those who have leisure have to thank him for a delicate picture of English-French life and a situation resting on a lofty, if mistaken, sense of honor. Those who have not leisure, it is to be feared, will not read Mr. Forman's book; but then there are few works published in these days that pass the modern test of arresting the attention of the busy man, and "Monsigny" probably does not court this test. It touches no problems, and the tension is slack; but if stories must be written that do not have to be written, there is cause for gratitude when they offer purity and refinement, and these attributes are undoubtedly to be found in "Monsigny." Mr. Forman has a merciful touch—perhaps truer for this quality. For a dishonored woman deliberately to plot marriage into a proud family, under an assumed name, is not an attractive act, but the author has given even this unfortunate a redeeming quality in her love for little children. A touch of humor in his next work is respectfully suggested to Mr. Forman.

TWO BOOKS OF CATS

"THE Book of the Cat" and "A Book of Cheerful Cats" are no doubt highly attractive to the children for whom they are designed, but a little disappointing to the grown-up people who confess to a fondness for pussies, and all that concerns them. The former is a large and beautifully bound volume, but the cat-faces drawn by Elizabeth F. Bonsale seldom remind us of our own "Toms" and "Tabbies," and the stories and verses of Mabel Humphrey, though clever enough, represent a purely fictitious cat point of view and are not nearly as entertaining to natural cat-lovers as the real stories they all can tell of their favorites. The other, "A Book of Cheerful Cats," is a collection of cat-cartoons with other animated animals thrown in; clever reproductions of human feasts, foibles, and vanities in cat-land which amuse us as well as the children, but which do not touch our hearts. Why cannot someone give us a book of cats, at the same time real enough for their grown-up friends, and vivacious enough for the children?

AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY

THE personal side of an artist must always be one of great fascination. He is led to his calling by greater traits than the multitude possess, and the whole work of his life tends to develop the emotional, the æsthetic, and the sensitive in him until he is emphatically different. There is a peculiar interest attaching to the expression of this keener nature in the details of the life common to all. From Comtesse Angèle Potocka comes a biography of the great Austrian pianist, Theodore Leschetizky, which is full of such interest; not greatly written, with lofty lessons, but told with a pleasant humor and a pleasant tenderness, and the intimate knowledge of a member of the family. The nervous Slavonic atmosphere, the procession of gifted and famous personages, moving in so lifelike a manner about the central figure, make a work that must be charming to the average reader, and especially so to the many pupils of the great teacher. The biographer is a sister of Leschetizky's present wife.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNION SQUARE NORTH

We have been begging for criticism. Well, we are getting it. Read this:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY:

"I have taken a great interest in the re-establishment of EVERYBODY'S. I want to utter a sincere word of protest and warning. The last issue (January) is nowhere near up to the standard set before. No one feature of a magazine counts more strongly with the general public than its illustrations, and many of those, notably the portraits of the January issue, are about as poor as any published lately. Why give the magazine a cheap look which can but hurt it? The portraits for instance, look as if they belonged in some country newspaper rather than an up-to-date-ahead-of-the-times magazine. This comes from a well-wisher who is keenly disappointed.

Yours cordially,

The January EVERYBODY'S was the poorest-looking magazine we have ever issued. We used too fine a screen on our half-tones. The forms were poorly made ready. We ran into a bad lot of paper. The combination was too much for us. This criticism will not apply now.

THE HERO IS A CRIMINAL

A vigorous protest from our Avondale friend suggests a few of the Editors' problems:

AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

EDITORS OF EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sirs: It has been with pleasure and great interest that I have read your magazine for over a year, but when I read "The Pacification of Cebu" in the January number, it took my pride in the magazine down a peg. That kind of a story is not worthy of a publication which has heretofore seemed beyond reproach. Consider it a moment—the hero is a criminal and a disreputable character from beginning to end, yet he is "written up" to appear funny (?). His actions, which in real life would be called atrocious, are passed over with approval. Perhaps his actions on the island were not criminal according to the judgment of the world, but the whole air of character is bad. In fact, the whole tendency of the story is to erase the wickedness of crime and make it look pleasing. I feel that this kind of literature (I hate to call it so) cannot be too severely criticised. I wish someone could start a great crusade against it and beat it out, and the taste for it too. I beg pardon for writing so much, but hope that my plea may be taken to heart by the EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE if it doesn't go on for further good. I am, yours truly,

When a clergyman tells a good story, and they are the best story-tellers in the world, it is likely to be something that a sensitive layman would almost call sacrilegious. In a gathering of lawyers the stories that are most appreciated reflect upon the profession.

The following illustrates: A story is told at the expense of Joseph Choate, the great lawyer, now Ambassador to the Court of St. James. On a very important case, Edward Lauterbach, an eminent Jewish attorney, was associated with him. They won their case and when it came to deciding upon the fee, Mr. Choate, the Christian, asked Mr. Lauterbach, the Jew, what he thought they ought to charge. Mr. Lauterbach said he thought $5,000 would be a fair charge. Mr. Choate replied that it shouldn't be less than $15,000. Said Mr. Lauterbach: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FUN AND LOVE

There seems to be a spirit among good men which leads them to poke fun at folly in their moments of relaxation. We presume that our pleasure in the "Cebu" tale—and we must confess to a genuine pleasure in reading and publishing it—was a piece off the same cloth. There is a lot of fun in the story for a lot of people. It cleverly satirizes our army in the Philippines. It is broad, but it is real. Further, we are satisfied that there is not anything in it which could possibly harm anyone, however weak. You begin to realize some of the difficulties that the live Editor runs up against in his effort to make a magazine. To get humor he must take his chance of appearing undignified or even coarse. To get sentiment he may appear mawkish. Fun and love are the Editor's Scylla and Charybdis.

HOW GREAT CIRCULATIONS ARE MADE

Some publications have made tremendous advances in circulation by spending immense sums in advertising in newspapers and in other magazines. The publisher of *The Ladies' Home Journal* has spent $300,000 in twelve months advertising his magazine. There are, however, other very profitable magazines which do little advertising. They were started when the public was ready for something new; or the quality of their contents demanded recognition, and made it a pleasure for the reader to speak of them to others.

CIRCULATION NEARLY DOUBLED

The favorable opinions that thousands have expressed concerning the merits of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE leads us to believe that if we should spend two hundred thousand dollars during this year in advertising, by Christmas EVERYBODY'S would have a half-million circulation. But would it pay? It would be profitable in the long run, without doubt; but there are ten good reasons why it is not wise to do anything of the kind.

The first reason is: *It is unnecessary;* and the second reason: *We haven't the money.* With these two reasons it would be superfluous to name the others.

When we bought EVERYBODY'S from John Wanamaker, we happened to strike the psychological moment. The people were ready for another good magazine, and we did our best to make it. We have been successful beyond our expectations, praise be! We put so much money into the added contents and quality of the magazine that we had little left with which to advertise—but the circulation increased just the same, and of the Christmas Number the edition was 290,000—a gain of 140,000 in eight months.

YOUR DEBT TO THE ADVERTISER

Are you aware that the magazines published in America are the best in the world? Do you realize that they cost the publishers considerably more than you pay for them? You have the wide-awake American Advertisers to thank for making such magazines possible. We are getting an increased rate for advertising now, the price we made last August just going into effect with this issue. Count the pages. Tolerably good showing, don't you think? Count the pages in any other magazine for comparison. We suspect that the Advertisers prefer our magazine because we decline to run any liquor, patent medicine, or otherwise objectionable business. Besides, we use the same paper for Advertisements that we do for text and the same care in printing.

WHY ADVERTISING PAYS

To some of our readers it would seem hardly possible that an advertiser could afford to pay $300 for one page, our present price. That is where you come in. Every time you patronize one of our Advertisers and mention our magazine you are making it pay. A part of the money you send to him he sends to us and we give it back to you again in a magazine that actually costs more than twice what we get for it. That is the whole story of modern magazine publishing. The publishers who don't allow too much of the advertising money to stick to their fingers, but pass it on to you in a constantly improving magazine, are the publishers who win out. You can make or break a publisher. You can buy his magazine and still break him. Just pay no attention to the advertisements and the trick is done. On the other hand, if you wish to encourage him, and actually make him *to bring it home, if you wish to make us* go through the advertisements. You will see half a dozen things you are going to buy this week. Send your order to the Advertiser and mention EVERYBODY'S. Don't fail to mention EVERYBODY'S.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN